

April 6, 1953

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THE NEW YORKER



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5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

BEYOND THE FRINGE—A delightful diversion in which four superb English comedians—Dr. Jonathan Miller, Alan Bennett, Dudley Moore, and Peter Cook—cock their snooks at everything from the ruling classes to nuclear madness. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.)

CALCULATED RISK—A drama dealing with the ins and outs of a struggle for control of a New England woollen mill. The actors, led by Joseph Cotten, try hard to inject an element of suspense, but they fail, alas, since the play just doesn't have much melodramatic content. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

DEAR ME, THE SKY IS FALLING—A slight but warm-hearted comedy, written by Leonard Spiegelgass and directed by Herman Shumlin, in which Gertrude Berg figures amiably as a kind of Jewish Mrs. Fixit who is eventually persuaded by a psychoanalyst to change her interfering ways. Howard Da Silva, Jill Kraft, Tresa Hughes—and, indeed, all the others in the cast—support Mrs. Berg valiantly. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

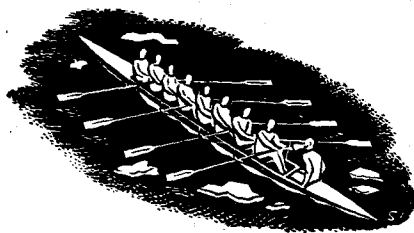
ENTER LAUGHING—Joseph Stein's funny adaptation of a novel by Carl Reiner, in which Alan Arkin is extremely comical as a Jewish boy whose parents want him to be a druggist but who himself wants to be an actor—a profession for which he is totally unprepared. Alan Mowbray, Vivian Blaine, Irving Jacobson, Sylvia Sidney, Meg Myles, and Michael J. Pollard are among those in Mr. Arkin's humorous circle. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LORD PENGU—Charles Boyer gives a beguiling performance in this S. N. Behrman comedy about an art dealer closely resembling the late Lord Duveen. While it has no real conflict, the play is witty and diverting. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, April 8, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinee Sunday, April 7, at 3.)

MOTHER COURAGE AND HER CHILDREN—Bertolt Brecht uses a sprawling canvas to present the various ironies of a world at war—this one back in the seventeenth century. The translation from the German, by Eric Bentley, is meritorious, but the direction, by Jerome Robbins, doesn't put much bounce into the business at hand. The part of Mother Courage is enacted by Anne Bancroft, who is a bit young to play an old lady operating an army canteen in the days when wars went on for thirty years, instead of half an hour. She is aided by Zohra Lampert, Mike Kellin, Gene Wilder, Barbara Harris, and assorted others, all of whom labor mightily. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MY MOTHER, MY FATHER AND ME—Lillian Hellman gives what-for to a middle-class Jewish family in a comedy that could, but doesn't, turn into an earnest social document. Ruth Gordon, Walter Matthau, Lili Darvas, and Anthony Holland do their best, but the chuckles seem hard to come by. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, April 6.)

NEVER TOO LATE—Paul Ford, Orson Bean, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Fran Sharon in a brisk farce about a sixty-year-old who finds, to his dismay, that he is to become a father for the second time in his life. The play was written by Sumner Arthur Long, who is a good man with dialogue, and directed by George Abbott with his customary authority.



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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(Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

PHOTO FINISH—Peter Ustinov's comedy about an ancient who has the deathbed ability to review his life as a young, a middle-aged, and an elderly man. The device grows a trifle tiresome, but the acting of Mr. Ustinov, Dennis King, Donald Davis, John Horton, Eileen Herlie, Jessica Walter, and Paul Rogers is admirable. Mr. Ustinov is not only the author and the hero of the piece but the co-director as well. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE RIOT ACT—Yet another play concerning a mother who wants to dominate the lives of those about her. This mother is particularly anxious to regulate the careers of her three sons, all of them policemen, but the play—in which Dorothy Stickney, Ruth Donnelly, Mark Dawson, Sylvia Miles, and Adam Kennedy, among others, appear—is a bit on the frail side. Still, it does contain a laugh or two, especially when Miss Donnelly is shuffling around as an incorrigible old biddy. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

SEIDMAN AND SON—An agreeable if uneventful investigation into a few days in the life of a Seventh Avenue garment manufacturer who has difficulty with his heir and sympathy for his lonesome and toothsome lady designer. Sam Levene is mildly entertaining as the dress man, and Nancy Wickwire is lovely to

look at as the designer. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.)

STRANGE INTERLUDE—Eugene O'Neill's practically endless attempt to conquer the stream-of-consciousness technique has in its favor the first-rate direction of José Quintero and a fine cast that features Geraldine Page, Pat Hingle, Ben Gazzara, and William Prince, and, in briefer roles, Betty Field, Franchot Tone, Richard Thomas, Jane Fonda (through Saturday, April 6), and Geoffrey Horne. (Hudson, 44th St., E. LT 1-0840. Nightly, except Sundays, at 6, with a dinner intermission from 8:30 to 9:30.)

TCHIN-TCHIN—Margaret Leighton as an English lady who has been abandoned by her spouse, and Anthony Quinn as a construction boss who is in the same predicament. The play that throws these two together is weak on logic, but the acting is laudable. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

TOO TRUE TO BE GOOD—This play, which was first presented here in 1932, doesn't reveal George Bernard Shaw at the top of his game, but it is fairly droll. The performers include Robert Preston, David Wayne, Cyril Ritchard, Eileen Heckart, Glynis Johns, Ray Middleton, Lillian Gish, and Cedric Hardwicke, and they all do splendidly. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?—Edward Albee employs some grim charades to expose the inner workings of a couple of college professors and their wives. The language is rough by any standards, and the play goes on much too long, but there are some dramatic episodes. The cast at the evening performances consists of Uta Hagen, Arthur Hill, Ben Piazza, and Rochelle Oliver; for the matinees it is Kate Reid, Shepperd Strudwick, Bill Berger, and Eileen Fulton. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

LONG RUNS—A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS: An English drama, by Robert Bolt, outlining some high points in the career of the sixteenth-century Roman Catholic martyr Sir Thomas More, now played by Emlyn Williams. George Rose, Thomas Gomez, Albert Dekker, and David J. Stewart are also in the cast. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **MARY, MARY:** Diana Lynn, Tom Poston, and Edward Mulhare are in this Jean Kerr comedy about an estranged couple trying to repair the marital rift. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

... **A THOUSAND CLOWNS:** Dane Clark as a fugitive from Madison Avenue who finds that he may have to go back to the cave of the winds if he is to continue to serve as guardian of a beloved twelve-year-old nephew. Herb Gardner is the author. (Eugene O'Neill, 40th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, April 13.)

MUSICALS

LITTLE ME—In this comedy by Neil Simon (who based his play on a work by Patrick Dennis), Sid Caesar portrays seven men in the life of a Middle Western girl constantly on the make. The drollery, despite Mr. Caesar's protean efforts, is limited. The music is by no means remarkable, and the lyrics rather ordinary. The play was directed by Cy Feuer and Bob Fosse, and the latter staged the dances and musical numbers. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, April 7.)

MR. PRESIDENT—Although Irving Berlin, Howard

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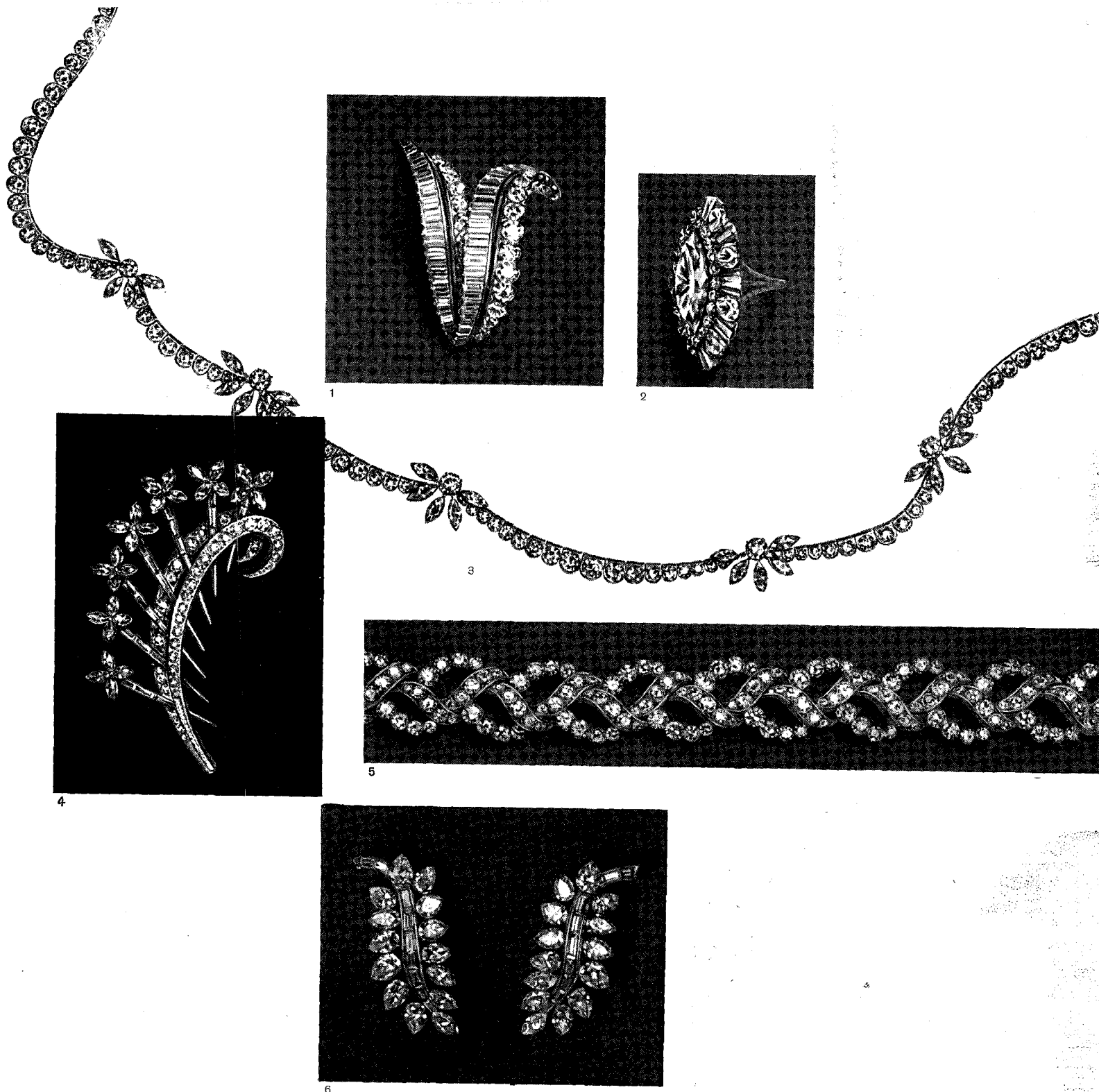
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Lindsay, Russel Crouse, and Joshua Logan had a hand in this one, it never quite jells into a first-class musical. Nevertheless, it is not without merit, and Robert Ryan, Nanette Fabray, and Anita Gillette are pleasant as the principals. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OLIVER!—An entertainment based vaguely on Dickens' "Oliver Twist" and having in its favor several fine big production numbers. The book, music, and lyrics were fashioned by Lionel Bart, and Clive Revill, Georgia Brown, and David Jones are quite competent in the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

STOP THE WORLD—I WANT TO GET OFF—The seven ages of man, or something of the sort, interpreted by Anthony Newley, who owes a large debt to Marcel Marceau. The pantomime, songs, and patter are pretty lame. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

TOVARICH—This new musical version of the Jacques Deval-Robert E. Sherwood comedy about Russians, White and Red, is handicapped by a book that just doesn't make much sense. The music, by Lee Pockriss, is dull, and so are the lyrics, by Anne Crosswell. However, Vivien Leigh, even if her voice is small, turns in a reputable, even regal, performance as a grand duchess of all the Russias. The direction, which is somewhat aimless, is by Peter Glenville. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM: Zero Mostel leading a cast that includes Jack Gilford, David Burns, John Carradine, and Ronald Holgate through ancient Rome in a show written by Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart, with an assist from Plautus. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING**: About a young man determined to reach the top of the ladder in the business world. Robert Morse is the ambitious youth, and Rudy Vallée the president of World Wide Wickets, Inc., a citadel of industry. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **NO STRINGS**: A musical that deals in part with the literary frustrations of an expatriate novelist. Richard Kiley plays the writer and Diahann Carroll a Paris *Vogue* model. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6609. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **THE SOUND OF MUSIC**: Nancy Dussault in a Rodgers and Hammerstein confection based on the escape of the famous Trapp family from Austria just after Hitler moved in. Donald Scott is Papa Trapp. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

DANNY KAYE—Plus several other performers, including Señor Wences and the Marquis Family (chimpanzees, for heaven's sake!), in a four-and-a-half-week engagement. Preview in memory of Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt and for the benefit of the Wiltwyck School for Boys on Tuesday, April 9; for tickets, call OR 4-5010, Ext. 13. Opens officially on Wednesday, April 10, and will run through Saturday, May 11. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 7-5900. Nightly at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

CHILDREN FROM THEIR GAMES—A comedy by Irwin Shaw, with Martin Gabel and Faye Emerson. Presented by Roger L. Stevens and Sam Wanamaker, who is also the director. Opens

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Thursday, April 11. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

BEST FOOT FORWARD—A revival of the 1941 musical, with a book by John Cecil Holm and music and lyrics by Hugh Martin and Ralph Blane. Paula Wayne and Liza Minnelli head the cast. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 5 and 8:40.)

THE BLACKS—Jean Genet ferries us, by means of symbols, rituals, and masks, into a kind of state of mind—the excruciating state of mind that separates the Negro and the white. The play is too long, but Gene Frankel, despite some excited direction, handles the all-Negro cast well. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

CALL IT VIRTUE—Pirandello's farce, translated by Edward Eager. Strident and tedious. (Astor Place Playhouse, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. YU 2-4240. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE DAYS AND NIGHTS OF BEEBEE FENSTERMAKER—A feeble play by William Snyder. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3224. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS—José Quintero's production of the O'Neill melodrama is never dull, but it does become so overwrought at times that one almost forgets that the setting is meant to be New England. Colleen Dewhurst is absolutely splendid, though, as the young woman who marries an old farmer and then seduces his son, and George C. Scott is intermittently so as the farmer. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

DO YOU KNOW THE MILKY WAY?—A revival of a poor play by Karl Wittlinger. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE DRAGON—A comedy by the late Russian playwright Eugene Schwarz, translated by Elizabeth Reynolds Hapgood. Previews Friday and Saturday, April 5-6, at 8:40, for the benefit of the Yorkville Youth Council and the Parents League of New York; for tickets, call PL 3-3610. Other previews Sunday, April 7, at 2:40 and 8:40, and Monday, April 8, at 8:40. Opens officially on Tuesday, April 9. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 2:40. No performance Thursday, April 11.)

THE FANTASTICKS—This musical comedy about a

lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsy. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

HEY YOU, LIGHT MAN!—Madeleine Sherwood and Alfred Ryder (who is also the director) in a soggy piece by Oliver Hailey. (Mayfair Theatre, 235 W. 46th St. CI 7-6180. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinees Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST—Act I of this quite stylish revival is filled with echoes of other performances in other revivals, but Acts II and III have a charm all their own. The actors largely responsible for the charm are Melville Cooper, as Chasuble, and Jean Cameron, as Prism. (Madison Avenue Playhouse, 120 Madison Ave., at 30th St. MU 6-1431. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE PINTER PLAYS—Sinister and fascinating comedies by the English playwright Harold Pinter. They have in common the theme of mischief, but their settings range from a dank basement in Birmingham to a fussy house in Belgravia. Mr. Pinter's dialogue is a joy to hear, and the performance, directed by Alan Schneider, is perfectly marvellous. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

RIVERWIND—A bright and unpretentious little musical comedy. The music is the work of a promising newcomer named John Jennings, who wrote the lyrics, too. The comedy is supplied by a cast of seven, who also sing and do whatever acting and dancing are required. The setting is a motel on, of all places, the banks of the Wabash. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

SIX CHARACTERS IN SEARCH OF AN AUTHOR—A revival of the Pirandello classic about a group of characters who mysteriously appear at a theatrical rehearsal and refuse to leave. The translation, by Paul Avila Mayer, is lively, and the staging, by William Ball, is highly satisfactory. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Saturdays, at 8:40, and Sundays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

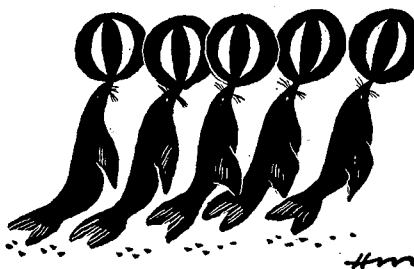
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW—A flat and rather second-rate production of Shakespeare's second-rate comedy. (Anderson Theatre, Second Ave. at 4th St. OR 4-8950. Friday and Saturday at 8:30. Matinees Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 7.)

THIS WAS BURLESQUE—The return of Ann Corio, as M.C., star turn, and director of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of strip teasers. Much of the material is comic in an earthy kind of way, but it is also awfully gamy for all but the most insensitive palates. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

THE TYPISTS AND THE TIGER—Eli Wallach, with the help of his wife, Anne Jackson, does some splendid clowning and acting in this pair of bright comedies by a new playwright named Murray Schisgal. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, April 4: "Donizetti Variations," "Ivesiana," and "Liebeslieder Walzer."... Friday evening, April 5: "Divertimento No. 15," "Prodigal Son," "Pas de Deux," and "Symphony in C."... Saturday matinee, April 6: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony."... Saturday evening, April 6: "Agon," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "West-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ern Symphony."... Sunday matinée, April 7: "Scotch Symphony," "Bugaku," "Interplay," and "Stars and Stripes."... Sunday evening, April 7: "Serenade," "La Sonnambula," "Ebony Concerto," and "Raymonda Variations."... Tuesday evening, April 9: "Ebony Concerto," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra" (première), "The Cage," and "Apollo."... Wednesday evening, April 10: "Swan Lake," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," and "Firebird."... Thursday evening, April 11: "Liebeslieder Walzer," "Arcade," and "Raymonda Variations."... Friday evening, April 12, and Saturday matinée and evening, April 13: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, April 21.)

YURIKO—With her company, in the second in a series of three programs of modern dance. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, April 6, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

JACK BENNY—Mr. B. and a number of other performers, including Jane Morgan and the Clara Ward Singers, in a revue. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 7-5900. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Final performances Saturday, April 6.)

HAL HOLBROOK—In "Mark Twain Tonight!", his impersonation of the Missouri humorist. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. TR 4-2424. Saturday, April 13, at 2:30.)

THE CIRCUS—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's newest whoop-de-do. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Mondays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées daily at 2. Through Sunday, May 12. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around among the sideshows and the menagerie in the basement.)

BIL AND CORA BAIRD'S MARIONETTES—In a new musical, "Man in the Moon," with songs by Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick. (Biltmore Theatre, 47th St. west of Broadway. JU 2-5340. Thursday, April 11, through Sunday, April 21, at 12:30 and 3:30.)

LES POUPÉES DE PARIS—A revue, for adults, of three-foot-tall puppets produced by Sid and Marty Krofft. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45 and 10:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at midnight.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000): The Royal Box comes out of its Lenten hibernation on Wednesday, April 10, to become a vast echo chamber for Ella Fitzgerald, who has voices, both bop and ballad, big enough for it. Lester Lanin's varsity band and Charles Fisk's wee one will do the dance music.

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The first of the important brokerage houses to establish itself in midtown. Ticker tape is dispensed by Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra. The alcove called the Champagne Room, designed for immobile types, gets along with Freddie Fessler's violin, which would a-wooing go at the drop of a lace handkerchief. Closed Sundays.

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800)—New York, New York, it's a hell of a town, and here's a small cross-section, complete in painstaking detail. Ernie Warren, who belongs to our Old Frontier days, brings his dance band into play at ten, to serve one of the smallest floors in captivity. His last night is Saturday, April 6. Closed Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Café Pierre, where the only approved forms of athletics are circuspect dancing and circuspect table-hopping, is shared by Stanley Worth's minute band and the guitar of Renato Rossini, which knows the Riviera all the way from the Costa Brava to Sorrento. They give over on Mondays to another band.

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7	8	9	10	11	12	13

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Phil Ford and Mimi Hines, whose bumptious humor keeps the lowest common denominator always in mind, have the run of the Persian Room at dinner and supper. They retire on Tuesday, April 9, and next evening Eartha Kitt begins tossing her annual kitten-with-claws ballad salad. Emil Coleman's large band and Mark Monte's minuscule one will go straight on with their dance music. Closed Sundays. ... Every day but Monday, Leo LeFleur's duo burbles in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, before doing a reprise in the Edwardian Room between seven and nine.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Everybody sits above the salt in the perfectly preserved grand duchy of the Maisonet, where Peter Duchin's heavily populated and fluent dance band has a night-long partridge-and-champagne picnic on the lawn. Closed Sundays. ... La Boite, a haven slight enough to be engraved on the head of a fraternity pin, is full of richly inlaid peace and quiet even when piano and violin are cajoling the dinner and supper guests. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY HILTON, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Columns, the moonlit loggia of a palace along the Venetian canals, is winter quarters for gliders who'd rather have a dance floor than snow under their feet. Ray Hartley, the soloist of the hotel's Savoy Room, sits in at the piano between seven and eight, after which Payson Re's orchestra and the Latin trio of Arturo Arturos get the use of the hall for the rest of the evening. Closed Sundays. ... Mr. Hartley works the Savoy Room (from five to seven, and from eight to midnight) every night but Sunday with lots and lots of neatly turned keyboard.

SHERATON-EAST, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Two formal gardens that bloom only in the colder months: the ample Embassy Club (Gunnar Hansen's orchestra and Quintero's rumba buffs) and the tiny Knight Box (Jani Sarkozi's violin). Both gardens are in the hands of the caretakers on Monday nights.

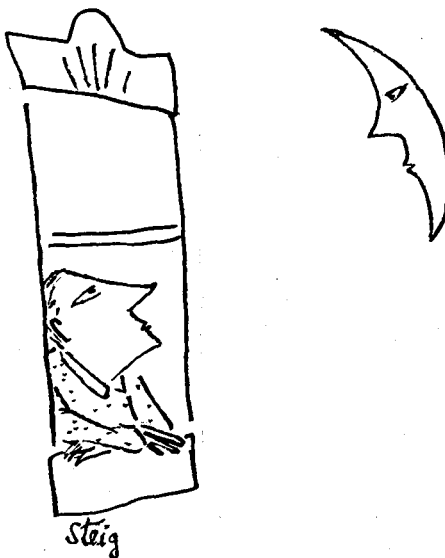
WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Roger Williams, who arrives at dinner and supper in the Empire Room, delights in making crash landings on his piano, which leads to tumultuous music-for-the-millions. He is surrounded by two bands, one of them Milt Shaw's big cheering section and the other a few firecrackers set off by Sonny Kendis. School lets out on Saturday, April 6, for its Easter vacation. ... In another part of the forest, Peacock Alley, Emile Petti plays piano every so often between five and

one; Fridays and Saturdays he also runs a dance trio after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The old grads of Louis (Goldie, that is) Hawkins' earlier clubhouses chatter side by side with the undergraduates of his present one, while the music plays on and on. The score runs like this: The pensive piano of Sam Hamilton prevails from five-thirty to eight; the romantic piano of Wayne Sanders or Mr. Hawkins from eight until midnight; then busting-out-all-over double piano from the latter two. Closed Sundays. ... **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A Florentine opera house when it's not busy being a Florentine trattoria. The principal boy is Aldo Bruschi, who doubles on piano, concertina, oboe, and basso profundo. His resolute little opera company lives a Puccini sort of *vie de bohème* every night, and his dance trio operates after ten Thursdays through Sundays. Closed Mondays, and small wonder. ... **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): An almost incurable case of flamenco, done from the heart. Dancing for the customers, too. Closed Sundays. ... **CHATEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Plenty of water (and *vin du pays*) has flowed under the play drawbridge of this toyland since Norbert Faconi began circumnavigating the tables with his Casanova violin. No music Sundays. ... **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A companion piece to the Chateau Henri IV (q.v., *supra*) and, like it, decorated in a fashion that is full of the oddest bodkins. From throne room to pavilion and back again, a violinist and a pianist are steadily on the go. No music Sundays. ... **RITZ BAR**, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): On the quarterdeck of the bar in the Carlton House sits Victor del Monte, who placidly addresses his piano between cocktails and one in the morning. No music Sundays. ... **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the unassuming bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a sentimental gentleman, applies his piano to the London airs he brought over the ocean with him and to the tunes he's picked up in this country. ... **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The "Tiber Rag" is what you'll hear from the musicians who course through these premises. They operate from six until two, and so does the chef. Closed Sundays. ... **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): One end of the bower is presided over by a flourishing green bay tree, and the other by Cy Walter, who has an even-tempered clavichord at the tips of his eloquent fingers. His music is on tap at cocktails, dinner, and supper every day but Sunday, when the keys are given to Forrest Perrin. ... **MEDITERRANÉE**, 575 Park Ave., at 63rd St. (TE 8-6130): Rock Cornish hen is not a specialty of this de-luxe Grande Corniche aquarium, but Ralph Strain's piano (which sits astride the lounge) is. His odes to nocturnal ambiance occur between six and one every evening but Sunday. ... **LA ZAMBRA**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Hard-core but soft-pedal Madrid, which doesn't really come to life (i.e., guitar, piano, song, and flamenco footwork) until long after sunset. Closed Sundays. ... **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): A rainless plain in Spain, to judge by the topography. The bill of fare and the music, which is Conrad Monjoy's piano, are midtown Manhattan, though. He's there from six to nine-thirty every night but Saturday and Sunday. ... **LIBORIO**, 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): The small stage is too great a temptation for a set of Latin singers and dancers, who rise en masse to it now and then for some tribal ceremonies. Weekdays, there's dancing for the patrons, too, and Sunday afternoons there's tea dancing from two to seven. ... **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Make-believe Central Europe under a harvest moon, which calls for celebration by violin, zimbalon, and voice (Laureanne Lemay). Dancing. Closed Mondays. ... **MON-SIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A Roman legion is forever on the night march through this picturesque and lively residential area. Its military band is the ever-so-lightly





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

violin of Herman Honigsberg and a set of acolytes also fitted out with stringed instruments. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, an unbridled *femme fatale* in her musical-comedy incarnations, is simply a docile housewife when she does her at-homes (songs, mostly) in this small efficiency apartment and dining room. An accordion or a piano talks in whispers whenever she's not front and center. Close-order dancing (the floor is minute) after ten-thirty, to the music of a trio, but not on Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner, whose piano is courtly and crystal-clear, is at work in the Casino-on-the-Park every night but Sunday. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A few of the seats on this stock exchange are hereditary. Not very long after the market closes, the music begins. It's made by George Feyrer's piano, which is on a salt-free, sugar-filled diet. Closed Sundays. . . . **MALMAISON**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Jules Kuti's piano beguiles, in European fashion, the hours between five and eleven in the bar. Closed Sundays. . . . **BILTMORE**, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000): The gentle and dulcet Joan Bishop has the run of the piano in the Palm Court from five to eight-thirty every night but Sunday. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The leisurely dinner hour, from eight to one, gets marginal notations by the guitar of José Luis Franco, who comes from the part of Spain where flamenco is the official language. Mondays are silent nights. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Nearly every member of the staff wears two hats—as waiter, as singer—and he'll spout snatches of opera at the drop of either one of them. Closed Mondays. . . . **WALLDORF-KELLER**, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): A zither and the diet that goes with it are the permanent institutions. The visiting hours are six to ten. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **ABSINTHE HOUSE**, 130 W. 48th St. (CO 5-6571): Herman Chittison's lean, sinewy, good-old-days piano brightens the hours between eight and one-thirty in a small country devoted to charcoal broil and such. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Three dozen nudes (or the next thing to it) descending the staircase of paradise enow to bring an ample supply of beauty into all our wan lives. A couple of superb European variety acts remind one that men still exist, too.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 7-, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Investigating the theorem that all life's a stage, Julius Monk's revue ("Dime a Dozen" is the name) discovers, to its and the audience's infinite merriment, that life is really a theatre of the absurd. The standees on the peak in Darien are Jack Fletcher, Gerry Matthews, Lovelady Powell, Fredricka Weber, Rex Robbins, and Susan Browning; the music is two pianos most properly plied by William Roy and Robert Colston. The work program is twice a night every evening but Sunday. . . . ¶ In the lounge, there's interlude piano by Carl Norman. . . . **BLUE ANGEL**, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Georgia Brown, who starts her evenings as Nancy in "Oliver!" and ends them here as Georgia Brown, appears but once, at midnight—feline, female, and feral—to toss off don't-tread-on-me ditties. The rest of the cast—Jackie Vernon, whose life is a comic house of cards, and Don Francis, a leather-jacketed missionary from Mars, with anecdotes to match—labor in the vineyard all evening. . . . ¶ In the lounge, Bobby Short, one of the dawn's earliest and brightest lights, gets to his hot-potato piano and trio (Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan are his sidekicks) soon after the theatre, and gets to his first ballad a moment later. Sunday is their solitary day of ease. . . . **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST**, 15 W. 4th St., which is east of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): "To the Water Tower," a new lead editorial on the willful ways of the world, enlists the valuable services of Severn Darden, Eugene Troobnick, and Andrew

Duncan. Opening night—Thursday, April 4—there's just one performance, at eight; otherwise, the charade starts at eight-thirty and runs past midnight, except on Sundays, which have a three-o'clock matinée and an eight-thirty evening session. Mondays and Tuesdays, darkness prevails. . . . **THE PREMISE**, 154 Bleecker St. (LF 3-5020): Another revue, this one without music. It is partly extemporaneous, always contemporaneous, and, in general, offhandedly diverting, and it's presented in a coffeehouse with theatre seats instead of tables. Its method of staging is as entertaining as its spoken words. The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty; Fridays at eight and ten-thirty; Saturdays at seven-thirty and ten-thirty; and Sundays at three and seven-thirty. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Fun and games is the principle of Ronny Graham's namesake, "Graham Crackers," a revue that has aspersions to cast here and there but ties them up with bright-red ribbon. The aspersions are made especially lively by Bill McCutcheon, as a pet laughing hyena. Richard Maltby, Jr., and David Shire, inventors of a lot of the words and music, are newcomers of distinction. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **DOWNSTAIRS**, which is open only on Fridays and Saturdays, the real Mr. Graham shows up at ten with an armful of homemade ditties to take us on a personally conducted tour of the Grand Duchy of Paranoia. . . . **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB**, 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): There should always be an England like the one—part fact, part fantasy—that five well-endowed players from London's The Establishment (all but one in their minor twenties) have set up on the alternately amused, astounded, and possibly aghast stage here. They are John Bird, Jeremy Geidt, John Fortune, Eleanor Bron, and Carole Simpson, and the revue they and Peter Cook (of "Beyond the Fringe") keep writing and ad-libbing is presented—along with steak, kidney pie, ale, and such—Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty, and Sundays at four and eight. Teddy Wilson's trio throws in occasional triumphal marches. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Juan Carlos Copes and his Argentine Ballet troupers, who bound onstage at dinner and supper, indulge in tangos whose variety and vigor would overtax Rudolph Valentino and—for that matter—the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse. The customers, no slouches at footwork, are given equal time on the dance floor by a band, led by Emilio Reyes, that dines exclusively on gingersnaps. The Sunday *thés dansants*, which run on and on, are bacchanalian. . . . ¶ Off the bar is an alcove so tiny that thirty's a matey crowd, and herein flamenco songs by José Moreno and flamenco guitar by Pedro Cortes thrive abundantly.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Jackie Cain and Roy Kral, whose teasing way with some of their dual-tone jazz ballads are but one aspect of their mighty musicianship, are decorating this music room. Also present: the Bola Sete duo, which makes *bossa nova* sound like Promised Land, and the Mose Allison threesome, in whose modern music a kinship to *bossa nova* is apparent. There's an afternoon session on Sundays, from four-thirty to seven, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): A precarious balance is not so easily maintained between Vic Damone, who is all milk and honey and croon, and Don Rickles, whose words and manner have the innate charm of a Madison Avenue bus driver. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The new Leon Bibb (*bel canto* as well as power) is interested in admitting George Gershwin and Harold Arlen to the folk-composers' union. Also on hand: The Rooftop Singers, who are middle-of-the-road folksters. On Friday and Saturday, April 5-6, the atmospheric pressure will be increased by Gerry Mulligan's valiant foursome. On Tuesday, April 9, the whole scene changes—to the Smothers Brothers, whose antics are designed to drain off pompousness from folk music, and Woody Allen, whose conversation is designed to drain off pompousness from



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

everything. Closed Mondays. . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The *Kaffeeklatsch* here is made with real coffee, and nothing else; the sounds are made by Danny Meehan, who brings out only the best in Broadway show tunes, and Lenny Maxwell, a student prince among the more adventurous humorists. On Wednesday, April 10, they'll be succeeded by the Tarriers, an industrious covey of folk chorists. Tuesdays, the regulars are off duty. . . **ROOM AT THE BOTTOM**, 23 W. 8th St. (GR 5-5388): Wilbur de Paris and his acolytes—Sidney de Paris and Garvin Bushell among them—are expounding, very much on a loud, their version of ancient history. Between times, Cal Bostic chants to his own dipsy-doodle piano. Closed Sundays. . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Sol Yaged and a couple of pals, one of them Dick Wellstood, have set up old-fashioned housekeeping. Closed Sundays. . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Woody Herman and what he calls his New Big Herd are moving out, to be replaced on Friday, April 12, by Gene Krupa's thunder-on-the-left-and-right band. Guest performers pick up the instruments (those not too hot to handle) on Sundays. . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Cannonball Adderley's sextet stops shooting from the hip (or is it at the hip?) on Wednesday, April 10. Next evening, Dizzy Gillespie, the neatest wit in the music of today, brings his band back to town. Cal Tjader's quintet is due the same night. Extracurricular sessions Mondays, when other hands take over. . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): A neighborly bar whose denizens, all believers in furthering progress, keep looking for new sound barriers to scale. Zoot Sims and Al Cohn are now in charge, assisted by a quintet. Closed Mondays. . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Edmond Hall's mellow and wistful clarinet is the keynote of the small those-were-the-days band he leads. Closed Sundays. . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Experimental research is the project here. The staff is subject to graduation without notice, but it is said that the trios of Roland Hanna and Ray Bryant are currently in the laboratory. Mondays and Tuesdays, only one band takes the stand. . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Ahmad Jamal's trio converts the new music into gift-wrapped candy. Sundays, Louis Metcalf's foursome plays for the traditionalists. . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): A lot of hard work goes into the music of the Lee Evans trio, and that's about all that comes out of it. Howard Reynolds does easygoing, on-the-beat music between sets. No action Mondays. . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Weekend reversion to the music of our forefathers. On Friday and Saturday, April 5-6, it should emanate from Wild Bill Davison, Conrad Janis, Louis Metcalf's quartet, Buster Bailey, and Panama Francis. Dancing. . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The little red schoolhouse of 52nd Street, where so many of us got our early education, is offering the same sort of courses (Sammy Price's piano the week long, plus Danny Barker's trio Fridays and Saturdays) as before. No music Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

- MILET ANDREJEVIC**—Paintings; through Saturday, April 13. (Green, 15 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)
- MAX BILL**—Sculptures and paintings by a Swiss artist. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, April 13. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)
- JULIUS BISSIER**—Abstract oils, water colors, and drawings by a contemporary German artist; through April 20. (Lefebvre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)
- WARREN BRANDT**—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through April 27. (Grippi, 905 Madison Ave., at 73rd St.)
- CHARLES CAJORI**—Figurative paintings; through Saturday, April 6. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

ALEXANDER CALDER—Stables, mobiles, and gouache paintings; through April 27. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

PAUL CÉZANNE (1839-1906)—More than seventy water colors (still-lives, figure studies, and landscapes) from private and public collections here and abroad. For the benefit of Columbia University's Scholarship Fund of the Department of Art History and Archaeology. Through April 20. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

THOMAS W. DEWING (1851-1938)—A loan exhibition of figure paintings; through April 20. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

LOUIS M. EILSHEMIUS (1864-1941)—Oil paintings from the period 1886 to 1909; through May 4. (Lewison, 50 E. 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

LYONEL FEININGER—Water colors; through Saturday, April 13. (Van Diemen-Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57th St.)

JOHN FENTON—Semi-abstract figures in landscapes; through Saturday, April 6. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

HERBERT FERBER—An exhibition of paintings and sculptures that coincides with his show at the Whitney Museum; through April 20. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

PERLE FINE—Abstract geometric paintings; through April 23. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARJORIE GEHNER—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, April 6. (Panoras, 62 W. 56th St.)

ELIAS GOLDBERG—Paintings, primarily scenes of New York City; through April 30. (Egan, 313 E. 79th St. Closed noon to 2.)

ROBERT GOODNOUGH—Paintings, mostly figures in a boat, as well as five *tondos*; through Saturday, April 13. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

DAVID HARE—Leda and the Swan is the subject of a showing of sculptures, paintings, and drawings; through Saturday, April 13. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN HULTBERG—Oils and lithographs of landscapes and cityscapes, with figures; through April 27. (Jackson, 32 E. 60th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.)

GILLIAN JAGGER—Paintings by a young London-born New York artist; through April 20. (White, 42 E. 57th St.)

DONG KINGMAN—Water colors of Madrid, Hong Kong, New York, and San Francisco by the Chinese-American artist; through April 27. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

PETER LANYON, ROBERT BRODERSON, AND JOSEPH GLASCO—Drawings and water colors by one English and two American painters; through April 20. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JACOB LAWRENCE—Paintings dealing with recent events in the South; through April 20. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

BORIS LOVET-LORSKI—Oils and water colors by a sculptor lately turned painter; through April 27. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

DAVID LUND—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, April 13. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

ORONZIO MALDARELLI—A memorial exhibition of sculptures (dating from 1932) in stone, marble, plaster, terra cotta, wood, and bronze by this artist, who died in January; through Saturday, April 6. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

FLETCHER MARTIN—Paintings; through Saturday, April 13. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARYAN—Primitive images reflecting the horrors of contemporary life by a French artist now living here; through April 30. (Frumkin, 32 E. 57th St.)

ISAMU NOGUCHI—New bronzes; through April 27. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

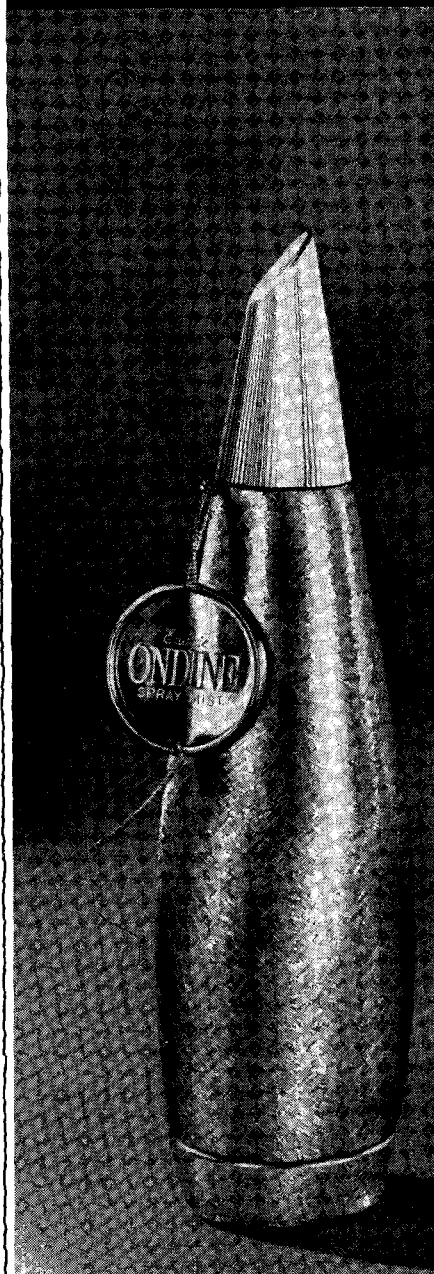
YUTAKA OHASHI—Collages; through Saturday, April 6. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

WILLIAM PACHNER—Expressionist paintings; through April 20. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

BERNARD PRRIEM—Over-life-size self portraits;

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through Saturday, April 6. (Iolas, 123 E. 55th St.)

JESSE REICHEK—Abstractions; through April 20. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

MEL ROMAN—"Junk" sculptures; through April 21. (Gordon's Fifth Avenue Gallery, 68 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 9.)

UMBERTO ROMANO—An exhibition of Abstract Expressionist paintings entitled "Great Men—Time and Space;" through Saturday, April 13. (Gallery 63, 721 Madison Ave., at 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

JULIUS SCHMIDT—Sculptures in cast iron and bronze; through Saturday, April 13. (Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

DANIEL SCHWARTZ—Portraits, landscapes, and figure studies; through Saturday, April 6. (Hirsch & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

PIERRE SOULAGES, ZAO WOU-KI, AND KUMI SUGAI—Abstract paintings by three Paris artists; through Saturday, April 13. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

TEIJI TAKAI—Paintings; through April 20. (Poin-dexter, 21 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

YVES TANGUY—Gouaches and drawings by the French-American Surrealist, who died in 1955; through Saturday, April 13. (Matisse, 41 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

TAKEO YAMAGUCHI—Paintings by this Abstract Expressionist make up the opening exhibition of the first Japanese art gallery here; through Saturday, April 13. (Nihonbashi, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

THE ARMORY SHOW OF 1913—Four shows inspired by the famous old upheaval are currently on view—**50TH ANNIVERSARY EXHIBITION**: A re-creation of the show itself, held at the same site. Of the thirteen hundred paintings, sculptures, and drawings (mostly Post-Impressionist, Fauvist, and Cubist) originally shown, about four hundred have been rounded up for display. Among the artists represented are Duchamp, van Gogh, Picasso, Matisse, Cézanne, and Braque. For the benefit of the Creative Arts Program of the Henry Street Settlement. Starts Saturday, April 6. (69th Regiment Armory, Lexington Ave. at 25th St. Mondays through Fridays, noon to 10; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)... **THE DECADE OF THE ARMORY SHOW—NEW DIRECTIONS IN AMERICAN ART, 1910-20**: A loan exhibition of works by forty-eight artists, among them Marsden Hartley, Charles Burchfield, and William Zorach; through April 14. (Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)... **FORUM EXHIBITION OF 1916**: A re-creation of an exhibit of paintings by seventeen "very modern" (according to the catalogue) American artists, among them Ben Bann, Arthur G. Dove, and Charles Sheeler; through Saturday, April 13. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St.)... **ELMER LIVINGSTON MACRAE**: Pastels and water colors by the treasurer of the original Armory Show; through April 20. (Davis, 231 E. 60th St.)

AMERICAN WATERCOLOR SOCIETY—The ninety-sixth annual of water colors, gouaches, and pastels by artists from all parts of the United States; through April 21. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: "Signs & Symbols, U.S.A., 1780-1960," an exhibition composed of trade signs and other objects of American folk art, together with eight modern paintings, by Stuart Davis, John Marin, and others; through Saturday, April 6.... **SCHWEITZER**, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings by Blakelock, Cassatt, Inness, and other turn-of-the-century artists; through May 15.

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.: The first showing here by the Société des Peintres-Graveurs Français (Segonzac, Gromaire, Buffet, and others); through April 20.... **FINDLAY**, 11 E. 57th St.: "100 Years of French Painting," an exhibit of works by such artists as Chagall, Rouault, and Brianchon; through Saturday, April 13.... **HUTTON**, 41 E. 57th St.: More than a hundred paintings done between 1908 and 1914 by members of Der Blaue Reiter school, including Kandinsky, Marc, Macke, and De-launay. For the benefit of the Manhattan Chapter of the American Association for the United Nations. Through April 30.... **NIVEAU**,

962 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: French masters—Utrillo, Picasso, Vlaminck, and others; through April 27.... **ST. ETIENNE**, 24 W. 57th St.: French water colors, drawings, etchings, and lithographs by (for instance) Renoir, Pissarro, and van Gogh; through Friday, April 12.... **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: "Birth of Impressionism," a show covering the period from about 1825 to 1875. The paintings, on loan from museums and private collections, are by Corot, Courbet, Delacroix, and other French artists. For the benefit of Entraide Française. Through Saturday, April 6.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"American Art from American Collections," comprising furniture (attributed to John Townsend, Duncan Phyfe, and others), silver, glass, porcelain, miniatures, paintings (by Copley, Sully, and others), and prints, from the Colonial and Federal periods, lent by private collectors throughout the country; through April 28.... Recently acquired early-sixteenth- to twentieth-century European drawings, including examples by Jacques Louis David, Annibale Carracci, and Edward Burne-Jones. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of oils, prints, and water colors, ranging from landscapes to religious paintings and mystic fantasies, by Emil Nolde, one of the founders and leaders of the German Expressionist movement; through April 30. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The Twenty-second International Watercolor Biennial, made up of items by more than a hundred and thirty living artists from Sweden, Yugoslavia, and the United States; through April 28. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—"Tea Taste in Japanese Art," an exhibit of Chinese and Japanese ceramics, paintings, lacquers, and utensils (dating back to the eleventh century) that illustrate the Japanese tea ceremony; through April 21. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—A loan exhibition of paintings by French eighteenth-century masters, including Boucher, Robert, and Vigée-Lebrun; through May 31. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A forty-year retrospective of oils and water colors by Wassily Kandinsky (1866-1944), showing his transition from representational to abstract paintings and including seven works owned by Russian museums; through Sunday, April 7.... "Six Painters and the Object," a display of "pop art" by Jim Dine, Robert Rauschenberg, Andy Warhol, Roy Lichtenstein, James Rosenquist, and Jasper Johns; through June 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Holland: The New Generation," an exhibition of fifty paintings and twenty-five sculptures, by Gerrit Benner, Jan Sierhuis, Carel Visser, and others; through May 5.... A comprehensive survey of paintings, objects, and drawings by Robert Rauschenberg; through May 8. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Thursday evenings, 7 to 9; Sundays, 11 to 6. Closed Tuesday and Wednesday, April 9-10.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A loan show of dry-brush and pencil drawings by Andrew Wyeth; through April 27. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—Woven forms and Venezuelan ceramics; through May 12. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Masks, figures, and other sculptures created by the Senufo people in West Africa; through May 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—A retrospective (1932-62) of sculptures and drawings by Herbert Ferber; through May 19. A good

complement to this exhibition is the Ferber showing at the Emmerich Gallery, 17 E. 64th St. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Final performances of the season—Thursday evening, April 4: "Otello," with Zinka Milanov, Mignon Dunn, James McCracken, Robert Merrill, and William Olvis. . . . Friday evening, April 5: "Madame Butterfly," with Licia Albanese, Margaret Roggero, George Shirley, and Clifford Harvuot. . . . Saturday matinee, April 6: "Boris Godunov" (in English), with Mignon Dunn, Jerome Hines, Nicolai Gedda, Giorgio Tozzi, Paul Franke, and Lorenzo Alvary. . . . Saturday evening, April 6: "La Traviata," with Gabriella Tucci, Janis Martin, Flaviano Labò, and Mario Sereni. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . Monday evening, April 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Gianna d'Angelo, Margaret Roggero, Dino Formichini, Robert Merrill, Fernando Corena, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . Tuesday evening, April 9: "Otello," with Zinka Milanov, Mignon Dunn, James McCracken, and Anselmo Colzani. . . . Wednesday evening, April 10: "La Traviata," with Gabriella Tucci, Janis Martin, Barry Morell, and Mario Sereni. . . . Thursday evening, April 11: "Boris Godunov" (in English), with Mignon Dunn, Giorgio Tozzi, Arturo Sergi, Jerome Hines, Paul Franke, and Fernando Corena. . . . Friday evening, April 12: "La Sonnambula," with Joan Sutherland, Jeanette Scovotti, Lili Chookasian, Nicolai Gedda, and Ezio Flagello. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . Saturday matinee, April 13: "Fledermaus" (in English), with Dorothy Kirsten, Roberta Peters, Jean Madeira, Dino Formichini, John Alexander, and Frank Guarrera. . . . Saturday evening, April 13: "Adriana Lecouvreur," with Mary Curtis-Verna, Irene Dalis, Franco Corelli, Anselmo Colzani, and William Wildermann. (Evenings at 8. Matinees at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center, Thomas Schippers conducting—Thursday, April 4, at 8:30; Friday, April 5, at 2:15; Saturday, April 6, at 8:30; and Sunday, April 7, at 3 (all with Martina Arroyo, soprano); and Thursday, April 11, at 8:30; Friday, April 12, at 2:15; Saturday, April 13, at 8:30; and Sunday, April 14, at 3 (all with Mr. Schippers as organ soloist, the Walter Baker Chorus, and the Boys' Choir from the Little Church Around the Corner).

RAMAT GAN CHAMBER ORCHESTRA OF ISRAEL—Sergiu Comissiona conducting. (Carnegie Recital Hall, Sunday, April 7, at 2:30.)

SYMPHONY OF THE AIR—Alfred Wallenstein and Robert LaMarchina conducting, with Van Cliburn, piano. (Carnegie Hall, Thursday, April 11, at 8:30.)

OBERLIN COLLEGE CONCERT CHOIR—Robert Fountain directing. (Town Hall, Saturday, April 6, at 2:15.)

RENAISSANCE CHORUS OF NEW YORK—Harold Brown directing. (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturday, April 6, at 8:30.)

MASTERWORK CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA—David Randolph directing a performance of Bach's "St. John Passion." (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center, Friday, April 12, at 8:15.)

RECITALS

ODETTA—Folk singer. (Town Hall, Friday, April 5, at 8:30.)

LUCHO GATICA—Chilean pop singer. (Carnegie Hall, Friday, April 5, at 8:30.)

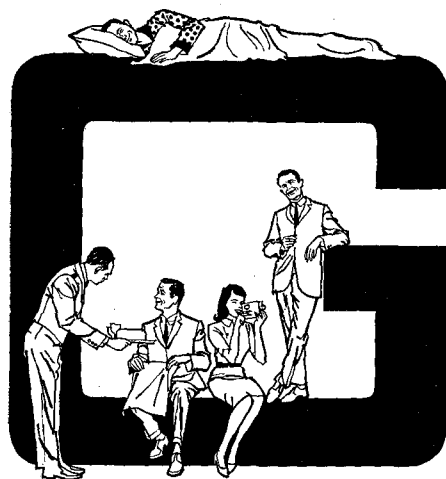
ALEXANDER SCHNEIDER'S STRING QUINTET—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, April 6, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

JULIAN BREAM—Lute and guitar. (Town Hall, Saturday, April 6, at 8:30.)

NEW SCHOOL CONCERTS—Alexander Schneider conducting his chamber orchestra in an all-Bach program. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Sunday, April 7, at 3 and 6.)

ELEANOR STEBER—Soprano, in a recital postponed



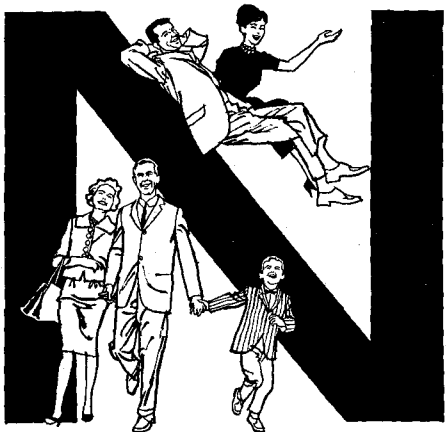


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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

from March 11. The last in a series of German lieder programs, this one for the benefit of the Association for the Help of Retarded Children. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, April 10, at 8:30.)

DANIEL ABRAMS—In the second in a series of four concerts presenting the Mozart cycle of piano sonatas. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Wednesday, April 10, at 8:30.)

CARLOS MONTOYA—Flamenco guitarist. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 13, at 8:30.)

JOSH WHITE—Folk singer. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, April 13, at 8:30.)

THE LIMELITERS—Folk singers. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 13, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

POULENC MEMORIAL CONCERT—A program of works by Francis Poulenc, performed by Leonard Bernstein, piano; Benny Goodman, clarinet; Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano; Gold and Fildale, duo piano; and the Collegiate Chorale, directed by Abraham Kaplan. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 10, at 8:30.)

ANNA RUSSELL—Vocal caricaturist. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, April 6, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—First league games here—At the **POLO GROUNDS**: Mets vs. St. Louis, Tuesday and Wednesday, April 9-10, at 2. . . **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Baltimore, Thursday, April 11, and Saturday, April 13, both at 2.

HORSE SHOW—Ox Ridge Hunt Club Spring Horse Show. (Darien. Saturday, April 6.)

HUNT RACING—Deep Run Hunt Race Association. (Richmond, Va. Saturday, April 6.) . . . **Middleburg Hunt Race Association**. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, April 13.) . . . **My Lady's Manor Point-to-Point**. (Monkton, Md. Saturday, April 13.)

INDOOR POLO—Two games (plus a spot of Rugby) every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8:30.)

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT**: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, June 1. The Gotham, Saturday, April 6, and the Excelsior Handicap, Saturday, April 13. . . **LAUREL, Md.**: Weekdays, except Monday, April 8, and Good Friday, at 1:30; through Wednesday, May 1. The Chesapeake, Saturday, April 13.

TRAPSHOOTING—Thomas H. Lawrence Memorial shoot, sponsored by the New York Athletic Club. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Saturday, April 6, at 11 and 1, and Sunday, April 7, at 9:30.)

TROTTING—At **Yonkers Raceway**: Weekdays at 8:15; through Tuesday, May 21.

FOR CHILDREN

STAGE SHOWS—By the **CHILDREN'S FINE ARTS GUILD**: "Ching-ling and the Magic Peach." (Village South Theatre, 15 Vandam St. CH 3-0153. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3.) . . . **HILLTOP PRODUCTIONS**: "The Fable of Freddy the Fox." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturday, April 6, at 1, 2:15, and 3:30; and Sunday, April 7, at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **MERRI-MIMES**: "Sleeping Beauty." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4, and Monday through Thursday, April 8-11, at 9:45 and 11:15.) . . .

MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN: "Little Red Riding Hood." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **MUSIC BOX THEATRE FOR CHILDREN**: "Tom Sawyer." Saturdays at 1:30. . .

"Heidi." Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 1. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609.) . . .

PAPER BAG PLAYERS: "Group Soup." (East End Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. AL 4-9520. Saturdays at 1 and 3.) . . . **PEPPERMINT PLAYERS**: "Jack and the Beanstalk." (Martini Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturday, April 6, at 1 and 2:30, and Sundays at 1.) . . .

PICKWICK PUPPET THEATRE: "Cinderella." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Saturday, April 6, at 1:30 and 3, and Sunday, April 7, at 2.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth

Ave. at 81st St.—"Archaeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "Stories in the Stars," through April 29. (Thursday and Friday, April 4-5, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Monday, April 8, at 2 and 3:30; Tuesday and Wednesday, April 9-10, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Thursday, April 11, at 12, 1, 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Good Friday at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 8:30. Children under five not admitted.)

NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free, and weather permitting) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday and on Good Friday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend sessions of the Economic and Social Council (the most active group at present), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3. Mondays through Fridays; no meetings on Good Friday. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . **Hour-long tours** leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY AND PROSE READINGS—At **EISNER AND LUBIN AUDITORIUM**, Loeb Student Center: Kay Boyle reading from her own poetry. (Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Friday, April 5, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.) . . . **KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL**, Y.M.H.A.: Truman Capote reading from his own novels and short stories, Sunday, April 7, at 8:30. . . . **John Logan** reading from his own poetry, Thursday, April 11, at 6:30. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400.)

NEW YORK ANTIQUES FAIR—The annual spring romp. You'll find a great deal of furniture, both American and European, as well as primitive portraits, early navigational instruments, weather vanes, Aubusson rugs, and much, much more. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Thursday and Friday, April 4-5, from 1 to 11, and Saturday, April 6, from 1 to 6.)

NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDEN, Bronx Park—Easter lilies and spring bulbs will make up the annual Easter display in the conservatory. (Saturday, April 6, through Friday, April 26. Daily, 10 to 4.)

AUCTIONS—At the **Parke-Bernet Galleries**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, April 5-6, at 1:45: Attic terra-cotta vases, Hispano-Moresque ware, silver, Chinese porcelain, Gothic and Renaissance furniture, architectural elements, and rugs; from the collection of William Randolph Hearst. . . .

Tuesday and Wednesday, April 9-10, at 1:45: Modern American and British first editions and manuscripts, including works by Dos Passos, Faulkner, Hemingway, and Maugham; the property of J. T. Chord. . . .

Thursday, April 11, at 1:45: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such modern artists as Buffet, Dufy, Matisse, and Aperghis; from several collectors, among them Leo L. Heaps. Exhibition starts Saturday, April 6.

COMING EVENTS

(A check list for readers who plan ahead.)

BASEBALL—At **YANKEE STADIUM**: April 14, April 16-17, April 23-24, April 27-28, and May 14-15. . . . **POLO GROUNDS**: April 19-21, April 29-May 5, and May 7-12.

CREW—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Princeton. April 27.) . . . **Blackwell Cup Regatta**: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Yale. (Derby, Conn. May 4.) . . . **Compton Cup Regatta**: Dartmouth, Harvard, M.I.T., and Princeton. (Cambridge,

Mass. May 4.)...**Goes Trophy Regatta:** Cornell, Navy, and Syracuse. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse, May 4.)...**Adams Cup Regatta:** Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Philadelphia, May 11.)...**Carnegie Cup Regatta:** Cornell, Princeton, and Yale. (Ithaca, May 11.)

GOLF—Long Island Golf Association Richardson Memorial Tournament. (Seawane Harbor Club, Hewlett, May 3-5.)

HORSE SHOWS—Boulder Brook Spring Horse Show. (Scarsdale, April 27-28.)...**Sugartown Horse Show.** (Newtown, Pa. May 4.)...**Keswick Hunt Club Horse Show.** (Keswick, Va. May 10-12.)

HUNT RACING—Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. April 20.)...**Grand National Point-to-Point.** (Butler, Md. April 20.)...**Maryland Hunt Cup Association.** (Glyndon, Md. April 27.)...**Virginia Gold Cup Association.** (Warrenton, Va. May 4.)...**Radnor Hunt Club.** (Malvern, Pa. May 11.)

RACING—At GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: April 27-May 30...**CHURCHILL DOWNS,** Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, May 4.

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At Bridgehampton Race Circuit, Bridgehampton, L.I.: May 11-12.

TRACK—Boston Marathon. (Hopkinton, Mass. April 19.)...**Penn Relays.** (Philadelphia, April 26-27.)...**Metropolitan Intercollegiate Track and Field Association Outdoor Championships.** (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island, May 11.)

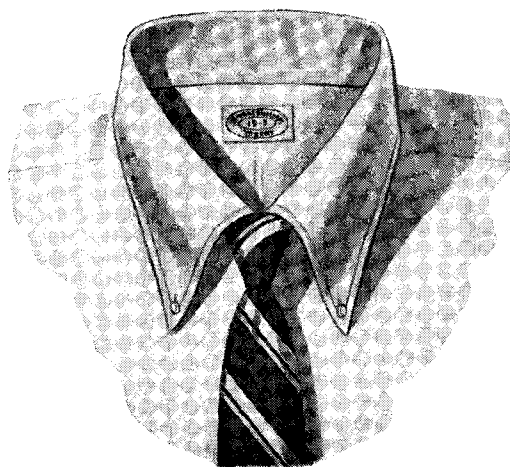
TRAPSHOOTING—Amateur Championships of America, sponsored by the New York Athletic Club. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor, May 10-12.)

MUSIC—OPERA: New York City Opera Company, at the City Center (CI 6-8989), April 25-May 12...**PHILHARMONIC HALL,** Lincoln Center (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 26...**Final performance here of the Philadelphia Orchestra,** April 16...**Festival Orchestra,** April 21...**Fernando Germani,** organ, April 23...**New Haven Symphony Orchestra,** April 24...**Columbia University Glee Club,** April 26...**Juilliard Orchestra,** April 27...**CARNEGIE HALL** (CI 7-7460): American Symphony Orchestra, April 15...**American Opera Society,** April 16 and 24...**Helge Rosvaenge,** tenor, April 17...**Mischa Elman,** violin, April 22...**Symphony of the Air,** April 29 and May 13...**The Weavers,** folk singers, May 2-3...**Boris Gutnikov,** violin, May 6...**TOWN HALL** (JU 2-4536): Glee Club of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, April 19...**Concordia Choir,** April 21...**Cesare Valtetti,** tenor, April 24...**Alfonso Montecino,** piano, April 27...**Interracial Chorale,** April 28...**Robert Goldsand,** piano, April 30...**Centenary Singers,** May 1...**Dessoff Choirs,** May 2.

BALLET—The Royal Ballet, at the Metropolitan Opera House, April 17-May 19.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: Judy Holliday in "Hot Spot," a musical with book by Jack Weinstock and Willie Gilbert, music by Mary Rodgers, and lyrics by Martin Charnin...**John Gielgud's** solo show "Ages of Man" (taken from Shakespeare's sonnets and plays) for ten performances...**"Rattle of a Simple Man,"** Charles Dyer's three-character comedy, imported from London and starring Tammy Grimes and Edward Woodward...**"She Loves Me,"** a musical version of a play by Miklos Laszlo, which also inspired the 1940 film "The Shop Around the Corner." Jerry Bock composed the score, Sheldon Harnick turned out the lyrics, Joe Masteroff did the book, and the cast includes Barbara Cook, Daniel Massey, Barbara Baxley, Ludwig Donath, and Jack Cassidy...**A musical, "Sophie,"** based on the life of Sophie Tucker, with Libi Staiger, Art Lund, and Rosetta LeNoire. Phillip Pruneau wrote the book and Steve Allen the music and lyrics.

OTHER DATES—International Automobile Show, at the Coliseum, April 13-21...**Easter Sunday** is April 14...**Federal and New York State income-tax returns** for 1962 and estimates for 1963 are due Monday, April 15...**April Garden Show of the Horticultural Society of New York,** at Essex House, April 24...**Daylight-saving time** starts April 28...**The United Nations General Assembly** will reconvene here on May 14.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES



FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST
ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

THE BALCONY—Joseph Strick and Ben Maddow, of Hollywood, have made a remarkably successful adaptation of the grim play by Jean Genet, of Paris. Shelley Winters, Peter Falk, Lee Grant, and Kent Smith are among the superlative cast. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-1663;... De Mille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431; through April 9.)

DAVID AND LISA—A touching story about a mentally disturbed boy and girl who find their way back into the world by finding each other. Starring Keir Dullea, Janet Margolin, and Howard Da Silva. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES—The burden of this woeful fable is that it's bad enough to work in public relations without being a drunk as well. Jack Lemmon is a wonderful actor, and he and Lee Remick lighten the burden as best they can. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; and R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; April 4.... Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; through April 9.... 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting April 10, tentative.)

DIVORCE-ITALIAN STYLE—If you're a handsome young nobleman in Sicily, tired of your wife and in love with a delectable cousin, murder is the one solution to your problem. Here, in a brilliant farce, is how the trick is done. Pietro Germi is the director, and the two stars are Marcello Mastroianni and Sicily. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

ELECTRA—A notably ill-behaved girl is shown here as never having had a chance to behave in any other fashion. Irene Papas is suitably sombre as Electra, and the Greek setting is harsh and ravishing. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through April 9, tentative.... Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting April 10.... Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting April 10, tentative.)

THE FOUR DAYS OF NAPLES—A young Italian director named Nanni Loy has thrillingly reconstructed a heroic incident of the Second World War. The cast is largely unprofessional and wholly anonymous. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

FREUD—How a certain young doctor in Vienna in the eighteen-eighties came to explore the unconscious mind, and what he found there. But the director, John Huston, has made the map of the unconscious a little too easy to read, and Montgomery Clift sounds more like Coolidge than Freud. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022; through April 8.)

LAWRENCE OF ARABIA—A rendering, in scenes of extraordinary natural beauty, of T. E. Lawrence's famous "Seven Pillars of Wisdom." Lawrence was a strange little Englishman who loved Arabia and fought to free it of the Turks, and it is this love that has been well celebrated here. The cast includes Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Anthony Quinn, and Anthony Quayle, and the director is David Lean. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT—An overly reverent, unevenly acted film version of the great O'Neill play. The stars are Ralph Richardson, Katharine Hepburn, Jason Robards, Jr., and Dean Stockwell. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

THE LONGEST DAY—Darryl Zanuck's conscientious re-creation of D Day, which, for all its three hours' juggling with life and death, is never very moving. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

LOVE AT TWENTY—The sufferings of youth are perennially fascinating to those who survive them. Here are five separate comments on the good old subject, by French, Italian, German, Japanese, and Polish investigators. The French study was directed by François Truffaut, and is up to his high standard. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774; through April 8.)

THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE—A thriller that's not to be missed, thanks to a wild and woolly plot that one longs to believe, and almost believes, and to superb acting by Frank Sinatra,

Laurence Harvey, Angela Lansbury, and Janet Leigh. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through April 9.)

MONKEY IN WINTER—An extremely pleasant French comedy about a nice drunken young man (Jean-Paul Belmondo) and an even nicer drunken old man (Jean Gabin) and how they raise hell in a small summer resort that never sees the sun. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY—Marlon Brando as Fletcher Christian and Trevor Howard as Captain Bligh in a high-flown version of a tale that used to be about good men and bad but that now concerns the class struggle, sex, and other Hollywood commonplaces. The sea scenes are stupendous. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

7 CAPITAL SINS—As many separately written and directed episodes as there are sins. A witty French picture, in which even the least attractive sin—gluttony—is made practically irresistible. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE—A young French war veteran who has lost his memory and a child who has lost her family become friends and might someday be more than friends, but the world blunderingly intervenes, to the ruin of all their hopes. Sad and beautiful, and more beautiful than sad. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

THE TRIAL—The horror of Kafka's novel springs from the matter-of-factness with which everyone, including the hero, accepts an outrageous fate. Orson Welles couldn't be matter-of-fact if he tried, and his brand of outrageousness is especially unsuited to Kafka; to make things worse, the hero is played by Anthony Perkins. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.... R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; through April 9.)

WEST SIDE STORY—Lots of young men in tight pants leaping over fences and caterwauling to beat any band. Far too loud and long, but the New York settings are wonderful and so are the songs, which you no doubt remember from the Broadway show. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633; through April 10. On Thursday, April 4, only, the last showing will begin at 3:30.)

THE WRONG ARM OF THE LAW—Peter Sellers back in top form, in a nonsensical farce about cops and robbers in the not very dangerous London underworld. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, PL 1-1535.)

REVIVALS

ALEXANDER NEVSKY (1938)—Eisenstein's account of medieval warfare. In Russian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; April 5-8.)

THE ASPHALT JUNGLE (1950)—Jewel thieves prowling around a Midwestern city. Directed by John Huston, and with Louis Calhern and Sam Jaffe in the cast. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; April 4, tentative.)

THE BIG DEAL (1960)—A takeoff on the "Rififi" school of melodrama, imported from Italy. Among the foiled criminals are Vittorio Gassman, Marcello Mastroianni, and Totò. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; April 4.)

CAMILLE (1937)—Greta Garbo, coughing delicately and looking fragile. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; April 5-9, tentative.)

CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. In French, with

Louis Jouvet. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 5-8.)

THE CRANES ARE FLYING (1960)—A Russian picture dealing with a family caught up in the horrors of the Second World War. With Tatyana Samoilova. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; April 5-8.)

THE HORSE'S MOUTH (1958)—Alec Guinness as the raffish artist hero of Joyce Cary's novel. An English film. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting April 10.)

THE LOVE GAME (1960)—A pretty girl with her mind fixed on motherhood has a hard time persuading her lighthearted lover to fix his mind on fatherhood. In French, as you might have expected. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; April 4.)

THE MIRACLE WORKER (1962)—Opening chapters in the inspiring life of Helen Keller, acted by Anne Bancroft and Patty Duke. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through April 9, tentative.... Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting April 10.)

ONE-EYED JACKS (1961)—Marlon Brando is both star and director of this Western. Karl Malden and Katy Jurado are in the supporting cast. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 10.)

PARIS BLUES (1961)—Two couples—Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward, and Sidney Poitier and Diahann Carroll—are happy and sad at finding themselves in love in Paris. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600.)

PICNIC ON THE GRASS (1960)—Jean Renoir wrote, produced, and directed this pagan rite. Paul Meurisse plays a professor of science who forgets science at the sight of a good-looking girl in her skin. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 4.)

THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE (1951)—John Huston's screen version of the Stephen Crane story about the Civil War. With Audie Murphy and Bill Mauldin. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; April 4, tentative.)

SHANGHAI EXPRESS (1932)—Revolutionaries and politics in the Orient. With Marlene Dietrich and Clive Brook. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through April 8.)

SONS AND LOVERS (1960)—D. H. Lawrence's 1913 tale about the silver-cord tangle between a Nottingham miner's wife and her artistically gifted son. An English-American production, with Trevor Howard, Wendy Hiller, and Dean Stockwell. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting April 9.)

SOUS LES TOITS DE PARIS (1930)—An early René Clair film. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 5-8.)

A TASTE OF HONEY (1962)—Shelagh Delaney's play about the coming of age of a girl in an English slum. Directed by Tony Richardson, and with Rita Tushingham, Dora Bryan, and Robert Stephens. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through April 9, evening performances only, except on Saturday and Sunday.)

A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE (1962)—Family troubles in Red Hook, as taken from Arthur Miller's play and acted by Raf Vallone, Maureen Stapleton, Raymond Pellegrin, and Carol Lawrence. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting April 9.)

ZAZIE (1961)—A wild romp through Paris, as seen through the eyes of an eleven-year-old child. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting April 10, tentative.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Four programs (tentative schedule) in a series called "Television, U.S.A.: Thirteen Seasons"—April 4: Omnibus, "The Life of Samuel Johnson" (1957).... April 5-6: Seven Lively Arts, "The Sound of Jazz" (1957); and Wisdom, "A Conversation with Edith Hamilton" (1959).... April 7-8: Small World, "Lauren Bacall, Malcolm Muggeridge, and Eric Johnson" (1958); and "A Dancer's World, with Martha Graham" (1958).... Starting April 9: "Art Carney Meets Peter and the Wolf" (1958) and "V.I.P." (1959). (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Nine Hours to Rama," Horst Buchholz, José Ferrer.

CINERAMA, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"How the West Was Won." (Nightly at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
LAWRENCE OF ARABIA.

DE MILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
Through April 9: **THE BALCONY.**
From April 10: "Lafayette," Jack Hawkins, Orson Welles.

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Mondo Cane," an Italian documentary film, with an English narration.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Bye Bye Birdie," Janet Leigh, Dick Van Dyke.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
7 CAPITAL SINS (in French).

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2616)
"The Birds," Rod Taylor, Jessica Tandy. (No one will be admitted after the film starts, so a preliminary phone call is advisable.)

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"My Six Loves," Debbie Reynolds, Cliff Robertson.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
Through April 10: **WEST SIDE STORY.** (On Thursday, April 4, only, the last showing will begin at 3:30.)

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY.

TOHO CINEMA, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
Through April 8: "The Bad Sleep Well" (in Japanese), Toshiro Mifune.
From April 9: "Happiness of Us Alone" (in Japanese), Hideko Takamine.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Courtship of Eddie's Father," Glenn Ford, Shirley Jones.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
THE LONGEST DAY.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through April 9 (tentative): **ELECTRA** (in Greek).
From April 10 (tentative): **ZAZIE** (in French), revival; and "The Elusive Corporal" (in French), Jean-Pierre Cassel, Claude Brasseur.

NEW CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210; evening performances only, except on Saturdays and Sundays.)
Through April 9: **A TASTE OF HONEY**, revival; and "Black Orpheus," revival, Marjess Dawn.
From April 10: "The Apartment," revival, Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine; and "Picnic," revival, William Holden, Rosalind Russell.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
April 4: **DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES**; and "Dentist in the Chair," Kenneth Connor.
April 5-9: "Operation Bikini," Tab Hunter, Frankie Avalon; and "Reptilicus," Carl Ottosen.
From April 10: "Son of Flubber," Fred MacMurray, Nancy Olson; and "The Legend of Lobo," a full-length Walt Disney film.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through April 9: **THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE**; and "Two for the Scesaw," Shirley MacLaine, Robert Mitchum.
From April 10: **ELECTRA** (in Greek); and **THE HORSE'S MOUTH**, revival.

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through April 9 (tentative): "Diamond Head," Charlton Heston, Yvette Mimieux.
From April 10: To be announced.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (NU 5-7652)
7 CAPITAL SINS (in French).

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"My Six Loves," Debbie Reynolds, Cliff Robertson.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Birds," Rod Taylor, Jessica Tandy. (No one will be admitted after the film starts, so a preliminary phone call is advisable.)

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
April 4: "Diamond Head," Charlton Heston, Yvette Mimieux.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
7	8	9	10	4	5	6

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST
APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED
ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

April 5-6: "Operation Bikini," Tab Hunter, Frankie Avalon; and "Reptilicus," Carl Ottosen.

April 7-9: "Papa's Delicate Condition," Jackie Gleason, Glynis Johns; and "Wonderful to Be Young!," Cliff Richard, Robert Morley.

From April 10: "The Hook," Kirk Douglas, Nick Adams; and "Seven Seas of Calais," Rod Taylor, Keith Michell.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
SUNDAYS AND CYBELE (in French).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
DAVID AND LISA.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE BALCONY.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
THE WRONG ARM OF THE LAW.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Through April 8: **FREUD.**
From April 9: "Landru" (in French), Michèle Morgan, Charles Denner.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through April 8: **LOVE AT TWENTY** (five episodes, five languages).
From April 9: "Landru" (in French), Michèle Morgan, Charles Denner.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
THE FOUR DAYS OF NAPLES (in Italian).

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through April 10 (tentative): "Sweet Bird of Youth," revival, Paul Newman, Geraldine Page; and "Light in the Piazza," revival, Olivia de Havilland, Rossano Brazzi.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Nine Hours to Rama," Horst Buchholz, José Ferrer.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
April 4: **DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES**; and "Dentist in the Chair," Kenneth Connor.
April 5-9: "Operation Bikini," Tab Hunter, Frankie Avalon; and "Reptilicus," Carl Ottosen.
From April 10: "Son of Flubber," Fred MacMurray, Nancy Olson; and "The Legend of Lobo," a full-length Walt Disney film.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
April 4: "Diamond Head," Charlton Heston, Yvette Mimieux; and "Ring-A-Ding Rhythm," Helen Shapiro.
April 5-9: "Papa's Delicate Condition," Jackie Gleason, Glynis Johns; and "Wonderful to Be Young!," Cliff Richard, Robert Morley.
From April 10: "The Hook," Kirk Douglas, Nick Adams; and "Seven Seas of Calais," Rod Taylor, Keith Michell.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
April 4: **THE BIG DEAL** (in Italian), revival; and **THE LOVE GAME** (in French), revival.
April 5-8: **THE CRANES ARE FLYING** and **ALEXANDER NEVSKY** (both in Russian and both revivals).
From April 9: Sergei Eisenstein's "Ivan the Terrible," Parts I and II (in Russian), revivals.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through April 9: "Five Miles to Midnight," Sophia Loren, Anthony Perkins; and "Tales of Paris" (in French), Dany Robin, Françoise Arnoul.
From April 10: **THE MIRACLE WORKER**, revival; and "Bird Man of Alcatraz," Burt Lancaster, Karl Malden.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
April 4 (tentative): **THE ASPHALT JUNGLE**, revival; and **THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE**, revival.

April 5-9 (tentative): **CAMILLE**, revival; and "Red Dust," revival, Clark Gable, Jean Harlow.
From April 10 (tentative): **DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES.**

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
MONKEY IN WINTER (in French).

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
April 4: "Diamond Head," Charlton Heston, Yvette Mimieux; and "Ring-A-Ding Rhythm," Helen Shapiro.
April 5-9: "Papa's Delicate Condition," Jackie Gleason, Glynis Johns; and "Wonderful to Be Young!," Cliff Richard, Robert Morley.
From April 10: "The Hook," Kirk Douglas, Nick Adams; and "Seven Seas of Calais," Rod Taylor, Keith Michell.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through April 9 (tentative): **THE MIRACLE WORKER**, revival; and "Bird Man of Alcatraz," Burt Lancaster, Karl Malden.
From April 10 (tentative): **ELECTRA** (in Greek).

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through April 9: **THE TRIAL.**
From April 10: "Fiasco in Milan" (in Italian), Vittorio Gassman, Claudia Cardinale.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
THE TRIAL.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Playboy of the Western World," Siobhan McKenna, Gary Raymond.

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Lazarillo" (in Spanish), Marco Paoletti.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"Mondo Cane," an Italian documentary film, with an English narration.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Love and Larceny" (in Italian), Vittorio Gassman, Anna Maria Ferrero.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
DIVORCE-ITALIAN STYLE (in Italian).

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through April 9: "Papa's Delicate Condition," Jackie Gleason, Glynis Johns; and "Wonderful to Be Young!," Cliff Richard, Robert Morley.
From April 10: "Escape from East Berlin," Don Murray, Christine Kaufmann; and "Sweet Bird of Youth," revival, Paul Newman, Geraldine Page.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through April 8: **SHANGHAI EXPRESS**, revival; and "Night After Night," revival, Mae West, George Raft.
April 9: "Three on a Match," revival, Joan Blondell, Bette Davis; and "In Caliente," revival, Dolores Del Rio, Pat O'Brien.
April 10: **ONE-EYED JACKS**, revival; and "The Hidden Fortress" (in Japanese), revival, Toshiro Mifune.

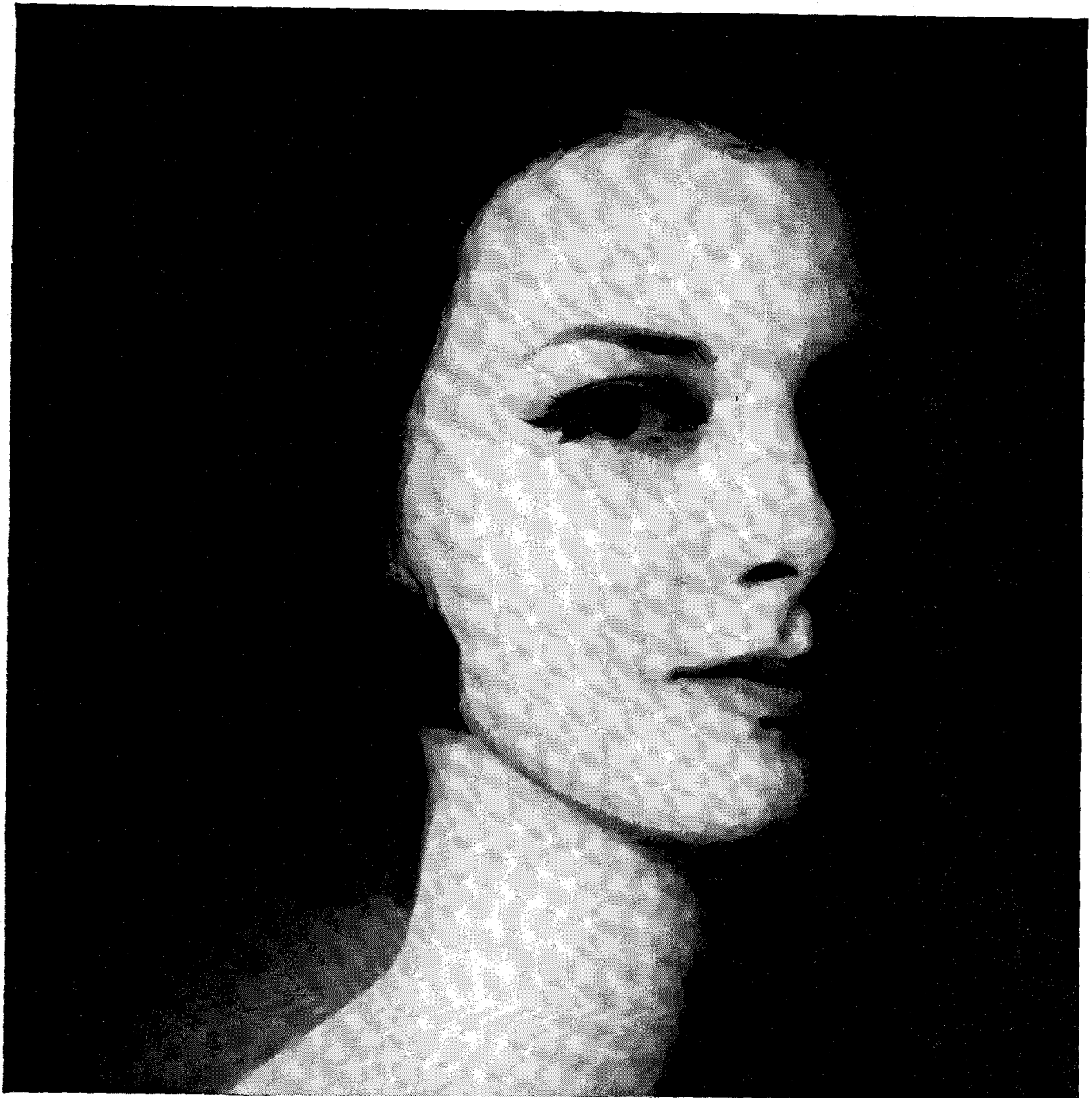
SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
PARIS BLUES, revival; and "Five Miles to Midnight," Sophia Loren, Anthony Perkins.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
April 4: **PICNIC ON THE GRASS** (in French), revival; and "Le Plaisir" (in French), also known as "House of Pleasure", revival, Danielle Darrieux, Simone Simon.
April 5-8: **CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS** and **SOUS LES TOITS DE PARIS** (both in French and both revivals).
From April 9: **A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE**, revival; and **SONS AND LOVERS**, revival.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through April 9: **DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES**; and "Dentist in the Chair," Kenneth Connor.
From April 10: "Son of Flubber," Fred MacMurray, Nancy Olson; and "The Legend of Lobo," a full-length Walt Disney film.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through April 9 (tentative): "Devi" (in Bengali); and "Il Grido" (in Italian), Steve Cochran, Alida Valli.
From April 10 (tentative): **ELECTRA** (in Greek).

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through April 9: "Papa's Delicate Condition," Jackie Gleason, Glynis Johns; and "Wonderful to Be Young!," Cliff Richard, Robert Morley.
From April 10: "Swordsmen of Siena," Stewart Granger, Sylva Koscina; and "Sweet Bird of Youth," revival, Paul Newman, Geraldine Page.



I found out what he does on those "business" trips to Rio.

And frankly it's just as I suspected.

First he plunks himself down in this fancy Varig jet and they serve him an absolute avalanche of caviar and vintage wines and filet mignon and champagne. (Once he mentioned a Varig dinner "with Latin American delicacies." He never said those Latin American delicacies were *serving* the dinner.) Then he stays at "the same old hotel again." This turns out to be a fantastic Taj Mahal of a place, with terraces overlooking that unbelievably beautiful Copacabana Beach and all those believably beautiful women

sunning themselves.

Of course the evenings begin with cocktails at a sidewalk cafe. This helps him through the ordeal of picking one restaurant out of the hundreds that Rio is practically jammed with. And I suppose you can imagine which "tired" businessman sees a midnight floor-show, sambas 'til sunup and cha-chas all the way back to the hotel!

Sure, he spends the next few days racing around to conferences with a company sales manager or district whoozit, or something. But somehow he also finds time to play

some golf. And shop for Brazilian antiques and bossa nova records and pottery and paintings and such. And stroll the mosaic sidewalks. And swim before breakfast. And ride the cable car up Sugar Loaf. And . . . oh, I could go on and on. But look: why not find out the truth for yourself? Get your husband to take you along.

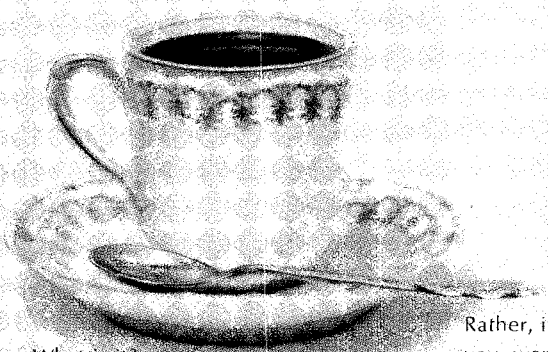
That's what I did.



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interesting and you
will be, too*



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It's Cafèzinho—the Brazilian demitasse. In Brazil, Cafèzinho is ubiquitous. Brazilians serve it in their offices, factories, at state dinners, in their homes for family and company. It's practically impossible to spend three or four consecutive hours in that country without seeing someone enjoy a cup of Cafèzinho. They even have Cafèzinho stands, similar to our Nedicks, where passersby drop in for a quick one standing up.

As a demitasse, Cafèzinho is closer to home for American tastes than other foreign coffees. It's never harsh or bitter.

Rather, it has a dry, rich taste. As though you were to concentrate and intensify the pleasant flavor of the coffee you drink now. In fact, you make Cafèzinho with the same brand you regularly use. It's easy. You use a little flannel bag shaped like a wind sock (we'll send you one free) and it takes no more time or effort than making regular coffee.

For over two centuries, Brazilians have been developing new ways for you to enjoy coffee. Their research and dedication is constant. Their success can be measured by two facts: 1) almost every American brand (including yours, probably) uses Brazilian coffee, and 2) Brazil

is by far the world's largest supplier of coffee.

Try Cafèzinho. It's the perfect new idea to round off a meal and launch a good conversation. About you.

If you need a demitasse set we'll send you a beauty. 6 cups, 6 saucers, 6 spoons in a variety of matching solid colors for \$2.98. A Cafèzinho brewing kit with instructions is included. If you wish, you can have the kit by itself free. Send a check or money order for the set, or write for the kit, to: The Coffee Man, Dept. NY 6, Brazilian Coffee Institute, 120 Wall St., N.Y.C. 5. Be the first on your block to make coffee in a flannel bag.

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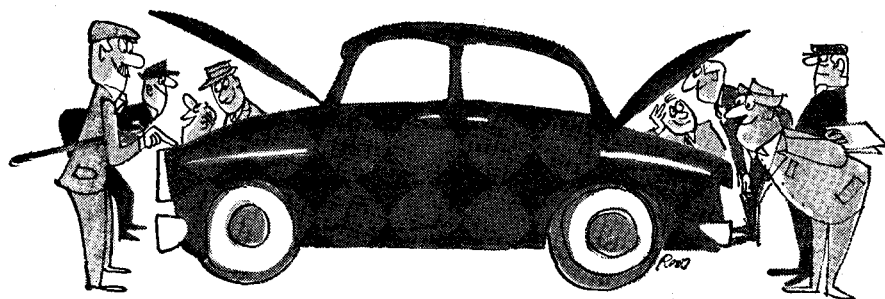
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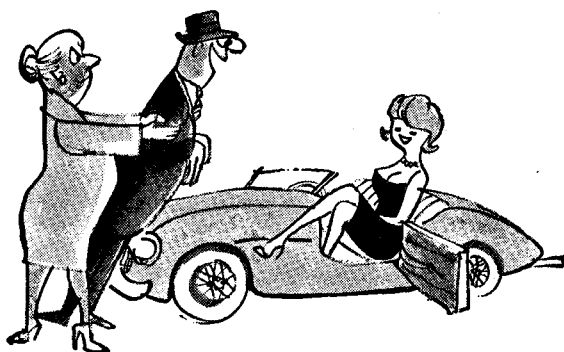
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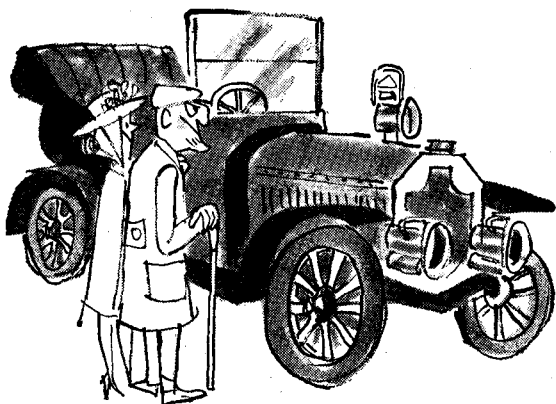
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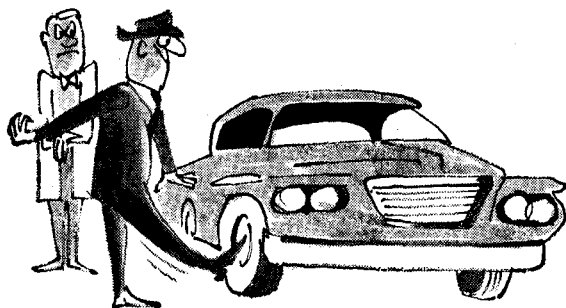
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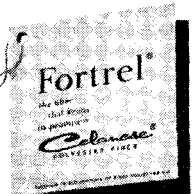
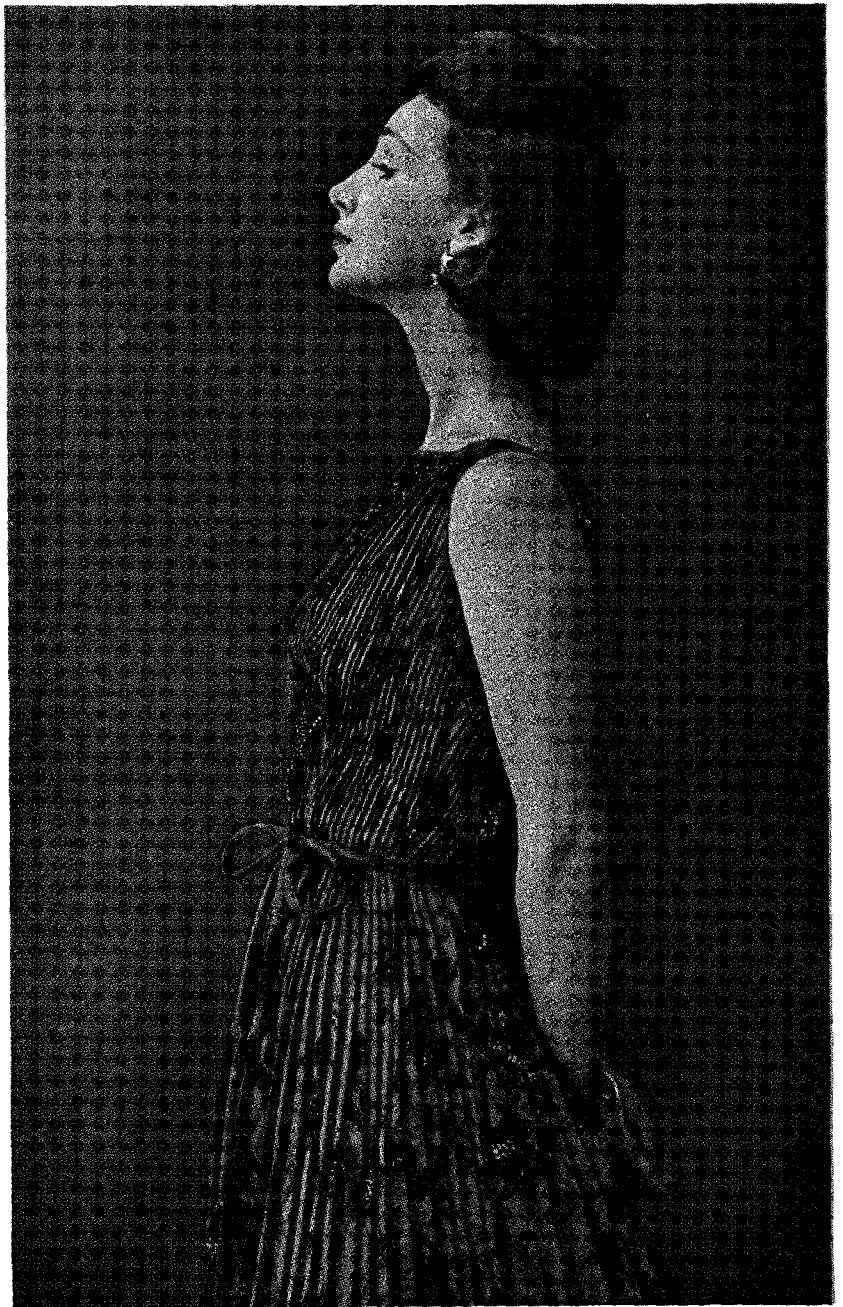
You can be.

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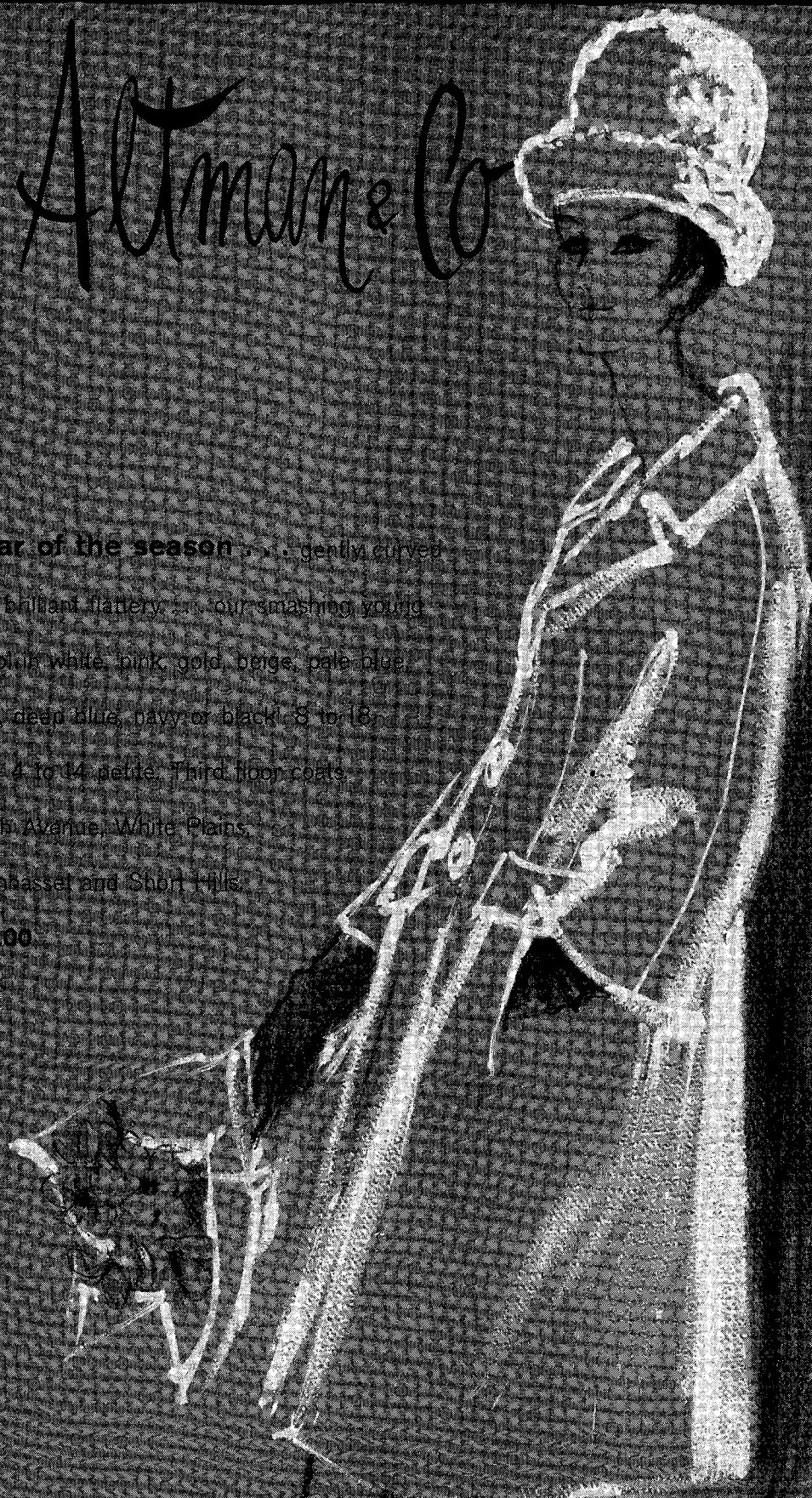
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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

OUR national hero for this week is Mr. H. Morgan Shattuck, president of Schrafft's, who at the annual stockholders' meeting, held last Wednesday in Boston, was asked why his company didn't do something—meaning something unpleasant—about customers who come in, order a single cup of coffee, and while away an entire afternoon over it. A lady stockholder from New York felt that Schrafft's could increase its profits considerably by getting rid of these penurious dawdlers, but Mr. Shattuck spurned the suggestion, affirming that Schrafft's would *never* ask such a customer to leave. Noble Mr. Shattuck! There are fewer and fewer places in this country where a person is allowed to dawdle (a rival of Schrafft's in the restaurant business counts on an average sitting of three and a half minutes per customer); more power, say we, to the hardy few who are holding out against the anti-dawdlers. We're strongly anti-anti-dawdling ourselves, indoors or out, and it's part of our pleasure when we go to Schrafft's to feel that the little parish of nice Irish waitresses whispering together by the kitchen door aren't conspiring to pull the chair out from under us. Schrafft's profits for 1962 were \$968,645. We hope they double in '63.

Columbia Explosion

FROM *locum tenens* to president in *propria persona*—such has been the record of Dr. Grayson Kirk, the fourteenth president of Columbia University, since we last seized his lapel, in the winter of 1951. This lapel is now beribboned, or rosetted, with the French Legion of Honor (*Commandeur*), and if buttonholes permitted, it could be adorned, too, with the insignia of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire (Honorary Knight Commander), the Netherlands Order of Orange-

Nassau, the Italian Order of Merit of the Republic, and the Iranian Order of Taj. In 1951, its owner was batting, as vice-president and acting head of the university, for General Eisenhower, who had taken a leave of absence from the campus prexyship to head the NATO forces in Europe; the General and the *locum tenens* became President and president, respectively, on the same day—January 20, 1953. Since then, Dr. Kirk has picked up twenty-four honorary degrees, ranging in origin from Syracuse University to the University of Delhi, and bringing his total to twenty-nine, and Columbia has picked up a hundred million dollars in endowment funds, bringing its total assets to three hundred million.

When we called on Dr. Kirk in his office the other day, we found him smoking a briar pipe, and asked what brand of tobacco he uses. "I used to smoke Barking Dog, but now I favor

Walnut," he said, and continued, "These last ten years have been good ones. Four new buildings have been constructed—Ferris Booth Hall, a student center with an eight-hundred-seat auditorium that can be used as a ballroom or a dining room, bowling alleys, a rifle range, and so on; New Hall, an adjoining undergraduate dormitory; the Seeley W. Mudd Building, which is the first unit of an engineering center; and a new Law School building—at a cost of around thirty-five million dollars, and as much more construction is under way. Before these, no major building had been erected since the Butler Library, in 1934. The expansion of our activities has been almost explosive. We have twenty-seven hundred undergraduates, eighty per cent of whom go on to further study, which means that we're getting awfully good people, with well-developed professional interests, and we've been inching up a bit—we hope to go up to forty-five hundred—but our biggest expansion has been in the graduate field. I was fortunate, last year, in being able to get Andrew W. Cordier, an old friend of mine, to head our School of International Affairs when he left the United Nations; everyone in the country was after him. This School has recently added a program of African Studies; our area institutes now pretty well cover the waterfront, with the exception of Southeast Asia. We have a Research Institute on Communist Affairs, which looks into such situations as the one in Cuba. International relations are my particular field—I used to teach them, you know—and I think they're in a very healthy position here. Our two-year-old School of Journalism quarterly, the *Columbia Journalism Review*, chairmanned by the School's dean, Edward W. Barrett, whom I brought in here in 1956, has caught on. Ten years ago, our annual budget was twenty million dollars. Last year, it was seventy-four million. It has



kept us on our toes; we make a constant effort to reorganize our book-keeping."

Dr. K. reorganized his pipe, puffed out some smoke contentedly, and went on, "One great problem that I did not fully anticipate was the enormous expansion of research activities, thanks, in large part, to funds from the federal government. The flow of such funds to universities has caused some people concern, but I think this is unjustified. The funds do *not* interfere with teaching. How could we carry on major particle research if we didn't have access to the Brookhaven National Laboratory, which the funds the government allots us—along with contributions from eight other universities—help support? Three of our men have been doing research on two kinds of neutrinos there, and that calls for a barrier of forty feet of steel. Such work requires immensely expensive equipment."

Recalling our chat twelve years ago, we asked Dr. Kirk if he is keeping up his bridge and gardening. "I haven't played a hand of bridge for ten years, and I've done very little gardening," he replied. "My wife and I have a place near Millbrook, but we seldom get out

there. My days are full—I try to get here at nine, and generally stay until six-thirty—and night after night there are dinners that are part of the job. Sometimes we don't have a free evening for two weeks on end. I have no commuting problem, but I have an exercise problem. The president's house is right on the campus, and walking to work takes me only five minutes."

We rose to go, and Dr. Kirk took us to the door. As we left, he said, "I've acquired four little granddaughters since our last meeting—nine years old down to two. I've never had any sisters or daughters, so they've been particularly great fun for me."

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: Atomic Sportswear, at Sixth Avenue and Twentieth Street, features Bow'n Arrow Better Sportswear.

Service

A NEW ZEALAND acquaintance of ours dropped in at the office the other morning and, in the course of conversation, happened to ask the time. Our watch having developed a capricious streak, we picked up the phone and

dialled ME 7-1212. We've always taken dialling this number to get the time as much for granted as dialling WE 6-1212 for weather, but our friend was astonished—in New Zealand, he told us, if you want to learn the correct time, you listen to the radio until someone announces it, and if you want the low-down on the weather, you look out the window—and after he left we decided to check up on what sorts of telephone services are available in other countries around the globe. It was our turn to be astonished. Granted, we seem to have the edge on New Zealand, but there are plenty of places (or at least, in a rapidly shifting situation, there were when we investigated) that have a considerable edge on us. In New York, for example, if we dial a number and keep getting a busy signal, all we can do is try again, with rising irritation, but when the lucky people of Denmark are faced with the same problem, they simply dial a certain number, give their own number and the number they're trying to reach, and are connected as soon as the line is free. This *Noteringen*, or The Noting Service, costs only a dime, plus, of course, the price of the call to the service and the price of the connecting call; if many people are lined up for a given number,

one may pay a so-called express charge and proceed to the head of the line. If many people are lined up at the express rate, then . . . But no, not even the Danes do anything about that.

In New York, if we wish to be awakened in the morning by telephone, Western Union is willing to oblige, but at a stiff price—a dollar-twenty-four a day, and no bargain rates by the week or month. In Denmark, Ireland, Austria, and Switzerland, among other places, this service is provided by the telephone system for about a dime. Here, to be sure, we can dial a number for the local weather, but we can't dial a number for the weather in Chicago or Los Angeles; Londoners not only dial for their local weather report ("Showery") but dial other numbers for the weather on the Essex



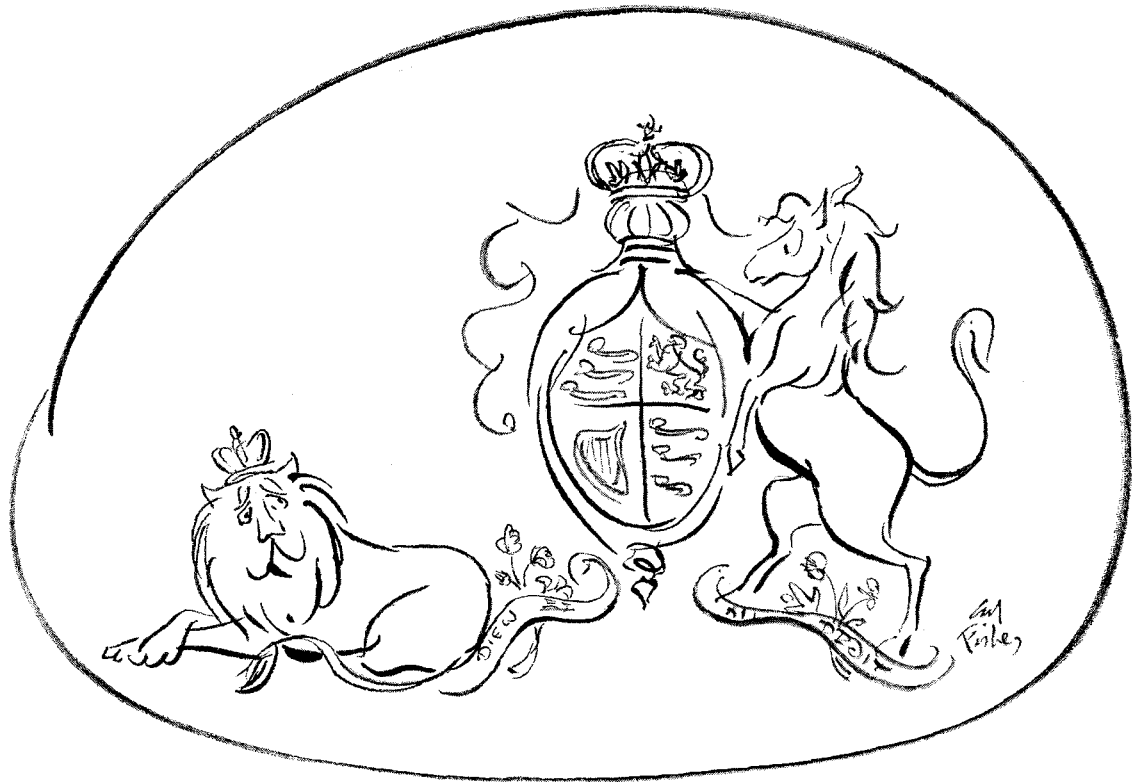
"On the other hand, with 'Too True to Be Good' you get Lillian Gish, Cedric Hardwicke, Eileen Heckart, Glynis Johns, Ray Middleton, Robert Preston, Cyril Ritchard, and David Wayne!"

coast ("Showery"), the Kent coast ("Showery"), and the Sussex coast ("Showery"). We're able to dial 999-1234 for something known as the New York City Report, a recorded announcement of the latest local transportation conditions, but we can't dial a recorded program of news, as citizens of West Berlin, Vienna, Tokyo, and all parts of Italy and Switzerland can do. (As a further, necessary refinement, the Swiss can get the news in German, French, or Italian by dialling the appropriate number.) During the World Series, up-to-the-inning baseball scores are given here along with the time, but in Australia and Britain there's a separate number for the latest cricket scores during a Test Match; in London, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, and Glasgow, the number is simply and gloriously UMP.

Switzerland, Vienna, and West Berlin offer the latest sports news by telephone all the year round. West Berlin, which must be exceptionally fond of gambling, has several separate numbers for scores.

A cooking recipe of the day can be dialled in many Swiss and West German cities, and also in Vienna, Birmingham, and Paris. In the last-named city, if the dish turns out badly there's a number one can dial to ask what to do about being poisoned. Brainy Parisians dial ETOile 31-92 for information about nuclear physics. In cases of heartbreak, they dial VAL d'Or 70-50, the number of an organization called SOS Amitié, which stays on the job twenty-four hours a day, dispensing advice about love, loneliness, money, housing, work, and family problems.

In London, one can dial a Tele-tourist service, which has four different numbers and provides announcements of the principal events of the day in English, French, German, and Spanish. Vienna almost certainly boasts more telephone services than any other city; besides the ones already mentioned, there are numbers that give the latest stock prices, the programs of all state theatres, tips on mountain climbing and hiking in the Vienna Woods, hints for the housewife, the musical note A, movie programs, a fairy tale of the day, the heights above sea level of as-



"Because I just don't feel rampant, that's why."

sorted rivers, the specialty of the day in the city's major restaurants, and a chance for beginning stenographers to practice their shorthand by taking recorded dictation. All else failing, in Vienna one dials the number 18, which appears to possess the combined resources of the Grand Central Information Booth, the Reference Department of the New York Public Library, and Western Union, plus, for from twelve to fourteen dollars a month, a private answering service. The Swiss have a similar number—11—of which they say that it gives train times, addresses of doctors and drugstores, historic dates, and the spelling of place names for crossword-puzzle addicts. It also acts as a clearing house for messages and appointments. You can ask 11 to wake you up in the morning or to remind you of an appointment; finding yourself in Zurich, you can ask 11 to relay a message to a friend in Geneva at a certain time, or to hold the message until the friend himself calls up. During your absence, 11 will either answer your phone calls with a statement—"Mr. Zeitgeist will be back at five"—or automatically switch them to another number.

Our by no means exhaustive survey appears to indicate that there are a good many countries where one can get little more than the time and the weather by phone (India and Brazil, for example), or just the time (Yugoslavia, Argen-

tina, Greece, and Mexico). We don't know *what* the telephone-service situation in Russia is, because when we dialled the number here that usually furnishes such information—RE 7-8301, the number of the U.S.S.R. Mission to the United Nations—the operator cut in to inform us that it had been disconnected.

OVERHEARD in an outlying Bloomingdale's, feather-cut to Marienbad: "I must say that after three years of analysis he's not so fussy about having his yolks right in the middle of his fried eggs any more."

The Face of Anybody

ONE night last week, in a suite on the forty-sixth floor of the Americana Hotel, we stood—along with a half-dozen other admirers—around an upright piano at which sat Charles Aznavour, the French songwriter, singer, and movie star. He was playing and singing his five-hundred-and-eighth, and latest, composition—approximately four hours old—which was entitled "Qui." Aznavour, who is of Armenian descent, is small and tightly put together, with enormous Armenian eyes and a dry little Existentialist face, but he has a strong voice. To a Slavic-Oriental-sounding melody, and with a Gallic

inch-long Gitane dangling from his lower lip, he sang:

*"Qui frôlera tes lèvres
Et, vibrant de fièvre,
Surprenant ton corps,
Deviendra ton maître
En y faisant naître
Un nouveau bien-être,
Un autre bonheur?"*

The admirers—two men, four women—responded with cries of "Sharl! Sharl!" and bursts of compliments in French. The girls were all very pretty, very alert, and very smily, and all wore new-style flapper hairdos, plenty of makeup, and sleeveless black dresses reaching barely to the knees. They fixed highballs for themselves, lit Gitanes, stamped the cigarette ends with fresh lipstick, and moved restlessly around Aznavour and the piano. He looked at them deadpan and sang another of his songs, also with a kind of Slavic-Oriental melody, but this time with English words:

*"You've got to learn
To show a happy face.
Although you're full of misery,
You musn't show a trace of sadness
And never look for sympathy.
You've got to learn,
Although it's very hard,
The way of pocketing your pride,
And sometimes face humiliation
While you are burning up inside."*

When he had finished singing, he listened, still poker-faced, to further cries of "Sharl!" and then he got up from the piano. The admirers put down their drinks, deposited their Gitanes in ashtrays or glasses, and departed in a confusion of "*Tout à l'heure*"s, leaving us with Aznavour and his American press agent, a chubby hard-fast-talker named Mal Braveman. Aznavour's Carnegie Hall concert, the purpose of his visit to New York, was already sold out, Mr. Braveman informed us, and he went on to say that Aznavour's American recordings—one album each in English and in French, under the Mercury label—were beginning to sell beautifully over here, as they had been selling in France, in Germany, in Italy, in Spain, and in the Scandinavian countries for years; that his royalties were running to three thousand dollars a day; and that his latest movie, "*Taxi to Tobruk*," which he made after "*Shoot the Piano Player*," would be released here soon. Braveman also said that Aznavour's sixteen-year-old daughter, Patricia, had come over with him for the visit, as had his mother, Mrs. Michel Aznavourian, and that they were at the musical show "*Mr. President*" at that moment but would meet Aznavour later on, to go out on the town and

Twist. To all this rundown, Aznavour listened, nodding agreement, and then he remarked, still deadpan, "I have to Twist, because I am the partner of my daughter. But it is finished, the Twist. Now it is the Mashed Potato. So sometimes we Twist, sometimes it is the Mashed Potato."

"Trude Heller's is a great place for Twisting," Braveman said.

"I will take my daughter to Small's Paradise, in Harlem," Aznavour said. "It is her first time here. She will want to go to Harlem. Mama will go to sleep. While we wait for my daughter, I will go down to Greenwich Village, to Café Society Downtown, where I worked when I first came to America, fifteen years ago."

"Gone!" Braveman said, with what sounded like satisfaction. "Dead. Vanished. Café Society Downtown is no more. Something else is there now. Some play."

"If the building is where Café Society was, I will look at the building," Aznavour said. "I like very much the Village. The houses are small. The night clubs are not big. It is like Montmartre."

Braveman shrugged. "I'll drive you down," he said.

Aznavour gathered up some papers, on which were written some songs, and laid them on top of the piano. "My office is with me," he said. "I am carrying more paper with me than clothes. These songs are for my opening in Paris two years from now. The important thing for me in my songs is the lyric. I always think of myself as a writer. I prefer to be a writer. I am writing songs for all my friends—for Piaf, for Jacqueline François, for Les Compagnons de la Chanson. When they need songs, they call me. My life is my work. I am writing songs like a writer.

Not itsy-bitsy-bikini songs. I am writing only about feeling. About love, about death, about youth, about wine. I am very Oriental. But I am not like my songs. Girls always see me in my songs, and they come to me and want me to talk to them like my songs, to cry on their hands, but I do not know how to do it. I am not that man."

The three of us went downstairs, got into Mr. Braveman's car, and started for the Village.

"In Paris, I never go out to night clubs," Aznavour said. "I stay home, in the country, forty miles outside Paris. All my friends come to see me, and we play chess and we talk and we hear music. My father and mother live in the hills of Cannes. Patricia lives with them. She goes to the local school. One of her classmates is the daughter of Picasso. I have been married twice and divorced twice. I have an adopted son, Patrick, who is nine. I have a sister, Aïda, who is one year older than I am. We are a clan, very close. We get together and sing and play music, and we understand each other. We could not live without show business. We are very Armenian. My father and mother met, as actors, in Turkey. My father is a troubadour as well as an actor. There are only two good Armenian singers, and my father is one of them. He sings the songs of the poet Sayat Nova, about love and death and flowers and wine. My father knows nine hundred verses of the poet Omar Khayyám. He plays the *tar*, an Armenian instrument with a long body and a top shaped like a figure eight. When we are together, all day we sing and dance. He refuses to leave Cannes, even to visit America. My grandfather was a cook in the Czar's summer palace in Georgia. After the Revolution, he fled to Paris. My parents came to Paris from Greece. I was born in Paris on May 22, 1924, the day my grandfather and my parents opened a restaurant in the Latin Quarter, called the Restaurant Caucase. When I was nine, I played a Negro boy in '*Emil and the Detectives*,' because I could do a Negro accent, which does not sound the 'r.' Then I played Henry IV as a boy in '*Margo*,' at the Théâtre Marigny, with Pierre Fresnay. When I was seventeen, I wanted to build an act as a singer, together with a piano player named Pierre Roche. But I never found the right songs. The lyrics were very bad. Corny. The-sun-shines-and-I-am-happy kind of song I never liked. So I wrote my own song, '*J'ai Bu*,' about a man whose girl leaves him because he drank. It won the Grand Prix du Disque, and I began to write



songs every day, for Piaf and others. In 1947, Piaf was coming to America, and she said, for a joke, 'Why don't you come?' So Pierre Roche and I came, without English, without money. We went to Barney Josephson at Café Society Downtown and sang very sad songs for him, and he gave us a job. The people laughed; they thought we were Americans imitating Piaf. But the applause was not bad, and we worked there for five weeks. Then we worked in Montreal for two years, at Le Faisan d'Or, on a bad street. A seven-hundred-seat house. Three shows a day, each show to a full house. We were paid a thousand dollars a week. In New York, we lived at the Hotel Langwell, on West Forty-fourth Street; dined every night at Hector's Cafeteria in Times Square; took a taxi to Café Society Downtown; went to the Village Vanguard to see Robert Clary; then went to Café Society Uptown to see Piaf. Ah, there it is! Café Society! It is now playing 'The Hostage.' "

"I told you," Braveman said.

"I like to see it anyway," Aznavour said. "I like it here in the Village," he continued as Braveman made for Bleecker Street, where the coffeehouses were sending an overflow of patrons out to the curb. "It is like Saint-Germain. The beards. The polo shirts. No neckties. They play chess. The hair of the girls falls down."

"You like that?" Braveman said. "I hate that. I like a girl to look pretty."

"For me, they have a personality, and I think personality is better than beauty," Aznavour said. "I cannot be with an actress who always is thinking about her face. Also, if I have a girl I want to be with her all the time, and an actress has to work. I am a little bit of Pygmalion. I like to choose what my girl will wear. When you choose a dress for an actress, it is nothing. When you choose a dress for a girl who is not an actress, it makes her happy, and I like that."



"Mary, I believe that one goes to the executive floor."

"Had enough?" Braveman said, turning uptown again.

"We rendezvous now with my daughter," Aznavour said. "Today we went to the Buitoni restaurant and we ate spaghetti. She is too young to see too good places. I don't want her to feel that she is the daughter of a rich man. I do not care what I eat. I am not like some French people, who cannot eat strange food. I can live with two eggs a day, but I cannot live without show business."

"Lots of actors feel that way," Braveman said.

"I am an actor only when I sing," Aznavour said. "In the movies, I am not a real actor. I am only a movie actor. I play the situation. The public puts you in the situation. It is not my business. I am simply there. I am empty. Others put things in me. It is an art to be empty."

"That how come you're so popular in France?" Braveman asked.

"I am popular because I am like everybody in France. My face is the face of anybody. My voice is the voice of anybody. My face is the face of their hope. I do not care how small

is the part I play. I will play it if it is human."

At the place of rendezvous, Braveman went in to collect Aznavour's daughter. He returned in a few minutes, followed by the earlier group of pretty, nervous French-speaking girls, and announced that Aznavour's daughter had been too tired and had gone to sleep. The eager fans piled into the back seat, sitting one on top of another, laughing, calling "Shar! Tweest, Shar!" Aznavour stared straight ahead, without expression, as Braveman started the car.

Job Security

UNTIL recently, the Socony Mobil Oil Company assembled data on four computers that it owned and one that it rented. The company kept thinking about buying instead of renting the fifth machine, but couldn't quite make up its mind. Then some smart executive recommended feeding all the relevant data about the machine into the machine itself. It swiftly recommended that it be bought, and Socony bought it.

GIVING BLOOD

THE Maples had been married now nine years, which is almost too long. "Goddammit, goddammit," Richard said to Joan, as they drove into Boston to give blood, "I drive this road five days a week and now I'm driving it again. It's like a nightmare. I'm exhausted. I'm emotionally, mentally, physically exhausted, and she isn't even an aunt of mine. She isn't even an aunt of yours."

"She's a sort of cousin," Joan said.

"Well hell, every goddam body in New England is some sort of cousin of yours; must I spend the rest of my life trying to save them *all*?"

"Hush," Joan said. "She might die. I'm ashamed of you. Really ashamed."

It cut. His voice for the moment took on an apologetic pallor. "Well I'd be my usual goddam saintly self if I'd had any sort of sleep last night. Five days a week I bump out of bed and stagger out the door past the milkman and on the one day of the week when I don't even have to truck the blasphemous little brats to Sunday school you make an appointment to have me drained dry thirty miles away."

"Well it wasn't *me*," Joan said, "who had to stay till two o'clock doing the Twist with Marlene Brossman."

"We weren't doing the Twist. We were gliding around very chastely to 'Hits of the Forties.' And don't think I was so oblivious I didn't see you snogging behind the piano with Harry Saxon."

"We weren't behind the piano, we were on the bench. And he was just talking to me because he felt sorry for me. Everybody there felt sorry for me; you could have at *least* let somebody else dance *once* with Marlene, if only for show."

"Show, show," he said. "That's your mentality exactly."

"Why, the poor Matthews or whatever they are looked absolutely horrified."

"Matthiessons," he said. "And that's another thing. Why are idiots like that being invited these days? If there's anything I hate, it's women who keep putting one hand on their pearls and taking a deep breath. I thought she had something stuck in her throat."

"They're a perfectly pleasant, decent young couple. The thing you resent about their coming is that their being there shows us what we've become."

"If you're so attracted," he said, "to little fat men like Harry Saxon, why didn't you marry one?"

"My," Joan said calmly, and gazed

out the window away from him, at the scudding gasoline stations. "You honestly *are* hateful. It's not just a pose."

"Pose, show, my Lord, who are you performing for? If it isn't Harry Saxon, it's Freddie Vetter—all these dwarves. Every time I looked over at you last night it was like some pale Queen of the Dew surrounded by a ring of mushrooms."

"You're too absurd," she said. Her hand, distinctly thirtyish, dry and green-veined and rasped by detergents, stubbed out her cigarette in the dashboard ashtray. "You're not subtle. You think you can match me up with another man so you can swirl off with Marlene with a free conscience."

Her reading his strategy so correctly made his face burn; he felt again the tingle of Mrs. Brossman's hair as he pressed his cheek against hers and in this damp privacy inhaled the perfume behind her ear. "You're right," he said. "But I want to get you a man your own size; I'm very loyal that way."

"Let's not talk," she said.

His hope, of turning the truth into a joke, was rebuked. Any implication of permission was blocked. "It's that *smugness*," he explained, speaking levelly, as if about a phenomenon of which they were both disinterested students. "It's your smugness that is really intolerable. Your stupidity I don't mind. Your sexlessness I've learned to live with. But that wonderfully smug, New England—I suppose we needed it to get the country founded, but in the Age of Anxiety it really does gall."

He had been looking over at her, and unexpectedly she turned and looked at him, with a startled but uncannily crystalline expression, as if her face had been in an instant rendered in tinted porcelain, eyelashes and all.

"I asked you not to talk," she said. "Now you've said things that I'll always remember."

Plunged fathoms deep into the wrong, his face suffocated with warmth, he immersed his attention in the highway and sullenly steered. Though they



were moving at sixty in the sparse Saturday traffic, he had travelled this road so often its distances were all translated into time, so that they seemed to him to be moving as slowly as a minute hand from one digit to the next. It would have been strategic and dignified of him to keep the silence; but he could not resist believing that just one more pinch of syllables would restore the *fine balance* which with each wordless mile slipped increasingly awry. He asked, "How did Bean seem to you?" Bean was their baby. They had left her last night, to go to the party, with a fever of 102.

Joan wrestled with her vow to say nothing, but guilt proved stronger than spite. She said, "Cooler. Her nose is a river."

"Sweetie," Richard blurted, "will they hurt me?" The curious fact was that he had never given blood before. Asthmatic and underweight, he had been 4-F, and at college and now at the office he had, less through his own determination than through the diffidence of the solicitors, evaded pledging blood. It was one of those tests of courage so trivial that no one ever thought to make him face up to it.

SPRING comes carefully to Boston. Crusts of ice lingered around the parking meters, and the air, grayly stalemated between warmth and cold, tinted the buildings with a drab, homogeneous majesty. As they walked up the drive to the hospital entrance, Richard nervously wondered aloud if they would see the King of Arabia.

"He's in a separate wing," Joan said. "With four wives."

"Only four? What an ascetic." And he made bold to tap his wife's shoulder. It was not clear if, under the thickness of her winter coat, she felt it.

Inside, they were directed down a long corridor floored with cigar-colored linoleum. Up and down, right and left it went, in the secretive, disjointed way peculiar to hospitals that have been built annex by annex. Richard seemed to himself Hansel orphaned with Gretel; birds ate the bread crumbs behind them, and at last they timidly knocked on the witch's door, which said, "BLOOD DONATION CENTER." A young man in white opened the door a crack. Over his shoulder Richard glimpsed—horrors!—a pair of dismembered female legs stripped of their shoes and laid parallel on a bed. Glints of needles and bottles pricked his eyes. Without widening the crack, the young man passed out to them two long forms. In sitting side by side on the waiting bench, remembering their middle initials and



"Listen, Paluzzi, as long as you're working for Scarpi Costruzioni, I don't want to hear any more of your 'Rome wasn't built in a day' stuff."

childhood diseases, Mr. and Mrs. Maple were newly defined to themselves. He fought down that urge to giggle and clown and lie that threatened him whenever he was asked—like a lawyer appointed by the court to plead a hopeless case—to present, as it were, his statistics to eternity. It seemed to mitigate his case slightly that a few of these statistics (present address, date of marriage) were shared by the hurt, reserved soul patiently scratching beside him, with his own pen. He looked over her shoulder. "I never knew you had whooping cough."

"My mother says. I don't remember it."

A pan crashed to a distant floor; an elevator chuckled remotely. A woman, a middle-aged woman top-heavy with rouge and fur, stepped out of the blood door and wobbled indecisively on legs that looked familiar. They had been restored to their shoes. The heels of

these shoes clicked firmly as, having raked the Maples with a defiant blue glance, she turned and disappeared around a bend in the corridor. The young man appeared in the doorway holding a pair of surgical tongs and wearing a noticeably recent haircut; he suggested an apprentice barber. He clicked his tongs awkwardly and smiled. "Shall I do you together?"

"Sure." It put Richard indignantly on his mettle that this callow fellow, to whom apparently they were to entrust their liquid essence, was blatantly younger than they. But when Richard stood, his indignation melted and his legs felt diluted under him. And the extraction of the blood sample from his middle finger seemed the nastiest and most needlessly prolonged physical involvement with another human being he had ever experienced. There is a touch that good dentists, mechanics, and barbers have, and this interne did not have it; he fumbled

and in compensation was too rough. Again and again, an atrociously clumsy vampire, he tugged and twisted the purpling finger in vain. The tiny glass capillary tube remained transparent.

"He doesn't like to bleed, does he?" the interne asked Joan. He had already spotted her as the untroublesome one, and in effect appointed her a collaborator. As relaxed as a nurse, she sat in a chair next to a table of steely equipment.

"I don't think his blood moves much," she said, "until after midnight."

This stab at a joke made Richard in his extremity of fright laugh loudly, and the laugh at last seemed to jar the panicked coagulant. Red seeped upward in the thirsty little tube like a sudden thermometer.

The interne grunted in relief. As he smeared the samples on the analysis box, he explained idly, "What we ought to have down here is a pan of warm water. You just came in out of the cold. If you

put your hand in hot water for a minute, the blood just pops out."

"A pretty thought," Richard said.

But the interne had already written him off as a clown and continued calmly to Joan, "All we'd need would be a baby hot plate for about six dollars, then we could make our own coffee too. This way, when we get a donor who needs the coffee afterward, we have to send up for it while we keep his head between his knees. Do you think you'll be needing coffee?"

"No," Richard interrupted, jealous of their rapport.

The interne told Joan, "You're O."

"I know," she said.

"And he's A positive."

"Why that's very good, Dick!" she called over to him.

"Am I rare?" he asked.

The boy turned and explained, "O positive and A positive are the most common types." Something in the patient tilt of his close-cropped head as its lateral sheen mixed with the lazily bright midmorning air of the room sharply reminded Richard of the days years ago when he had tended a battery of teletype machines in a room much this size. By now, ten o'clock, the yards of copy that began pouring through the machines at five and that lay in great crimped heaps on the floor when he arrived at seven would have been harvested and sorted and pasted together and turned in, and there was nothing to do but keep up with the staccato appearance of the later news and to think about simple things like coffee. It came back to him how pleasant and secure those hours had been when, king of his own corner, he was young and newly responsible. The parallel brought the boy closer to him and lightened the chamber of menace.

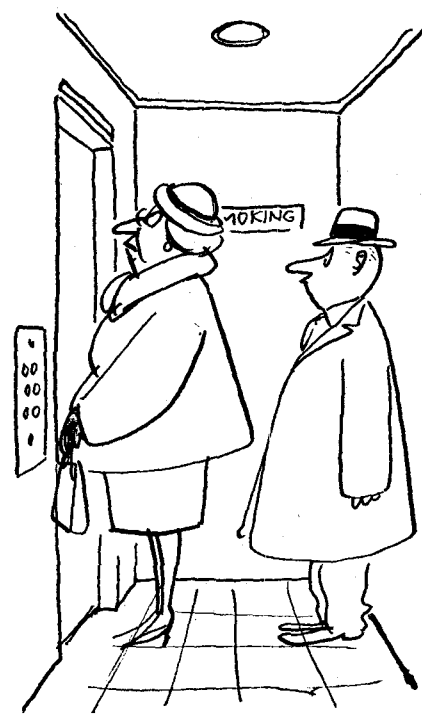
"Who wants to be first?"

"Let me," Joan said. "He's never done it before."

"Her full name is Joan of Arc," Richard explained, angered at this betrayal, so unimpeachably selfless and smug.

The interne, threatened in his element, fixed his puzzled eyes on the floor between them and said, "Take off your shoes and each get on a bed." He added, "Please," and all three laughed, one after the other, the interne last.

The beds were at right angles to one another along two walls. Joan lay down and from her husband's angle of vision was novelly foreshortened. He had never before seen her this way, the



combed crown of her hair so poignant, her bared arm so silver and long, her stocking feet toed in so childishly and helplessly. There were no pillows on the beds, and lying so flat made him feel tipped head down; the illusion of floating encouraged his hope that this unreal adventure would in the next instant dissolve like a dream. "You O.K.?"

"Are you?" Her voice came softly from the tucked-under wealth of her hair. From the straightness of the parting it seemed her mother had brushed it. He watched a long needle sink into the flat of her arm and a piece of moist cotton clumsily swab the spot. He had imagined their blood would be drained into cans or bottles, but the interne, whose breathing was now the only sound within the room, brought to Joan's side what looked like a miniature plastic knapsack, all coiled and tied. His body cloaked his actions. When he stepped away, a plastic cord had been grafted like a transparent vine to the flattened crook of Joan's extended arm, where the skin was translucent and the veins faint blue tributaries shallowly buried. It was a tender vulnerable place where in courting days she had liked being stroked. Now, without visible transition, the pale tendril planted here went dark red. He wanted to cry out.

The instant readiness of her blood to leave her body pierced him like a physical pang. Though he had not so much as blinked, its initial leap had been too quick for his eye. He had expected some visible sign of flow, but from the mere appearance of it the tiny looped hose might be pouring blood into her body

or might be a painted wire superficially attached or a curved line added, irrelevant as a mustache, to a finished canvas. The fixed position of his head gave what he saw a certain flatness. An intervening table edge prevented his eyes from following the red line to its terminus.

And now the interne turned to him, and there was the tiny felt prick of the novocain needle, and then the coarse, half-felt intrusion of what seemed to be a medium-weight nail. Twice the boy mistakenly probed for the vein and the third time taped the successful graft fast with adhesive tape. All the while, Richard's mind moved aloofly among the constellations of the stained cracked ceiling. What was being done to him did not bear contemplating. When the interne moved away to hum and tingle among his instruments, Joan craned her neck to show her husband her face and, upside down in his vision, grotesquely smiled.

It was not many minutes that they lay there at right angles together, but the time passed as something beyond the walls, as something mixed with the far-away clatter of pans and the approach and retreat of footsteps and the opening and closing of unseen doors. Here, conscious of a pointed painless pulse in the inner hinge of his arm but incurious as to what it looked like, he floated and wondered how his soul would float free when all his blood was underneath the bed. His blood and Joan's merged on the floor, and together their spirits glided from crack to crack, from star to star on the ceiling. Once she cleared her throat, and the sound made an abrasion like the



rasp of a pebble loosened by a cliff-climber's boot.

THE door opened. Richard turned his head and saw an old man, bald and sallow, enter and settle in a chair. He was one of those old men who hold within an institution an ill-defined but consecrated place. The young doctor seemed to know him, and the two talked, softly, as if not to disturb the mystical union of the couple sacrificially bedded together. They talked of persons and events that meant nothing—of Iris, of Dr. Greenstein, of Ward D, again of Iris, who had given the old man an undeserved scolding, of the shameful lack of a hot plate to make coffee on, of the rumored black bodyguards who kept watch with scimitars by the bed of the glaucomatous king. Through Richard's tranced ignorance these topics passed as clouds of impression, iridescent, massy—Dr. Greenstein with a pointed nose and almond eyes the color of ivy, Iris eighty feet tall and hurling sterilized thunderbolts of wrath. As in some theologies the proliferant deities are said to exist as ripples upon the featureless ground of Godhead, so these inconstant images lightly overlay his continuous awareness of Joan's blood, like his own, ebbing. Linked to a common loss, they were chastely conjoined; the thesis developed upon him that the hoses attached to them somewhere out of sight met. Testing this belief, he glanced down and saw that indeed the plastic vine taped to the flattened crook of his arm was the same dark red as hers. He stared at the ceiling to disperse a sensation of faintness.

Abruptly the young interne left off his sluggish conversation and moved to Joan's side. There was a chirp of clips. When he moved away, she was revealed holding her naked arm upright, pressing a piece of cotton against it with the other hand. Without pausing, the interne came to Richard's side, and the birdsong of clips repeated, nearer. "Look at that," he said to his elderly friend. "I started him two minutes later than her and he's finished at the same time."

"Was it a race?" Richard asked.

Clumsily firm, the boy fitted Richard's fingers to a pad and lifted his arm for him. "Hold it there for five minutes," he said.

"What'll happen if I don't?"

"You'll mess up your shirt." To the old man he said, "I had a woman in here the other day, she was all set to leave when all of a sudden, pow!—all over the front of this beautiful linen dress. She was going to Symphony."

"Then they try to sue the hospital for the cleaning bill," the old man muttered.

"Why was I slower than him?" Joan asked. Her upright arm wavered, as if vexed or weakened.

"The woman generally is," the boy told her. "Nine times out of ten, the man is faster. Their hearts are so much stronger."

"Is that really so?" Her voice suggested that she had been put in the wrong.

"Sure it's so," Richard told her. "Don't argue with medical science."

"Woman up in Ward C," the old man said, "they saved her life for her out of an auto accident and now I hear

she's suing because they didn't find her dental plate."

Under such patter, the five minutes eroded. Richard's upheld arm began to ache. It seemed that he and Joan were caught together in a classroom where they would never be recognized, or in a charade that would never be guessed, the correct answer being *Two Silver Birches in a Meadow*.

"You can sit up now if you want," the interne told them. "But don't let go of the incision."

They sat up on their beds, legs dangling heavily. Now that they could see each other properly, Joan studied him hard. "Do you feel dizzy?"

"With my powerful heart? Don't be presumptuous."

"Do you think he'll need coffee?" the interne asked her. "I'll have to send up for it now."

The old man shifted forward in his chair, preparing to heave to his feet.

"I do not want any coffee"—Richard said it so loud he saw himself transposed, another Iris, into the firmament of the old man's aggrieved gossip. *Some dizzy bastard down in the blood room, I get up to get him some coffee and he damn near bit my head off.* To demonstrate simultaneously his essential good humor and his total presence of mind, Richard gestured toward the blood they had given—two square plastic sacks filled solidly fat—and declared, "Back where I come from in West Virginia sometimes you pick a tick off a dog that looks like that." The men looked at him amazed. Had he not quite said what he meant to say? Or had they never seen

anybody from West Virginia before?

Joan pointed at the blood, too. "Is that us? Those little doll pillows?"

"Maybe we should take one home to Bean," Richard suggested.

The interne did not seem quite sure this was a joke. "Your blood will be credited to Mrs. Henryson's account," he stated stiffly.

Joan asked him, "Do you know anything about her? When is she—when is her operation scheduled?"

"I think for tomorrow. The only thing on the tab this after is an open heart at two; that'll take about sixteen pints."

"Oh . . ." Joan was shaken. "Sixteen . . . that's a full person, isn't it?"

"More," the interne answered, with the hand-wave that bestows largess and dismisses compliments.

"Could we visit her?" Richard asked, for Joan's benefit. ("Really ashamed," she had said; it had cut.) He was confident of the refusal.

"Well, you can ask at the desk, but usually before a major one like this it's just the nearest of kin. I guess you're safe now." He meant their incisions. Richard's arm bore a small raised bruise; the interne covered it with one of those ample, salmon-colored, unhesitatingly adhesive Band-Aids which only hospitals can provide. That was their specialty, Richard realized—packaging. They took the human mess and packaged it presentably. Sixteen doll's pillows, uniformly dark and snug, marching into an open heart; the vision momentarily satisfied his search for cosmic order.

He rolled down his sleeve and slid off the bed. It startled him to realize in the instant before his feet touched the floor that three pairs of eyes were fixed upon him, fascinated and apprehensive and eager for scandal. He stood and towered above them. He hopped on one foot to slip into one loafer, and then on this foot to slip into the other loafer. Then he did the little shuffle-tap, shuffle-tap step that was all that remained to him of dancing lessons he had taken at the age of seven. He made a small bow toward his wife, smiled at the old man, and said to the interne, "All my life people have been expecting me to faint. I have no idea why. I never faint."

His coat and overcoat felt a shade queer, a bit slithery and light, but as he walked down the length of the corridor, space seemed to adjust snugly around him. At his side, Joan kept an inquisitive and chastened silence. They pushed through the great glass doors. A famished sun was nibbling through the

THE SPIRAL

The seasons of this year are in the luggage.
Now, lifting the last picture from the wall,
I close the eyes of the room. Each footfall
clatters on the bareness of the stair.
The family ghosts fade in the hanging air.
Mirrors reflect the silence. There is no message.
I wait in the still hall for a car to come.
Behind, the house will dwindle to a name.

Places, addresses, faces left behind.
The present is a devious wind
obliterating days and promises.
Tomorrow is a tinker's guess.
Marooned in cities, dreaming of greenness,
or dazed by journeys, dreading to arrive—
change, change is where I live.

For possibility,
I choose to leave behind
each language, each country.
Will this place be an end,
or will there be one other,
truer, rarer?

Often now, in dream,
abandoned landscapes come,
figuring a constant theme:
Have you left us behind?
What have you still to find?

Across the spiral distance,
through time and turbulence,
the rooted self in me
maps out its true country.

And, as my father found
his own small weathered island,
so will I come to ground,

where that small man, my son,
can put his years on.

For him, too, time will turn.

—ALASTAIR REID

overcast. Above and behind them, the King of Arabia lay in a drugged dream of dunes and Mrs. Henryson upon her sickbed received like the comatose mother of twins their identical gifts of blood. Richard hugged his wife's padded shoulders and as they walked along leaning on each other whispered, "Hey, I love you. Love love love you."

ROMANCE is, simply, the strange, the untried. It was unusual for the Maples to be driving together at



eleven in the morning. Almost always it was dark when they shared a car. The oval of her face was bright in the corner of his eye. She was watching him, alert to take the wheel if he suddenly lost consciousness. He felt tender toward her in the eggshell light, and curious toward himself, wondering how far beneath his brain the black pit did lie. He felt no different; but then the quality of consciousness perhaps did not bear introspection. Something certainly had been taken from him; he was less himself by a pint and it was not impossible that like a trapeze artist saved by a net he was sustained in the world of light and reflection by a single layer of interwoven cells. Yet the earth, with its signals and buildings and cars and bricks,

continued like a pedal note.

The city behind them, he asked, "Where should we eat?"

"Should we eat?"

"Please, yes. Let me take you to lunch. Just like a secretary."

"I do feel sort of illicit. As if I've stolen something."

"You too? But what did we steal?"

"I don't know. The morning? Do you think Eve knows enough to feed them?" Eve was their sitter, a little sandy girl from down the street who would, in exactly a year, Richard calculated, be painfully lovely. They lasted three years on the average, sitters; you got them in the tenth grade and escorted them into their bloom and then, with graduation, like commuters who had reached their stop, they dropped out of sight, into nursing school or marriage. And the train went on, and took on other passengers, and itself became older and longer. The Maples had four children: Judith, Richard Jr., poor oversized, angel-faced John, and Bean.

"She'll manage. What would you like? All that talk about coffee has made me really frantic for some."

"At the Pancake House beyond 128 they give you coffee before you even ask."

"Pancakes? Now? Aren't you gay? Do you think we'll throw up?"

"Do you feel like throwing up?"

"No, not really. I feel sort of insubstantial and gentle, but it's probably psychosomatic. I don't really understand this business of giving something away and still somehow having it. What is it—the spleen?"

"I don't know. Are the splenetic man and the sanguine man the same?"

"God. I've totally forgotten the humors. What are the others—phlegm and choler?"

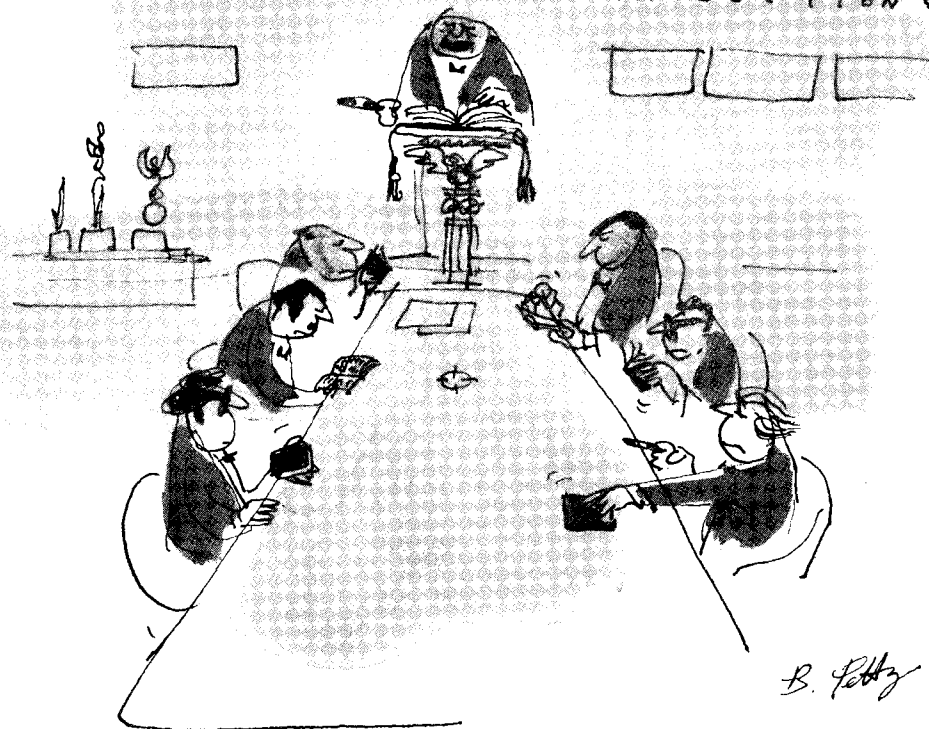
"Bile and black bile are in there somewhere."

"One thing about you, Joan. You're educated. New England women are educated."

"Sexless as we are."

"That's right; drain me dry and then put me on the rack." But there was no wrath in his words; indeed, he had reminded her of their earlier conversation so that, in much this way, his words

THE ENTERPRISE FILM PRODUCTIONS INC.



"Let us turn now to I Samuel, Chapter 17, where I think you will find yet another stirring episode."

might be revived, diluted, and erased. It seemed to work. The restaurant where they served only pancakes was empty and quiet this early. A bashfulness possessed them both. It was like a date between two people who have little as yet in common but who are nevertheless sufficiently intimate to accept the fact without chatter. Touched by the stain her blueberry pancakes left on her teeth, he held a match to her cigarette and said, "Gee I loved you back in the blood room."

"I wonder why."

"You were so brave."

"So were you."

"But I'm supposed to be. I'm paid to be. It's the price of having a—"

"Shh."

"Hey. I didn't mean that about your being sexless."

The waitress refilled their coffee cups and gave them the check.

"And I promise never to do the Twist, the cha-cha, or the schottische with Marlene Brossman."

"Don't be silly. I don't care."

This amounted to permission, but perversely irritated him. That smugness; why didn't she fight? Trying to

regain their peace, scrambling uphill, he picked up their check and with an effort of acting, the pretense being that they were out on a date and he was a raw dumb suitor, said handsomely, "I'll pay."

But on looking into his wallet he saw only a single worn dollar there. He didn't know why this should make him so angry, except the fact somehow that it was only *one*. "Goddammit," he said. "Look at that." He waved it in her face. "I work like a bastard all week for you and those insatiable brats and at the end of it what do I have? One goddam crummy wrinkled dollar."

Her hands dropped to the pocketbook beside her on the seat, but her gaze stayed with him, her face having retreated, or advanced, into that porcelain shell of uncanny composure. "We'll both pay," Joan said. —JOHN UPDIKE

But, high government officials say, if the Soviets do not leave, the U.S. will take action; what action, even those in position who do not know will not speculate.—Oakland (Calif.) Tribune.

Well, it'll be the first time.



"I certainly hope we have controls before he gets the bomb!"

THE INTERNATIONAL WILDERNESS

THERE was, on the one hand, the railroad station in St. Botolph's, with its rich aura of arrivals and departures, its smells of coal gas, floor oil, and toilets, and its dark waiting room, where some force of magnification seemed brought to bear on the lives of the passengers waiting for their train to arrive; and, on the other hand, this loft or palace, its glass walls open to the overcast sky, where spaciousness, efficiency, and the smell of artificial leather seemed not to magnify but to diminish the knowledge the passengers had of one another. Coverly's plane was due to leave at two, but at a quarter to three they still waited at the gate. A few of the passengers were grumbling, and two or three of them had copies of an afternoon paper that reported a jet crash in Colorado with a death list of seventy-three. Was the jet that had crashed the one they were waiting for? Had they, standing in the dim sunlight, received some singular mercy? Had their lives been saved? Coverly went to the information desk to ask about his flight. The question was certainly legitimate, but the clerk reacted sullenly, as if the purchase of a plane ticket was a contract to walk humbly and in darkness. "There is some delay," he said, unwillingly. "There may be some engine trouble, or the connecting flight from Europe may be delayed. You won't board until half past three." Coverly thanked him for this favor and went up some stairs to a bar. On a gilt easel at the right of the door was a photograph of a pretty singer in evening clothes, a delegate of all those thousands who beam at us from the thresholds of bars and hotel dining rooms; but she didn't go on until nine and would probably be asleep now, or taking her wash out to the laundromat.

Inside, there was piped-in music and the bartender wore military livery. Coverly took a stool and ordered a beer. The man beside him was swaying comfortably on his stool. "Where you going?" he asked.

"San Francisco."

"Me, too!" the stranger exclaimed, striking Coverly on the back. "I've been going to San Francisco for three days."

"That's right," the bartender said. "He's missed eight flights now. Isn't it eight?"

"Eight," the stranger said. "It's because I love my wife. My wife's in San Francisco, and I love her so much I can't get on the plane."

"It's good for business," the barkeep said.

In the gloom at the end of the bar two

conspicuous homosexuals with bleached yellow hair were drinking rum. A family sat at a table eating lunch and conversing in advertising slogans. It seemed to be a family joke.

"My!" the mother exclaimed. "Taste those bite-sized chunks of white Idaho turkey meat, reinforced with riboflavin, for added zest."

"I like the crispy, crunchy potato chips," the boy said. "Toasted to a golden brown in health-giving infrared ovens and topped with imported salt."

"I like the spotless rest rooms," said the girl, "operated under the supervision of a trained nurse and hygienically sealed for our comfort, convenience, and peace of mind."

"Winstons taste good," piped the baby in his high chair, "like a cigarette should. Winstons have finer flavor."

The dark bar had the authority of a creation, but it was a creation evolved without reference to the symbolism of the universe. With the exception of the labels on the bottles, there was nothing familiar in the place. Its lights were cavernous, its walls were dark mirrors. There was not even a truncated piece of driftwood or a coaster shaped like a leaf to remind him of the world outside. That beauty of sameness that makes the star and the shell, the sea and the clouds all seem to have come from the same hand was lost. The music was interrupted for the announcement that Coverly's flight was boarding, and he paid for his beer and grabbed his bag. He stopped in the men's room, where someone had written something exceedingly human on the wall, and then followed the lighted numbers down the long corridor to his gate. There was still no plane in sight, but none of the passengers had been moved by the delay or the news of the crash to change their plans. They stood there passively, as if the sullen clerk had in fact sold them humility with their tickets. Coverly's topcoat was too warm for that climate, but most of the other passengers had come from places that were colder or warmer than here. From a duct directly overhead, the continuous music poured gently into their ears. "It's going to be all right," an old lady beside Coverly whispered to an even older companion. "It isn't dangerous. It isn't any more dangerous than the trains. They carry millions of passengers every year. It's going to be all right." The fingers of the older, knobbed like driftwood, touched her cheeks, and in her eyes was the fear of death. Death was what the scene meant

to her—the frisky mechanics in their white coveralls, the numbered runways, the noise of an incoming 707. A baby cried. A man ran a comb through his hair. The objects and sounds around Coverly seemed to group themselves into some immutable statement. These were the facts—this music, the fear of death endured by the old stranger, the flatness of the field, and way in the distance the roofs of some houses.

The plane came in, they boarded, and the stewardess seated Coverly between another old lady and a man whose breath smelled of whiskey. The stewardess wore high-heeled shoes, a raincoat, and dark glasses. Coverly saw under her raincoat the skirts of a red silk dress. As soon as she had closed the plane, she went to the toilet and reappeared in the gray skirt and white silk blouse of her profession. Her eyes, when she took off her glasses, were haggard, and she peered out of them in pain. "Joe Burner," said the man on Coverly's right, and Coverly shook his hand and introduced himself. "I'm pleased to meet you, Cove," the stranger said. "I have a little present here I'd like to give you." He took a small box from his pocket, and when Coverly opened it he found a gilt tie clip. "I travel a lot," the stranger explained, "and I give away these tie clips wherever I go. I have them manufactured for me in Providence. That's the jewelry capital of the United States. I give away two or three thousand clips a year. It's a nice way of making friends. Everybody can use a tie clip."

"Thank you very much," Coverly said.

"I knit socks for astronauts," said the old lady on Coverly's left.

"Oh, I know it's silly of me, but I love those boys, and I can't bear to think of them having cold feet. I've sent ten pairs of socks down to Canaveral in the last six weeks. They don't thank me, it's true, but they've never returned them, and I like to think that they use them."

"I'm taking a few days off, to see an old friend who's dying of cancer," said Joe Burner. "I have at this date twenty-seven friends who are dying of cancer. Some of them know it. Some of them don't. But not a one of them has more than a year to live."

They were wrapped then in a heard and unheard convulsion of sound and pushed roughly back against their seats by the force of gravity as the plane went down the strip and began its strenuous push for altitude. A large panel fell out of the ceiling and crashed into the aisle, and the glasses and bottles in the pantry rattled noisily. When they had risen





"Fifty cents is a rather small sum."

above the scattered clouds, the passengers unbuckled their seat belts and resumed their lives, their habits. "Good afternoon," said the loudspeaker. "This is Captain MacPherson, welcoming you to Flight 73, non-stop to San Francisco. We have reports of a little fog in the Bay area, but we expect it to clear by scheduled landing time. We are sorry about the delay, and wish to take this occasion to thank you all for your patience in not doing nothing about it." The speaker clicked off.

Coverly could not see that anyone else was perplexed. Was he mistaken in assuming that navigational competence implied a rudimentary grasp of English? Joe Burner had begun to tell him the story of his life. His style was nearly bardic. He began with the characters of his parents. He described his birthplace. Then he told Coverly about his two older brothers, his interest in sand-lot baseball, his odd jobs, the schools he had attended, the wonderful butter-milk pancakes that his mother used to make, and the friends that he had won and lost. He told Coverly his annual grosses, the size of his office staff, the nature of his three operations. He told Coverly about the wonderfulness of his wife, and he told him the amount of money it had cost him to landscape his seven-room two-bath house on Long Island. "I have something very unique," he said. "I have this lighthouse on my front lawn. Four, five years ago, this big estate on Sands Point was auctioned off

for taxes, and Mother and I went down there to see if there was anything we could use. Well, they had this little lake with a lighthouse on it—just ornamental, of course—and when it came time to buy the lighthouse, the bidding was very slow. Well, I bid thirty-five dollars, just for the heck of it, and you know what? That lighthouse was mine. Well, I have this friend in the trucking business—you have to know the right people—and he went down there and got it out of the lake. I don't know to this day how he did it. Well, I've got this other friend in the electric business, and he wired it up for me, and now I've got this lighthouse right on my front lawn. It makes the place look real nice. Of course, some of the neighbors complain—you find clinkers in every gang—so I don't turn it on every night, but when we have people in to play cards or watch the television I turn it on, and it looks beautiful."

The sky by then was the dark blue of high altitudes, and the atmosphere in the plane was as genial as that of a saloon. The white blouse the stewardess wore came loose whenever she bent over to serve a cocktail. She tucked it in each time she straightened up. The seat backs were as high as the walls of an old box pew, and the passengers had a limited degree of privacy and a limited view of one another. Then the bulkhead door opened and Coverly saw the captain come down the aisle. His color was bad, and his eyes were as haggard as the eyes of the stewardess. Perhaps he was a friend of

the pilot and crew who had crashed a few hours earlier in Colorado. Would he, would anyone else, have the fortitude to face this disaster calmly? Would the charred bones of seventy-three bodies mean any less to him than they did to the rest of the world? He nodded to the stewardess, who followed him aft to the pantry. They did not exchange a word, but she put some ice into a paper cup and poured a whiskey into it. He carried his drink forward and closed the door. The old lady was dozing, and Joe Burner, having finished with his autobiography, had begun to tell his stock of jokes. Without any warning, the plane dropped about twenty thousand feet.

The confusion was horrible. Most of the drinks hit the ceiling, men and women were thrown into the aisles,

children were screaming. "Attention, attention," said the public-address system. "Hear this, everyone."

"Oh, my God," the stewardess said, and she went aft and strapped herself in. "Attention, attention," said the amplified voice, and Coverly wondered then if this might be the last voice that he heard. Once, when he was being prepared for a critical operation, he had looked out of his hospital window into the window of an apartment house across the street, where a fat woman was dusting a grand piano. He had already been given sodium pentothal and was swiftly losing consciousness, but he resisted the drug long enough to feel resentment at the fact that the last he might see of the beloved world was a fat woman dusting a grand piano.

"Attention, attention," the voice said. The plane had levelled off in the heart of a dark cloud. "This is not your captain. Your captain is tied up in the head. Please do not move, please do not move from your seats, or I will cut off your oxygen supply. We are travelling at five hundred miles an hour, at an altitude of twenty-two thousand feet, and any disturbance you create will only add to your danger. I have logged nearly a million air miles and am disqualified as a pilot only because of my political opinions. This is a robbery. In a few minutes my accomplice will enter the cabin by the forward bulkhead, and you will give him your wallets, purses, jewelry, and any other valuables that you have. Do

not create any disturbance. You are helpless. I repeat: You are helpless."

"Talk to me, talk to me," the old lady asked. "Please just say something, anything."

Coverly turned and nodded to her, but his tongue was so swollen with fear that he could not make a sound. He worked it around desperately in his mouth to stir up some lubrication. The other passengers were still, and on they rocketed through the dark—sixty-five or seventy strangers, their noses pressed against the turmoil of death. What would be its mode? Fire? Should they, like the martyrs, inhale the flames to shorten the agony? Would they be truncated, beheaded, mutilated, and scattered over three miles of farmland? Would they be ejaculated into the darkness and yet not lose consciousness during the dreadful fall to earth? Would they be drowned, and while drowning display for the last time their talent for inhumanity in trampling one another at the flooding bulkheads? It was the darkness that gave him most pain. The shadow of a bridge or a building can fall across our spirit with all the weight of a piece of bad news, and it was the darkness that seemed to compromise his spirit. All he wanted then was to see some light, a patch of blue sky. A woman sitting forward began to sing "Nearer, My God, to Thee." It was a common church soprano, feminine, decent, raised once a week in the company of her neighbors. "E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me," she sang, "still all my song would be, nearer, my God, to thee . . ."

A man across the aisle took up the hymn, joined quickly by several others, and, when Coverly remembered the words, he sang:

"Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone . . ."

Joe Burner and the old lady were singing, and those who didn't know the words came in strong on the refrain. The bulkhead door opened, and there was the thief. He wore a felt hat and a black handkerchief tied over his face, with holes cut for the eyes. It was, except for the felt hat, the ancient mask of the headsman. He wore black rubber gloves and carried a plastic wastebasket to collect their valuables. Coverly roared:

"There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven,
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given . . ."

They sang more in rebelliousness than in piety; they sang because it was

something to do. And merely in having found something to do they had confounded the claim that they were helpless. They had found themselves, and this accounted for the extraordinary force and volume of their voices. They gave up their valuables obediently, and when the thief had robbed the last of them, he turned back to the bulkhead, staggering a little against the motion of the plane—a disadvantage that made his figure seem familiar and harmless. They sang:

"Then, with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise . . ."

"Thank you for your coöperation," said the public-address system. "We will

make an unscheduled landing in West Franklin in about eleven minutes. Please fasten your seat belts and observe the no-smoking signal."

THE cloud outside the ports began to lighten, to turn from gray to white, and then they sailed free into the blue sky of late afternoon and Coverly felt a love of life, of beauty, of the earth rise and constrict his chest like an attack of pleurisy. The old lady dried her tears and smiled. Joe Burner made the sign of the cross. The plane was losing altitude rapidly, and then below them they could see the roofs of a city that seemed like the handiwork of a marvellously humble people going about useful tasks and raising their children in goodness



"Age before beauty, young man."

and charity. Never had the world, Coverly felt in his desire to rejoin mankind, seemed so touching and so earnest. The moment when they ceased to be airborne passed with a thump and a roar of the reverse jets, and out of the ports they could see that international wilderness that hedges airstrips. Scrubgrass and weeds, a vegetable slum, struggled in the sandy bottom soil that formed the banks of an oily creek. Someone shouted, "There they go!" Two passengers opened the bulkhead. There were confused voices, and when someone asked for information, the complexity of human relationships so swiftly reestablished itself that those who knew what was going on pridefully refused to communicate with those who didn't and the first man into the forward cabin spoke to them with condescension. "If you'll quiet down for a minute," he said, "I'll tell you what we know. We've released the crew and the captain has made radio contact with the police. The thieves got away. That's all I can tell you now."

Then faintly, faintly, they heard the sirens approaching over the airstrip. The first to come was a fire crew, who put a ladder up against the door and got it open. Next to come were the police, who told them they were all going to be held. "You're going to be let off in lots of ten," one of the policemen said. "You're going to be questioned." He was gruff, but they were magnanimous. They were alive, and no incivility could disturb them. The police then began to count them off in lots. The ladder of the fire truck was the only way of getting down from the plane, and the older passengers mounted this querulously, their faces working with pain. Those who waited seemed immersed in the passivity of some military process, seemed to suffer that suspense of discernment and responsibility that overtakes any line of soldiers. Coverly was No. 7 in the last lot. A gust of dusty wind blew against his clothing as he went down the ladder. A policeman took him by the arm—a touch he instantly and bitterly resented—and it was all he could do to keep from flinging the man's arm off. He was put with his group into a closed police van with barred windows.

A policeman took him again by the arm when he left the van, and again he had to struggle to control himself. What was this testiness of his flesh, he wondered. Why did he loathe this stranger's touch? Rising before him was the Central Police Headquarters—a yellow brick building with a few halfhearted architectural flourishes and a few declarations of innocent love written in chalk on the walls. The wind blew dust and

BALLADE

At ten, Acorn knew most of Marvell,
At eleven, the verses of Yeats.
Adolescence got him safely through Housman,
By sixteen, he thought he was Keats.

"Legs crossed, I espy the seals
Squeezing out of the water,
And hours by hours the baby hippo easing into view.
Captive birds, sky-trellised,
Drip dry tails above the zoo.
Curled brown leaves scud the floor,
A sharp autumnal wind cuts in,
And I wear all too light a suit,
And flee lest I catch my Death
And perish too young, too," was the

sort of thing he wrote at sixteen.

His tennis shoes gray elegies,
Acorn buffed the beaches of time,
His suntans ne'er holding a crease,
His folio ne'er a good line.

He passed four full years at Harvard,
Receiving in temperate veins
The curious, Ur-gent transfusions
Of Harvard's tutorial schemes.

"Did very well" as a graduate,
And, self-considered full ripe in the ear,
Acorn wrote more and more poems
And begged all his friends to hear.

"Oh, blithe, etherized toad,
Smashed loveboat and jangle
G e Heydays of his Eyes!
o h
l t
d
e n
n i
Freud died; teacups gaped Proust!
Oh, my Crazy Chevalier!" was

the sort of thing he was writing then.

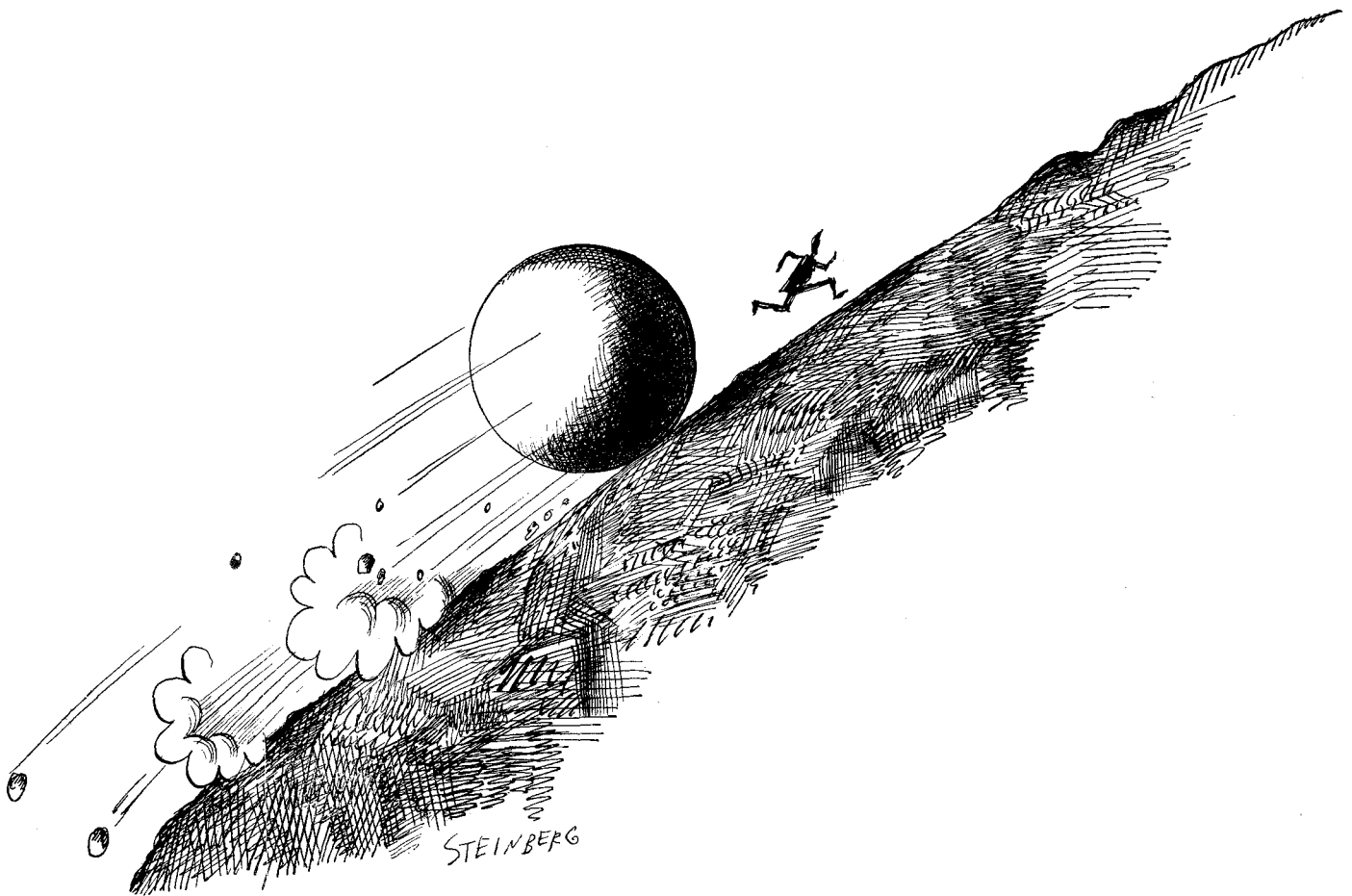
Although printed, he'd never be famous;
Yet his hopes of that grew not too dim.
He knew of a lot of fine poetry;
Not that nothing had happened to him.

Bow-less, un-Wounded, inspired,
And availed of several degrees,
Acorn now teaches Creative Writing,
Teaching people to write what he sees.

—DONALD STEWART

papers around his feet. Inside he found himself in the alarming and dreary atmosphere of wrongdoing. It was a passage into a world at which he had been granted merely a squint—that area of violence he glimpsed when he spread newspapers on the porch floor before he painted the screens. "ROSLYN MAN

SHOOTS WIFE AND FIVE CHILDREN. MURDERED CHILD FOUND IN FURNACE." They had all been here, and had left in the air a palpable smell of their bewilderment and dismay, their claims to innocence. He was led to an elevator and taken up six flights. The policeman said nothing. He was breath-



ing heavily. Asthma? Coverly wondered. Excitement? Haste?

"Do you have asthma?" he asked.

"You answer the questions," the policeman said.

He led Coverly down a corridor like the corridor in some depressing schoolhouse and put him in a room no bigger than a closet, where there was a wooden table, a chair, a glass of water, and a questionnaire. The policeman shut the door, and Coverly sat down and looked at the questions.

Are you the head of a household? he was asked. Are you divorced? Widowed? Separated? How many television sets do you own? How many cars? Do you have a current passport? How often do you take a bath? Are you a college graduate? High school? Grammar school? Do you know the meaning of "marsupial," "seditious," "recondite," "dialectical materialism"? Is your house heated by oil? Gas? Coal? How many rooms? If you were forced to debase the American flag vs. the Holy Bible, which would be your choice? Are you in favor of the federal income tax? Do you believe in the International Communist Conspiracy? Do you love your mother? Are you afraid of lightning? Are you for the continuation of atmospheric bomb testing? Do you have a savings account? Checking account?

What is your total indebtedness? Is your house mortgaged? If you are a man, would you classify your sexual organs as being size 1, 2, 3, or 4? What is your religious affiliation? Do you believe John Foster Dulles is in Heaven? Hell? Limbo? Do you often entertain? Are you often entertained? Do you consider yourself to be liked? Well liked? Popular? Are the following men living or dead: John Maynard Keynes. Norman Vincent Peale. Karl Marx. Oscar Wilde. Jack Dempsey. Do you say your prayers each night? . . .

Coverly attacked these questions—and there were thousands of them—with the intentness of a guilty sinner. He felt that if he answered them honestly, the self-profile that emerged would deserve absolution. He had given his watch to the thief, and had no idea of how long it took him to fill out the questionnaire. When he was done, he shouted, "Hullo. I'm finished. Let me out of here." He tried the door and found it open. The corridor was empty. It was night, and the window at the end of the hall showed a dark sky. He carried his questionnaire to the elevator and rang. As he stepped out of the elevator on the street floor, he saw a policeman sitting at a desk. He seemed jovial enough. "I've answered all the questions," Coverly said. "What do I do now?"

"Go home," the policeman said. "I suppose you want some money?"

"I do," Coverly said.

"You're all getting a hundred from the insurance company," the policeman said. "You can put in a claim later if you've lost more." He counted out ten ten-dollar bills and looked at his watch. "The Chicago train comes through in about twenty minutes. There's a cabstand at the corner. I don't suppose you'll want to fly again for a while. None of the others did."

"Have they all finished?" Coverly asked.

"We're holding a few," the man said.

"Well, thank you," Coverly said, and walked out of the building into a dark street in the town of West Franklin, feeling in its dust, heat, distant noise, and the anonymity of its colored lights the essence of his aloneness. There was a newsstand at the corner, and a cab parked there. He bought a paper. "DISQUALIFIED PILOT ROBS JET IN MID-AIR," he read. "A Great Plane Robbery took place at 4:16 this afternoon over the Rockies . . ." He got into the cab and said, "You know, I was in that plane robbery this afternoon."

"You're the sixth fare who's told me that," the driver said. "Where to?"

"The station," Coverly said.

—JOHN CHEEVER

A REPORTER AT LARGE

A DAY ON THE RIVER

THE track petered out in a sycamore clearing, and there, sparkling in the mild late-February sun, was the river. We got out of the car—Lee Beck and Leonard Hall and I—and unloaded our gear and carried it across the clearing and down to the riverbank. Below the bank was a patch of gravel beach, and pulled up on it were three square-nosed john-boats—long, narrow, shallow-draft skiffs. On

the farther shore, two hundred feet or so away, a craggy limestone bluff rose a hundred feet to a crown of wind-blown pines and cedars. From somewhere out of sight to my right, behind a downstream bend, I could hear the rush and rustle of a rapids. The driver swung his car around, gave the horn a parting bleat, and bumped back up the track.

This was Dugan's Landing on the Current River in the Ozarks of southeastern Missouri. The Current River (originally La Rivière Courante) rises at Montauk Springs, in Dent County, Missouri, and flows south some hundred and eighty miles to a point near Pochontas, in northern Arkansas, where it joins the Black River, a sub-tributary of the Mississippi. It is a wild highland river, fed entirely by springs and spring-fed creeks, and the country it cuts through, though settled as early as 1800, is still largely unspoiled. It was in order to keep it unspoiled that the Department of the Interior recently proposed to incorporate about a hundred miles of the river (and all of its tributary Jacks Fork) into a preserve to be called the Ozark National Rivers. That was why I had come down to Missouri. I had heard about the Current from friends in Washington, and they had made me want to see it. Its waters are cold, clean, clear, and fast. For much of its length, it has a fall of eight or nine feet a mile. Its upper reaches are the steepest, and also the wildest and the least accessible. Dugan's Landing is one of the few good landings on the upper river and is the only landing within easy reach of Eminence (pop. 516), the seat of Shannon County and the chief town in the area. Beck, a young storekeeper who doubles as a guide and boatman, lives in Eminence, and it was there, by prearrange-



ment, that he and Hall and I had met at about eight o'clock. Hall is around sixty, a naturalist and writer, and the proprietor of Possum Trot Farm, near Caledonia, a couple of counties to the northeast. He was wearing two red flannel hunting shirts, leather-faced pants, and Wellington boots. Beck had on a khaki jacket and tan, pointed city shoes. Our plan was to spend the day on the river and then put in for supper and the night at a hunting cabin a number of miles downstream owned by a friend of Hall's named Wendell Howard. It was now a little after nine.

Beck's share of the gear was an outboard motor. He shouldered it down the bank to one of the john-boats and clamped it into place on the stern frame. I followed him aboard with the fuel tank and a canoe paddle. In the shade of the clearing, the air had a wintry edge, but here, on the beach in the sun, it was almost balmy. It was going to be a lovely day. I enjoyed its promise for a moment, and then went back and helped Hall with the rest of the gear—a duffelbag, a leather carryall, a fly rod in a canvas case, a thermos jug of water, and a lidded picnic basket. Beck started the motor and brought it to a spluttering roar. He throttled it down to a warming idle, raced it again, and abruptly shut it off. There was an instant of bottomless silence. It was broken by a blue-jay cry from a willow thicket at the foot of the bluff. The morning air stirred through the sycamores, and the sound of the rapids returned. Beck tilted the outboard back on its hinges until the propeller cleared the water. He took up the paddle and nodded to Hall and me to shove off. We shoved. It was a big boat, at least twenty feet long, and four feet wide at

the beam, but john-boats are built for easy handling, and one good shove was enough. It slid off the beach and into the water as lightly as a canoe. Hall hopped into the bow. I scrambled after and over and past him, and sat down on the center thwart. Beck leaned on his paddle, and we swung out into the river and into a gentle current. It swept us gently off.

But not for long. We drifted around a wood-

ed point, and a stony bluff rose up on the right. The river began to shoal, and I could feel the current quicken. The sound of the rapids grew louder. I looked around at Beck. He had risen to his feet and was balanced on the stern frame like a gondolier, his paddle poised for a guiding thrust. There was a spume of white water up ahead. Then, with a thump, we were in it. The boat shot forward like a sled on ice. We slicked over a sunken log. We skinned past a seething snag. We slapped and shuddered down a corrugation of bowling-ball boulders. And emerged in a long, placid, sun-swept pool. The bluff on the left had vanished. In its place were a gravel beach and a wall of marshy woods.

Beck shipped his paddle. He sat down and lit a cigarette. "Well, that was Number One," he said. "Dugan's Chute, they call it. It isn't the trickiest chute we'll hit today. Or the roughest or the longest. But it isn't the easiest, either."

"I wouldn't want to run it at night," Hall said. He slipped the fly rod from its case and began to fit it together. "Not on a dark night, anyway."

"That's for a fact," Beck said. "Chutes are funny. I know some I could run about any old time. If you know them, you know them. I mean, they never change. Others are just the opposite. Those cotton pickers are different every season. Every month, almost."

"How many will we hit today?" I asked.

"Chutes?" he said. "Well, now. It's about twenty-five miles from here to Wendell Howard's place. So I'd say fifteen or twenty chutes. They average close to one a mile—" He broke off,

and reached for the paddle. "You see that, Len? Over under the bluff? A bass hit something."

"I saw it," Hall said. He had the rod assembled now and was tying on a spinner and a hairy black fly. "Let's get over there."

We moved silently out of the current and glided toward the bluff. There was a deep hole there. The bottom shelved from three to six to twelve or fifteen feet, but the water was so clear that I could still see every mossy stone and plastered leaf. A big yellow sucker darted under the shadow of the boat. Below it, a waterlogged twig gave a mysterious twitch and turned mysteriously over.

"O.K.," Hall said. "That's fine." He stood up and cast, and waited. He retrieved his line, and cast again. I saw the line go taut. It held steady for an instant, and then knifed away upstream. Hall halted the run with a whip of the rod and the line cut off on another tack. He stopped it short and began to bring in the line, the tip of his rod

bending almost double. There was a splash some thirty feet away. A long moment passed. Another eruption exploded just off the bow of the boat. Hall let out a triumphant grunt, and lifted an arching, twisting, shimmering foot-long smallmouthed black bass. The thwart I was sitting on formed the lid of a built-in live-box, and I slid off and opened it up. Hall unhooked the bass and dropped it into the box.

"Not bad," Beck said. "Just over a pound, I'd say. I like that size."

"I thought he'd be twice that big," I said. "He gave you quite a fight."

"Well," Hall said, "you know what they say about bass—'Inch for inch and pound for pound, the gamest fish that swims.'"

"That's always been a real good hole," Beck said. "There could be more in there."

It was still a good hole. In a dozen casts, Hall landed two more bass. One was about the size of the first. The other was a trifle larger. Smallmouthed bass can weigh as much as four or five

pounds, but these were just right for us. Three pounds or so of bass would make a very fine lunch.

Beck brought the boat about. I could feel the fish sloshing around in the live-box under my seat. We moved out of the hole and the shade of the bluff, and back into the sunny flow of the river. A gaudy male shoveller sat feeding in the shallows off the gravel beach. Its wet green head came up at our approach, and it fixed us with a bold, indifferent eye until we were hardly twenty feet away. Then it was up and off and gone around a bend. We drifted after it on a just perceptible current. The trees that crowned the bluff were shifting and shaking in a gusty breeze, but only a breath of it reached the river, and the air was almost balmy. Hall had already stripped off one of his flannel shirts. I unbuttoned my jacket and took off my cap and enjoyed the feel of the sun on my face. The pool ended in a pinch of beach and bluff, a surge of current, another chute. Beck half rose to his feet, and then sank back again. It was a



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short, quick, unchallenging chute, and we were down in a single lurch. But just beyond it boiled another. Momentum carried us across an intervening pool. This time, Beck stood up. There was another surge, a yawing slide, a burst of spray, and a thump. The river resumed its broad, unhurried course.

Hall turned his head and caught my eye. He cocked a thumb toward the bluff. I looked where he was pointing—at the chalky hulk of a dead sycamore. Near the top of the tree hung an enormous black-and-white bird with a commanding bright-red crest. It was a bird of a kind I had never seen before, but I knew it at once. It could only be a pileated woodpecker.

"That's right," Hall said. "And a sight to see, isn't he? Simply beautiful. It's also one that not many people ever get these days. Except in country like this. If the ivory-billed woodpecker is

extinct—and I guess it pretty well is—the pileated woodpecker is the only big woodpecker left. I'm sure it is. Thank God we've still got this one. Just look at the size of him. He's as big as a crow."

"And as cagey," Beck said. "He's not going to let us get much closer. He'll—See what I mean? There he goes!"

"We'll come across another," Hall said. "I've seen as many as twenty of them along this river in a single day. They're not as demanding as the ivorybills were. The experts estimate that a pair of ivorybills needed around six square miles of the wildest kind of forest land to range in. Not because they were so big. Actually, they were only a trifle bigger than the bird you just saw. Their diet—a certain kind of bark beetle—was that special. A pair of pileated woodpeckers can live on a couple of acres or less. It's a wilderness woodpecker, though. You won't find it in

the suburbs with the downies and the hairies and the flickers. It needs wild country."

"We've still got plenty of that," Beck said. "I know a couple of stretches here that are as wild as country can get. Bee Bluff is one—the country back of it, especially. You'll see Bee Bluff directly. It isn't but a few miles farther on. The other is what they call Cardareva Mountain. Cardareva is just below Wendell Howard's place, and it's really wild. I've seen an eagle working there. A bald eagle, I guess it was."

"Probably," Hall said.

"There's also bear on Cardareva," Beck said. "A few, anyway. Or so I hear. And wolves. I know we've got some bobcat. I've seen them myself here and there. As a matter of fact, there's still a bounty on wolves and bobcat. The state pays fifteen dollars for a wolf, and a bobcat is worth five. And, of course, there's deer all over the place."

"This country is full of wildlife," Hall said.

"There's a gravel bar along here somewhere that my wife and I camped on one time a few years back. I don't think we got a wink of sleep. We shared it with sixteen owls—barred owls. They hollered at us all night long."

"There isn't much we haven't got," Beck said. "Even badger. They tell me those cotton pickers are rarer than bear. I've never seen one myself, but they're still around. Then there's fox and skunk and possum and coon—lots of coon. Coon are thicker than rabbits lately. I don't know what's happened. It used to be you were lucky to get two or three coon in a season. Now, if you've got a good dog, you can get yourself that many in a night. Another thing that's come back strong is turkey—wild turkey. Big ones, too. Gobblers up to thirty pounds."

"Wendell Howard has a good wild-turkey story," Hall said. "He says he was out with a shotgun one afternoon a couple of years ago. He caught sight of a big old gobbler sitting in a clearing, and got up



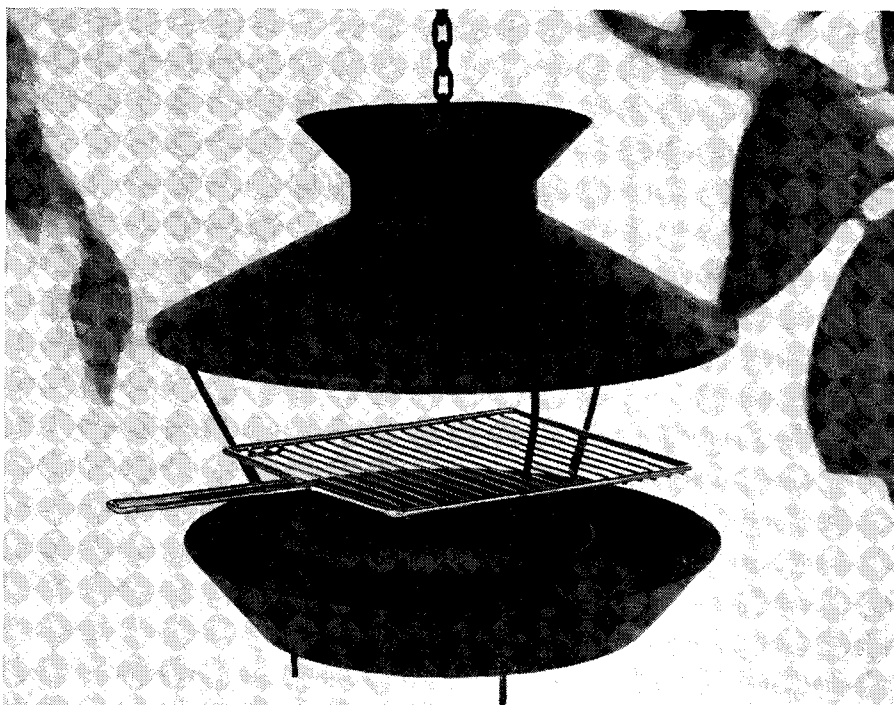
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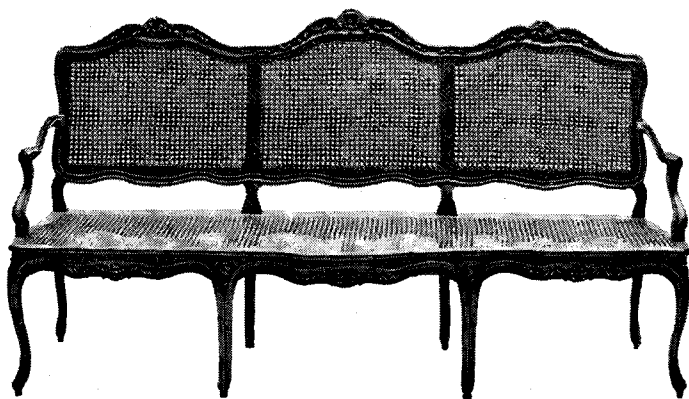
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his gun and fired. Only it wasn't a turkey. It turned out to be a stump. But it still looked so much like a turkey, Wendell says, that he gave it the other barrel."

"That sounds like Wendell," Beck said. "Another thing you see along here is mink. And flying squirrels. And muskrat—plenty of muskrat."

"And beaver," I said.

"Beaver?" Beck said.

I pointed to a clump of cottonwoods at the mouth of a slough up ahead. On one of the trees was a deep, fresh wedge-shaped cut. It was clean enough to have been made with an axe.

Beck grinned. "And beaver," he said.

The river edged around a bend and under a cavernous overhang of bluff. There was a gust of cavelike cold. The arching limestone walls were stained with lichen, and the water was a frosty deep blue-green. It was suddenly winter again. I lit a cigarette. Then the river took another turn, and the stony ceiling lifted and the sun came comfortingly back. A sprawling towhead island, thick with cottonwoods and willow scrub, emerged beyond the turn. It spread almost from bank to bank, and from the passage on the right came the sound of white water.

"That sounds like a rough one," I said.

Hall nodded. "If it's the one I think it is, it's plenty rough."

"Bland Chute, they call it," Beck said. "And it is rough—the roughest. More boats turn over here than any chute on the river. But you have to take it. The one on the left there is worse. It's blocked. It's a dead end." He rose to a kind of crouch. "Watch yourselves, now." He swung his paddle. "We go right in under the bluff. Watch those branches."

The boat gave a leap into space. It landed with a bone-jarring thump in a boiling trough between two rocks, and slid into space again. We heeled into a long, steep, winding race. I ducked an overhanging branch. A curtain of water rose and fell, and my cigarette disintegrated in my hand. We plunged away from the bluff and over a grinding shoal. The chute began to widen. It began to slow. The island shrank and vanished, and we were back again on the easy, open river. There was an inch of water slopping around my feet. Hall tossed me a bailing sponge, and I soaked and squeezed and sopped the boat dry.

Beck touched me on the shoulder. "I mentioned Bee Bluff a while back,"

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he said. "Well, that's it—that big bluff down there at the bend."

He was pointing at a looming precipice that climbed to a height of at least three hundred feet and stretched away along the river as far as I could see. Its face was scarred with crumbling ledges and brushy caves and crevices sprouting tortured trees, and even in the full gaze of the sun it had a wild, forbidding look. The foot of the bluff was rank with lizardtail weed, and clinging to many of the clinging trees were scraggly beards of some pale-green, hairlike lichen that much resembled Spanish moss. Some of the trees were den-trees, with woodpecker holes and squirrel holes and holes big enough to accommodate a coon or a possum. An osprey drifted out over the river. I watched it hovering on a lift of heated air and caught a glimpse of something white on a ledge near the top of the bluff. It moved, hopping nimbly across a break in the ledge, and took shape—a goat. It was followed at a little distance by another. They picked their way along the ledge toward a screen of cedars, and behind them came a third. Then a fourth appeared. And a fifth and a sixth. It became a procession of goats. I counted fourteen in all. They stepped along the face of the bluff with the grace and sureness of Rocky Mountain bighorns. It was a lovely, stirring, dizzying sight.

"They're not as wild as they look," Beck said. "Only about half. They belong to somebody back in some hollow somewhere. He lets them browse where they can. This country is all open range."

IT was almost one o'clock, and time for lunch. Beck began to look for a gravel bar that would make a comfortable camp. He found one a couple of miles and three chutes below Bee Bluff. It was open and sunny but screened from the wind by a grove of trees, and there was an abundance of driftwood and brush for fuel just above the high-water mark. We beached the bow of the boat and unloaded the gear we would need. A few steps up from the water lay a ten-foot log as thick as my thigh. We found another log almost as thick, and dragged it close and parallel to the first to form the frame of a cooking fire. Hall spread a tarpaulin ground cloth on the pebbly gravel and began to unpack the picnic basket. Beck returned to the boat to clean the fish. I watched him for a minute. He reached into the live-box, brought out a bass, and knocked it on the head. He laid his



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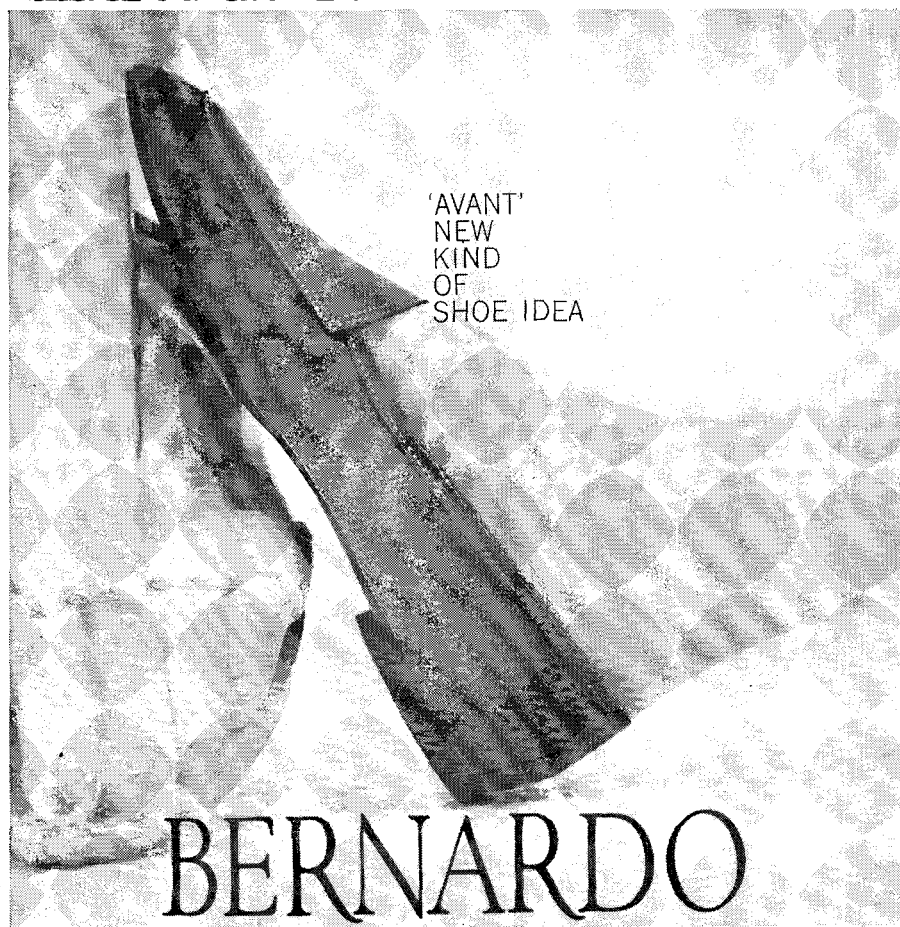
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paddle across the gunwales and stretched the fish out on the blade, and scaled and gutted it with a sheath knife. He tossed the offal overboard. The blade of the paddle made an excellent cleaning block. When the first fish was gutted, he dipped the paddle in the water and washed it clean for the next. I left him then and headed up the beach. My job was to gather firewood. It felt good to be up and moving around after so many hours of sitting. I filled my arms with wood and walked on to the edge of the grove and looked in among the trees. The trees were mostly scarlet oak and shagbark hickory, many of them still hung with leathery last-year's leaves, and I could hear squirrels scratching for nuts in the litter. A nuthatch ran headfirst down a drooping hickory branch. It stopped and stared, and cawed like a tiny crow.

I walked back to the camp. A fire of twigs and splinters was burning between the two big logs, and near it stood an enamelware pan, a blackened coffeepot, and a skillet containing a lump of slowly liquefying bacon fat. Hall was squatting on the edge of the tarpaulin, opening a bottle of Jim Beam. Spread out before him was an array of food—a loaf of bread, a jar of butter, a jar of sugar, an unopened can of vegetable soup and another of peaches, a wedge of rat-trap cheese, and the bass laid out on the top of a stack of paper plates. There were also some stainless-steel knives and forks, the water jug, and three gray enamelware cups ranged in a row. I added some of my sticks to the fire, dropped the rest of the load nearby, and joined Hall on the tarpaulin. Beck came up from the river, drying his hands on a handkerchief. He squatted down beside me.

"Time for a toddy," Hall said. He poured a dollop of whiskey into each of the cups, and then a splash of water from the jug. He passed the cups around and raised his own and smiled. "I like a little toddy about this time of day," he said.

We sat in the sun and drank our drinks. Presently, Hall got up and fed the fire and opened the can of vegetable soup into the pan to heat. Beck followed him with the plate of bass. We would need the cups for the soup, so I gathered them up and rinsed them out in the river. Lying among the pebbles at my feet was a glinting gnarl of what looked like pale-brown sugar. I picked it up and recognized it as a mineral blossom—a fragment of a stalagmite or a stalactite. It was a pretty little thing, and it had an odd velvety feel. I put it in

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4. That evening they told everyone of their remarkable good luck. They not only had seen a chuckwalla but they also had found a lode said to be quite large. A grizzled native remarked upon their treasure.



5. Mother Pepperell thought he referred to her Pepperell cottons and answered, "Yes, once you've worn Pepperell fabrics, you want more and more." She just happened to have on culottes by Wardrobe Maker and matching jacket with detachable scarf. (Both in indigo blue, denim blue, charcoal green, charcoal grey, or natural denim; sizes 5 to 15 and 8 to 16; about \$8.)

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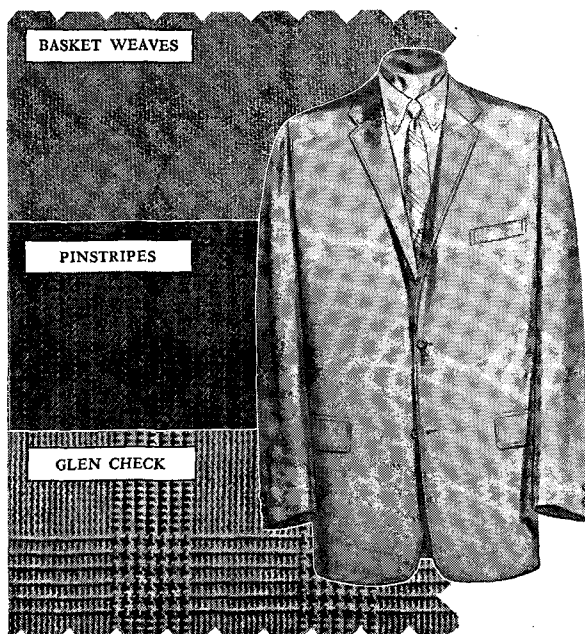
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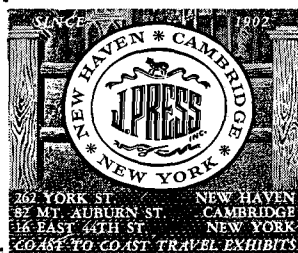
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my pocket for a souvenir. When I got back to the camp, the soup was ready. We helped ourselves from the pan and sipped it standing by the fire. The bacon fat had melted in the skillet and was gently simmering. Beck watched it over the rim of his cup as he drank. The fat began to bubble. In a moment, it was seething. Beck put down his cup, picked up the plate of fish, and forked them into the boiling fat. He finished his soup and flipped the fish over and poked the fire—and then they were done. Hall and I were ready with our plates. The bass came out of the skillet with a crisp brown crust, but the meat was white and juicy, and so tender it was falling off the bones. We ate the fish with bread and butter and slices of cheese, and in a silence of total contentment.

By the time we had finished, the coffee was boiling. I got up and rinsed the cups again, and Hall poured out the coffee. Beck opened the can of peaches and passed it around for dessert. We sank into another peaceful silence. But the silence was only ours. An endless stirring of sound lay just beyond it. I listened to the murmur of a distant chute, the splash of a fish, the creak and rustle of the screening trees, the buzz of a frenzy of flies awakened out of season by our fire, and from everywhere came the peeping and piping and faraway calling of birds.

Hall was the first to rouse himself. "I guess we'd better get going," he said. "But, by golly, that was fine. Just great."

"It was a treat," I said.

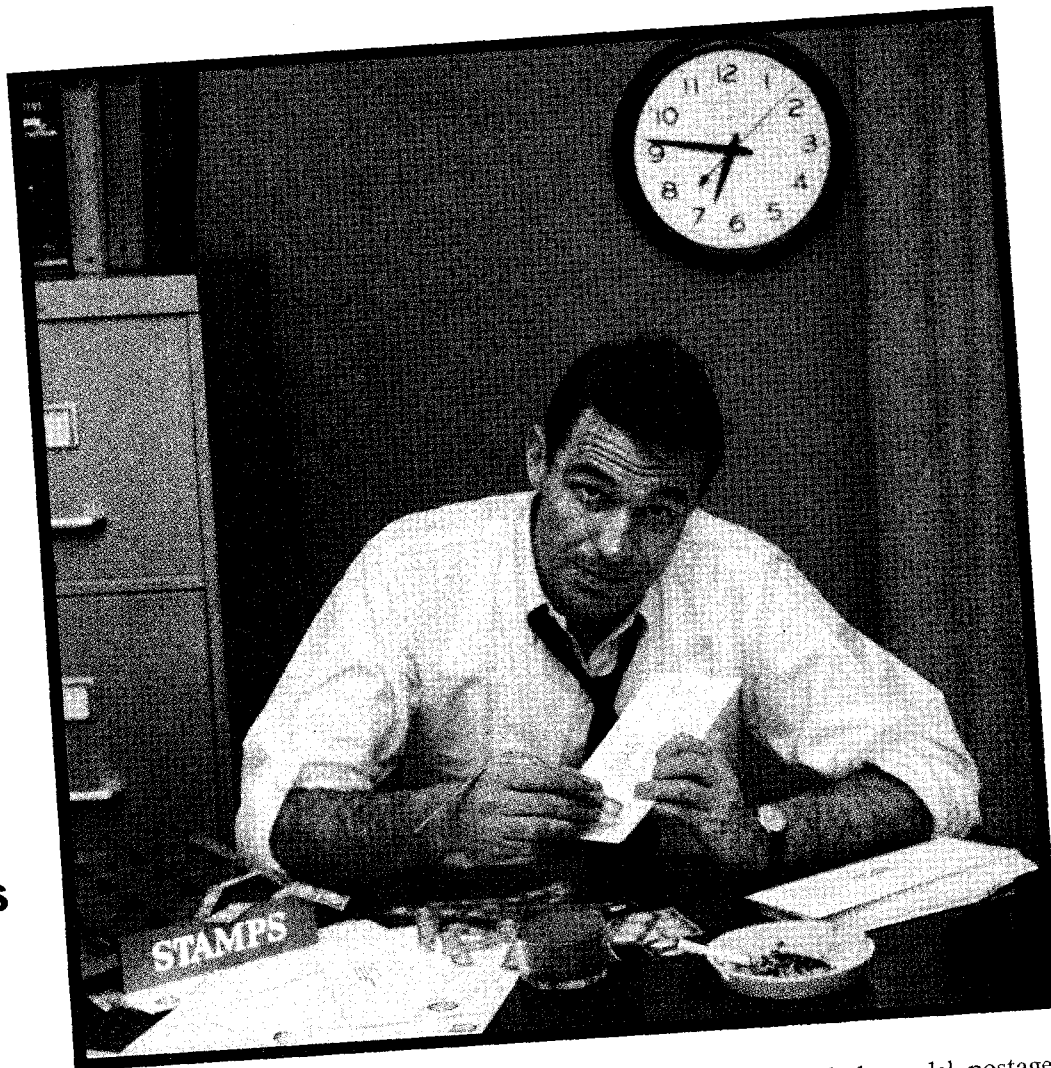
He looked at me. "You know," he said, "you're probably right. The way things are going these days, it was practically a privilege. I don't know many rivers that you can still count on for your lunch. And a place like this to camp and cook and eat it."

Beck stood up and stretched. "That's for a fact," he said.

We left the gravel bar as clean as we had found it. We buried the cans and burned the paper and smothered the fire with pebbles and sand. As we moved off into the current, I looked back. There was nothing to show that we had been there but a smudge of charring on the two big logs.

THE chute I had heard was closer than it sounded. It came tinkling into view just around an elbow bend, and it let us down to the next long pool with one little bump and a gentle splash. The bluff was lower now, and there were boggy patches along its foot. Liz-

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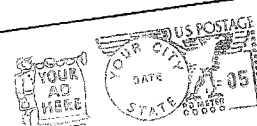
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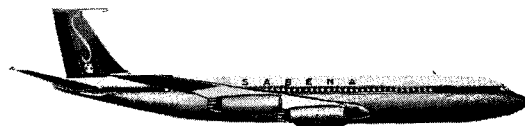
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ardtail was growing there, and cane bamboo, and a tall, plumed reedlike grass whose name I didn't know.

"That's one of the horsetail family," Hall said, "and about as primitive a plant as you're ever likely to see. It's almost as old as the stone in these limestone bluffs."

"Scouring rush is what I've always heard it called," Beck said. "If you felt it, you'd understand why. It's full of silica. The old people used to use it to scour their pots and pans. I guess they still do."

The bluff continued to dwindle as we moved on down the pool. It fell in less than half a mile from well over a hundred feet to only forty or fifty. Then a break appeared in its face, and it tumbled into a thickly wooded gorge. Through the trees I could see the glint of a winding stream. The bluff reappeared beyond the gorge and, climbing steeply, cut away to the left. The river followed it around.

"This is where the Current River starts looking more like a river," Beck said. "That's Jacks Fork coming in there on the right. Jacks Fork doesn't look like much right now, but it carries a lot of water, even at this time of year. You'll see the difference it makes as soon as we get on around the bend. You'll see a different river."

We bobbed past the mouth of Jacks Fork, picked our way through a maze of little islands, and came around the bend. And it was a different river. It was different in every way. It was much wider—half again as wide as before—and deeper and slower. I could only just see the cobbly bottom, and there seemed to be no current at all. Even the bluff looked different. Here and there, the faded gray of its limestone face was pierced by outcroppings of rust-red granite. But there was a current. Beck sat sprawled on his seat, dipping his paddle only to hold our course, but we were moving. The bluff was gray, then red, then faded back to gray again. A huge, peeling sycamore crept slowly up, and slowly crept away. Its branches were hung with clumps of shiny greenery the size of hornet nests. There must have been a dozen of them. I turned and looked again.

"You know what that is," Beck said. "Sure you do. Think of Christmas."

"Mistletoe?" I said.

"That's right," he said. "The woods along the river here are full of it. When I was a kid, we always went out after mistletoe at Christmastime. There were two ways of getting it down. Sometimes you could shinny up the tree and



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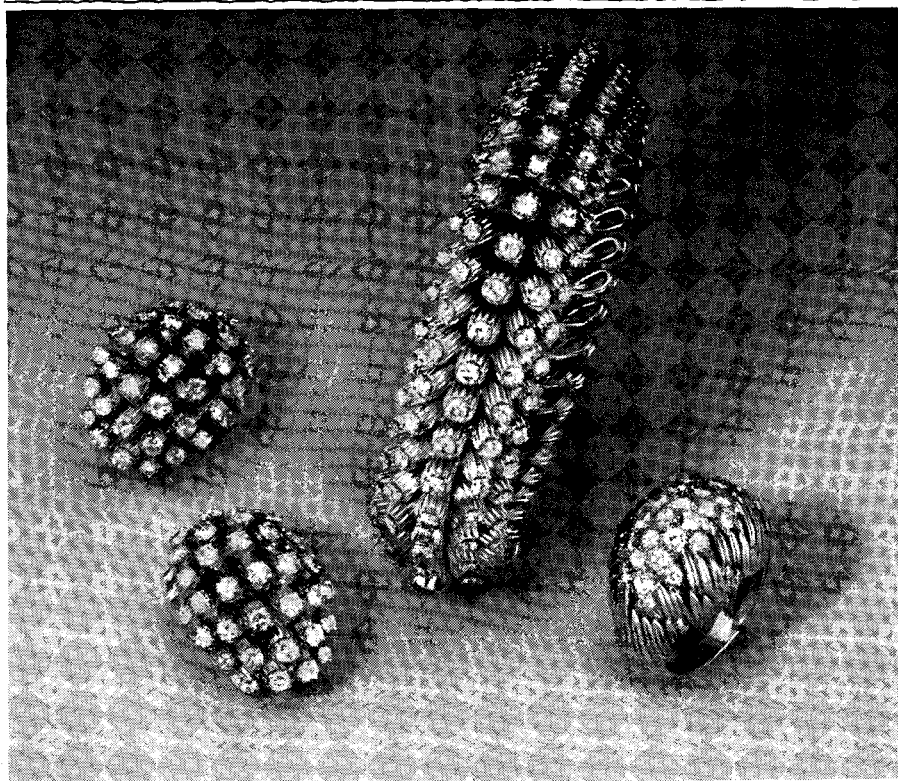
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By Paul Blumenstein.
Beige, French Blue.
Sizes 8-20 \$49.95.*

MONTALDO'S

Charlotte, Winston-Salem, Greensboro, Durham, N.C. • Richmond, Va.
St. Louis • Denver • Colorado Springs • Bartlesville, Okla. • Columbus, Ohio
and **Doop's** East Orange and Short Hills, N.J.



Cartier Presents—Diamonds in 18kt. Gold—Five rows of round diamonds are caught in a flexible, domed bracelet, \$4,800... earclips to match, \$2,300. The ring of ribbed, gold, fern-like fronds framing a dome of paved diamonds, \$1,375.

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Cartier

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pull a bunch loose. Most of the time, though, it was growing too high up or out too far on the branch to reach. Then we'd shoot it down. We always had a .22 rifle along. We'd hit the branch behind it, and down the bunch would come."

"Pretty good shooting," Hall said.

"Oh, I don't know," Beck said. He gazed up at the trees. "I guess it wasn't quite as easy as it sounds."

We dawdled along for a mile or more. Then the river began to twist and turn. Its banks closed in. Another chute. We scratched down a long, shallow rille—a mere skin of water drawn over the polished pebbles—and into another lakelike pool. It was even wider than the one above, and, if anything, more sluggish. And it was alive with birds. A downy woodpecker sat raptly listening on the shank of a dying cottonwood. I heard the lovely triplet of a bluebird and saw a flash of red in the brush that could have been a cardinal or a pileated woodpecker's crest. A muttering kingfisher beat low across our bow, and back, and back again—quartering the river like a hound in a field. Six or eight mallards and what looked like a pintail sprang up from a grassy slough and quacked shrilly out of sight. They were followed from the other shore by a ragged flock of scaup.

Hall raised an imaginary gun. "Bang!" he said. He put the gun away and laughed. "I've got a friend down in Tennessee," he said. "He's a biologist with the Fish and Wildlife Service, and a fine shot. We used to go goose-shooting together every fall. That's good goose country, you know. Well, the last time I saw him, I mentioned going out again. He was sorry, he said, but he couldn't. He just couldn't. His particular job these days was working with Canada geese, and now even the thought of shooting a goose made him sick. He would almost as soon pull trigger on his little daughter."

"I can understand that," Beck said.

"Sure," Hall said. "So could I, and I told him so. I said his feeling was perfectly natural. But what did he do for sport? Oh, he said, he got his fun. He went duck-hunting."

The countryside began to change. It lost some of its rugged look. The woods thinned out on the low left bank, and a field of stubble corn appeared. At the end of the field I caught a glimpse of cattle moving among the trees. We passed a landing with a half-sunken john-boat tied to a willow root. Then we swung around a bend and the bluff drew back and in its wake lay



Aunt Abby has ordered it in the 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ oz. size from the drug store for years...



Cousin Helen buys hers—21 $\frac{1}{3}$ oz. at a time—in her favorite grocery store...



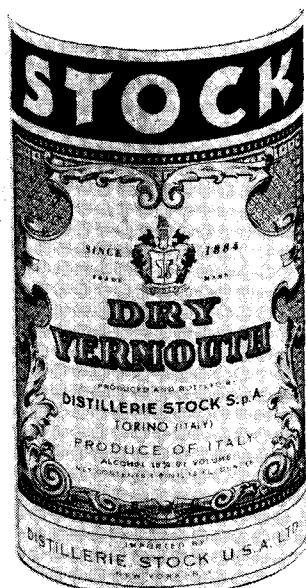
and Uncle John's been getting it in the 31.1 oz. bottle at Alfredo's!

Known the world over for over 100 years
FERNET-BRANCA

Sophisticated people all over the world call for it. (Why don't you?)
 If you can't get it at your favorite grocers, write Fratelli Branca & Co., 12 Desbrosses St., New York City, N.Y.



STOCK



**clearly...
the dry-est
Vermouth**

Anywhere in the world, say **STOCK**
Dry or Sweet Vermouth, Brandy, Cordials.

U.S. IMPORTER: DISTILLERIE STOCK U.S.A., LTD., N.Y.
U.S. SALES AGENT: JACK POUST & COMPANY, INC., N.Y.

a stretch of rolling meadow and a gravel road leading down to a ferry slip and a little raftlike ferry. An old man in overalls and a denim jacket was leaning on the railing. We waved as we passed, and Beck called out a greeting. The ferryman lifted a benedictional hand.

"Powder Mill Ferry," Hall said. "I guess there must have been a gunpowder mill around here, somewhere back in the old black-powder days. I know there's saltpetre all through these hills. Lee?"

"I reckon so," Beck said. He turned to me. "But don't let that ferry fool you. This isn't the end of the wild. We're going right back in. Powder Mill Ferry is the only crossing between Round Spring, which is well above where we put in, and the bridge down at Van Buren. Van Buren is around thirty-five miles from here. And it's real rough country on both sides of the river almost all the way."

The ferry, the road, and then the meadow drifted out of sight. The bluff moved in again to the water's edge, and the woods above the gravel bar were once more dark and closed with brush. A little green heron flapped across the river. I heard the familiar sound of rushing water. But it wasn't a chute this time. It was a quick little creek, dropping down through the woods and breaking over the gravel bar.

Hall sat up with a start. "Ah," he said. "There it is. I was beginning to think we had missed it. Blue Spring—the prettiest spring on the river. Blue Spring Branch, I should say. The spring itself is back in the woods a ways, but it's worth going up to see. It isn't far. A five-minute walk, at most." He rubbed his hands. "How about it, Lee? Let's put ashore for a minute."

"Suits me," Beck said.

There was a landing just above the mouth of the branch. Hall hopped over the bow and made the boat fast, and I joined him on the beach. Beck lay back in his seat and lit a cigarette.

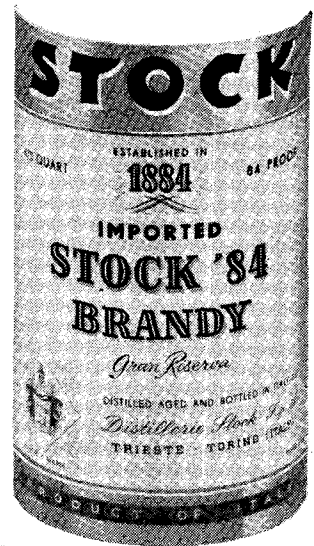
"You're not coming with us?" I asked.

"Blue Spring's real pretty," he said. "But I've seen it a couple of hundred times. I'd rather just sit here and rest."

I followed Hall across the beach and through an opening in the brush. A sandy path as cramped as a game trail led up a wooded slope. It probably was a game trail. A shiny black animal dropping lay among the leaves. Hall gave it a glance. "Fox," he said.

We emerged into a grassy glade enclosed on two sides by a rocky cliff that rose sheer to treetop height. At the foot

STOCK



**clearly...
the light-est
Brandy**

Anywhere in the world, say **STOCK**
for finest Brandy, Cordials and Vermouth.

U.S. IMPORTER: DISTILLERIE STOCK U.S.A., LTD., N.Y.
U.S. SALES AGENT: JACK POUST & COMPANY, INC., N.Y.

*DuPont's trademark for its polyester fiber.



How London Fog Keeps Daddy Dry.

We protect him from sudden showers where he needs it most, with our exclusive Third Barrier, a light and impermeable extra lining

through the raglan shoulder and the sleeve.

This morning he's ready for anything in The Curi, a handsome

herringbone Maincoat of 75% Dacron* polyester, 25% cotton.

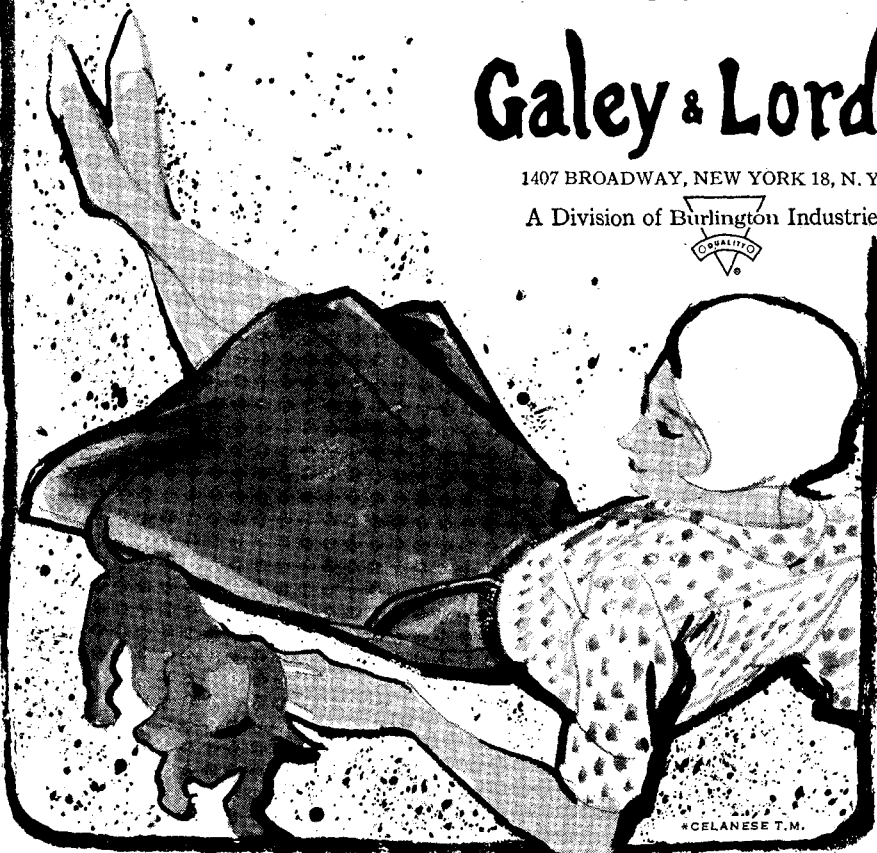
In natural, olive, black, covert, 39.95 and as washable as baby.

LONDON FOG,
Baltimore 11

Exhibit A by Miss Pat— straw-belted, A-flared skirt in keep-shape Fortrel* polyester and cotton.

Galey & Lord

1407 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18, N. Y.
A Division of Burlington Industries



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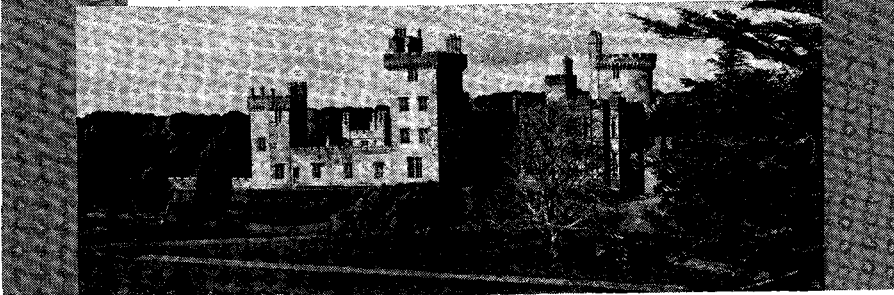
in Ireland your home is our castle!

Dromoland is a story-book castle on a wooded 350-acre estate just 7 miles from Shannon Airport in the heart of Erin's most picturesque countryside. Its 70 guest rooms were designed by Leon Hegwood & Carleton Varney, of Dorothy Draper & Co., Inc. All have private baths. Cuisine is international in character. *New 18-hole championship golf course at the door; hunting, shooting, fishing, riding, miles of wooded walking trails.*

Dromoland Castle

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See your Travel Agent or our International Representatives. Robert F. Warner, Inc., New York • Boston • Chicago • Washington • Toronto • London



of the cliff lay a little round pond of dark-blue water. One bank of the pond was a mossy log and a tumble of stones, and there its quiet waters spilled heavily over and became a plunging creek. The bank where we stopped was gardened with beds of watercress. We stood and gazed at the pond. It was a richer blue than the ocean, or any lake I knew. It was almost a blueberry blue. Hall picked up a white pebble the size of an egg and tossed it into the pond. We watched it sift lazily down through the tinted water and come lightly to rest on the bottom.

"How deep would you say that was?" Hall said.

I hesitated. The pebble looked near enough to reach with a stick, but I remembered how long it had taken to sink. "It must be twenty feet, at least," I said. "Maybe twenty-five."

"It's fifty-five," he said. "And it gets deeper back under the cliff. That's where the spring comes up. The reason it's so clear is just that. Spring water is always clear, but deep spring water is the clearest. It contains the least suspended matter."

"It's pretty, all right," I said.

"It is," he said. "And so is that watercress." He squatted down on the bank and reached out and uprooted a gleaming handful. "I don't know what Wendell's going to give us for supper," he said, "but it's bound to be something good. The least we can do is bring the salad."

WHEN we came down from the spring, the sun had moved behind the bluff and the river was half in shadow. The sky was still an afternoon sky, but it had a shivery look. There was a bite in the air. Hall struggled back into his second flannel shirt and buttoned it up to the neck. Beck had his cap pulled low on his head, and he was wearing gloves. I saw him glance at the sky and then at his watch. As soon as we had shoved off, he shipped his paddle and pushed the uptilted outboard motor down into working position.

"I think we'd better take it the rest of the way with the motor," he said. "We're going to get caught if we don't. Wendell's place is a good six miles from here, and it's getting on toward five." He started the motor, and throttled it down to a heavy throb. "I don't like travelling this river after dark."

We moved off down the river at what felt like breathless speed. After a day of dawdling and drifting, we seemed to be leaping over the water. It wasn't entirely an illusion. I could tell from



Photographed at teatime in Bendick's, Mayfair, London.

"... so I'll be here in London for about two weeks, Aunt Margaret."

"Simply lovely! We must do Bond Street, and the concerts at Albert Hall, and—but my dear, I haven't asked, how your flight was from New York."

"You know, it was really marvellous. I flew AIR-INDIA for the first time, and—"

"Yes, of course. Let me see... we'll want to have tea with Lady—you flew *Air what?*"

"AIR-INDIA. Imagine, New York to London in 6½ hours, and the most wonderful service—"

"Lovely, my dear. As I was saying, tea with Lady Wilkinson, and perhaps

her nieces as well. What was that you said about 6½ hours?"

"That's all it takes to fly AIR-INDIA from New York to London. They have these big Boeing Jets with Rolls-Royce engines, and—"

"Rolls-Royce? That's an *English* engine, dear."

"Yes, I know. Anyway, it was such a comfortable flight—and the pilots are wonderful. I never even knew when we were landing, it was so smooth!"

"Don't be silly, dear—of *course* you knew when you were landing. You telephoned me from the airport, didn't you?"

"What I meant was—well, it's just

that the crew was so lovely, and the atmosphere, and the food—I mean, the whole flight was really a delightful experience. I wish I'd known about AIR-INDIA before."

"My dear child, you *should* have. They've been flying for 30 years!"



AIR-INDIA

The airline that treats you like a maharajah

Daily to London

Europe and the East from New York.

For reservations or information see your travel agent or your nearest AIR-INDIA office.

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Our distinctive fabrics, design and tailoring of suits have made our reputation.

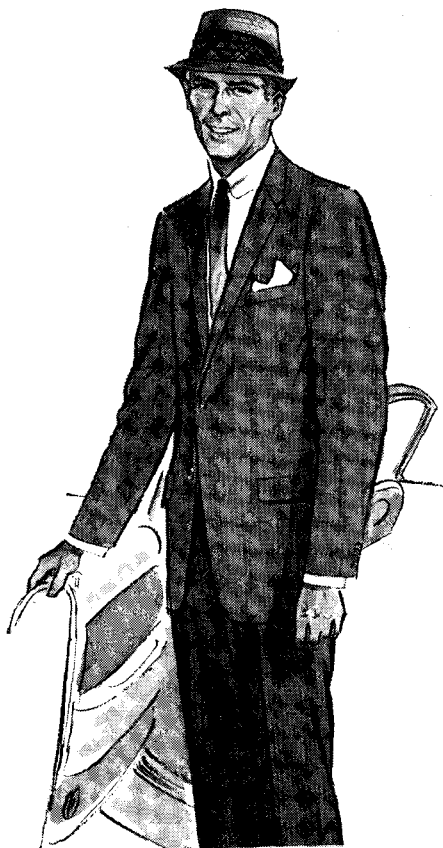
Wearing them will add to yours.

English Tropical Worsteds in Glen Plaids, pin dots, various stripes and solid shades — \$125.

Dacron® polyester and worsted in plaids, stripes and solid shades, from \$95.

Rogers Peet
company

NEW YORK • BOSTON
WASHINGTON



the rising wind and the mounting wake and the look of the passing shore that we were going fast. But the afternoon was going faster. Even out of the shadow of the bluff and in the fading daylight, it was cold. I looked at my watch. It was twenty minutes to six. I hunched down in my jacket and watched Hall hunching down in his two red shirts and his windproof pants, and listened to the river slipping and slapping at the boat.

There was a sudden silence, and we were suddenly drifting again. Beck had cut the motor. "Here we are," he said. His voice sounded small and tired. He tilted the outboard clear of the water and picked up the paddle. We crawled over a shoal and alongside a catwalk pier. Beyond the pier was a rising slope of open woods, and at the top of the rise sat a white stone house with a row of lighted windows and a big stone chimney plumed with a wisp of woodsmoke. I stepped up onto the pier, and in the darkening sky beyond the house hung a moon as thin as a hair. It was a winter moon. It looked as cold and as blue as the farthest star. —BERTON ROUECHÉ

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN INCORRUPTIBLE AD MAN

[From the Times, Western Edition]

While on the subject of dishonest advertising, it seems pertinent to cite the case of a 16-year-old schoolgirl from Silverlake, Minn., who decided to write a term paper entitled "Corrupt Advertising." As part of her research, the student, Judith Taggen, dropped a note to Robert E. Lusk, chairman of Benton & Bowles, Inc., asking for "some examples of corruption."

No man to cower under such an assignment, Mr. Lusk dispatched a long letter to Miss Taggen explaining: "There is very little corrupt or dishonest advertising today. In fact, it represents less than 1 per cent of all advertising."

To prove his point, Mr. Lusk offered to pay Miss Taggen's way to New York to inspect Benton & Bowles' ad-making facilities and to draw her own conclusions. The schoolgirl accepted and tomorrow Miss Taggen will be unleashed at a full-fledged luncheon at "Twenty One" where she will report her findings.

Every line of news type in this edition of The Daily Oklahoman and in Tuesday's Oklahoma City Times was spaced and hyphenated by a computer.

Use of the high-speed IBM 1620 was timed with the 90th birthday Tuesday of E. K. Gaylord, founder, president and publisher.

The new method is faster, more economical and not as liable to errors than was the previous way.—Oklahoma City Daily Oklahoman.

Happy birthday, Mr. Gaylord!



for men on the go

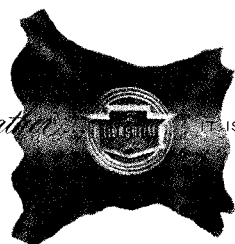
Interwoven® Ban-Lon® over-the-calf-length socks

They go all the way up the calf and stay there, closing the gap between trouser cuff and sock. And because they're 100% nylon, they're unusually soft, wash and wear well. One size fits everyone. In approved menswear colors. 1.50.

Interwoven
THE GREATEST NAME IN SOCKS

IF IT ISN'T

All-Leather



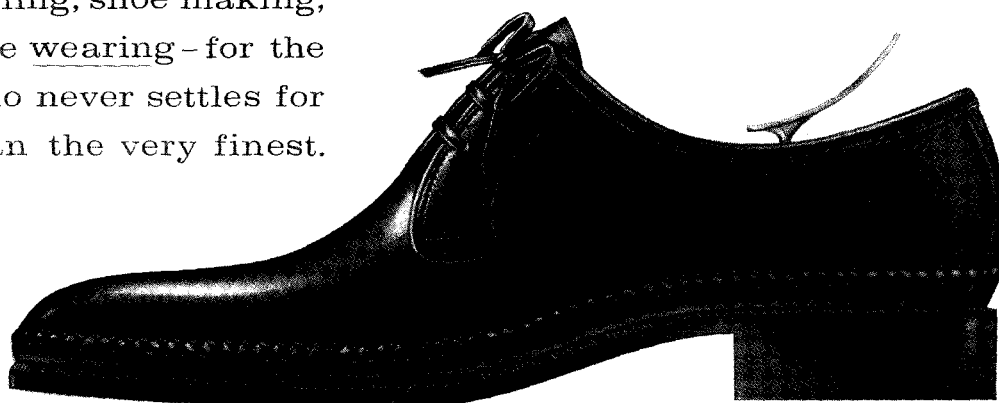
ISN'T A

Florsheim!

FLORSHEIM

Imperials

The finest expression in
shoe styling, shoe making,
and shoe wearing—for the
man who never settles for
less than the very finest.

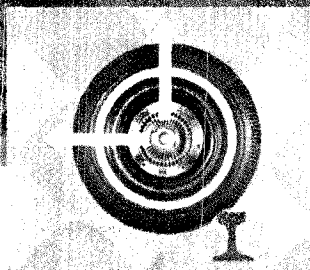
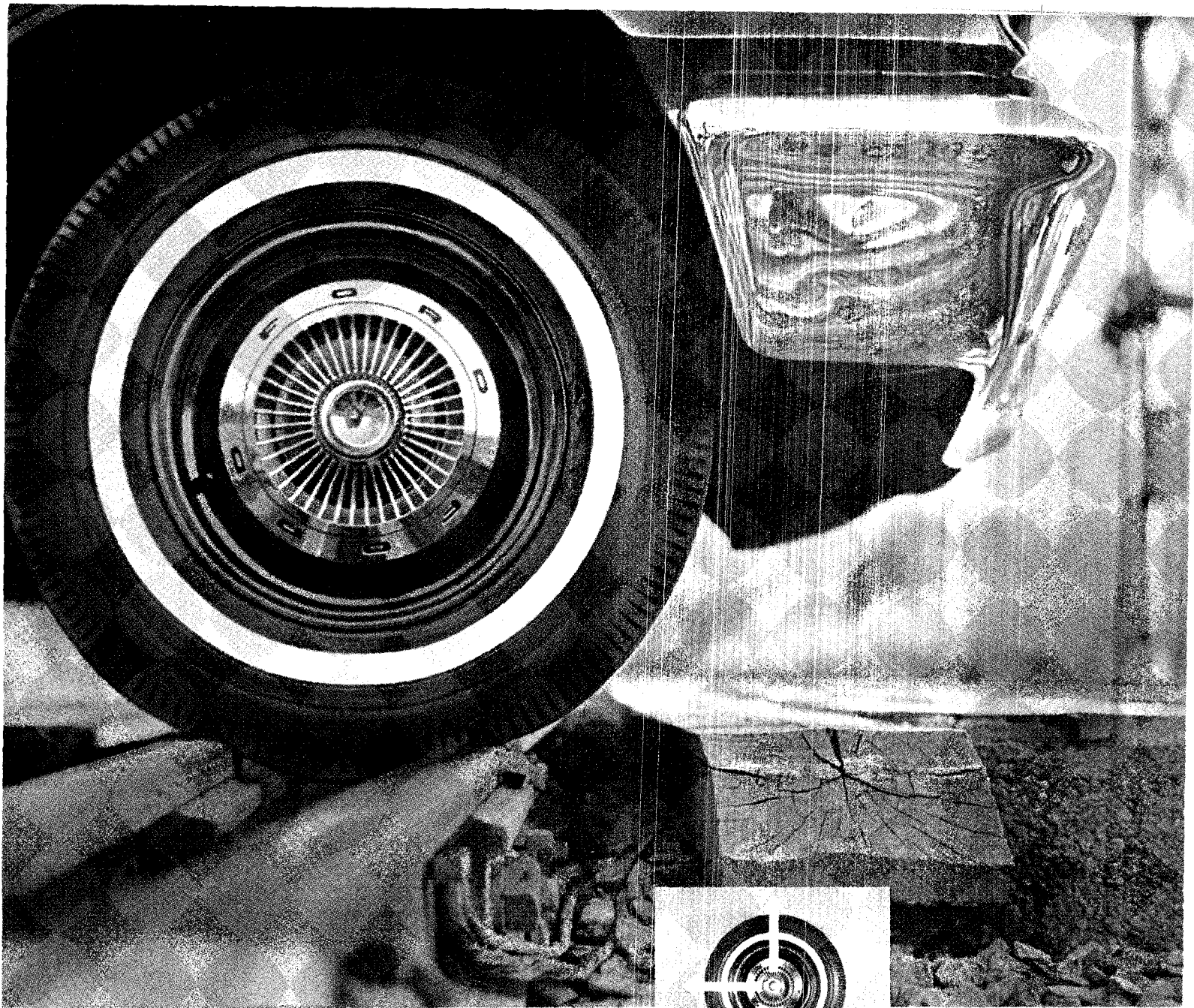


*Top: The FALCON, 92613: full leather lined three-eyelet hand-stitched black calf blucher;
93618 in Perfecto brown, \$32.95*

Bottom: The FALCON, 92006: full leather lined hand-stitched black calf slip-on, \$32.95

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO 6 • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

A DIVISION OF INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY



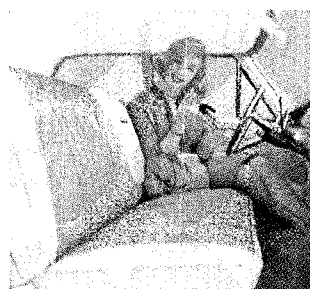
SOAKS UP ROAD SHOCK. Exclusive Ford Motor Company "cushion recoil" action moves back as well as up for a smoother ride.

"Cushion recoil" in all Ford-built cars gives you a smoother, quality ride

FORD-BUILT BODIES ARE BETTER BUILT. Whether you drive over a railroad track, a country road or high-speed freeway—new "cushion recoil" in all Ford Motor Company cars lets you ride in quiet, relaxed comfort. That's because this silk-smooth suspension is designed to "roll with the punches." And it's cushioned in rubber—soaks up the thump of tar strips as easily as the shock of chuck holes. Just one more reason why Ford-built cars last you longer, need less care and keep their value better.



YOU RIDE FAR QUIETER. Up to 39% more insulation in Ford-built cars (a *triple* floor layer!) hushes wind and road noise, seals out weather.



YOU RIDE IN FOAM COMFORT. A blanket of thick foam cushions the seats in all Ford-built cars. And underneath, custom-tailored springs give added comfort!

FORD • MERCURY • THUNDERBIRD • LINCOLN CONTINENTAL



FOR 60 YEARS
THE SYMBOL
OF DEPENDABLE
PRODUCTS



WAR AND WOE

THE late Bertolt Brecht, whose works have been having quite a vogue Off Broadway, is now represented on Broadway, with the production of "Mother Courage and Her Children" at the Martin Beck. The play, adapted from the German by Eric Bentley, is fairly long and not very tightly organized, and its director, Jerome Robbins, following the old Brechtian ukase, almost never permits us to become emotionally entangled with the characters. All this, I'm afraid, makes for an enterprise that is didactic rather than dramatic, and monotonously didactic at that. Written in 1939, "Mother Courage" has as its subtitle "A Chronicle of the Thirty Years War," but it would be a mistake to expect historical accuracy, since Brecht was never reluctant to twist the realities of history in any way that suited the argument he was advancing. At any rate, in this version of that seventeenth-century war we follow Mother Courage, a lady sutler who operates a canteen wagon, as she and her three children—two young men and a mute girl—follow one of the armies on a long trek through Sweden, Poland, Saxony, Bavaria, and Alsace. As the army trudges along, various characters reiterate the ironic proposition that war may be better for people than peace. "What they could use around here is a good war," says one of Brecht's soldiers early in the play. "What can you expect with peace running wild all over the place? You know what the trouble with peace is? No organization. When do you get organization? In a war. Peace is one big waste of equipment. Anything goes, no one gives a goddam." This cynicism is shared by Mother Courage, who lives in constant fear that peace will unexpectedly break out and leave her with an oversupply of military goods. Even after all three of her children perish in the war, she goes right on following the troops—dragging her wagon now, for she has lost her horse in a battle somewhere. In the long course of "Mother Courage," songs are sung, jokes are cracked, and one highly galvanic scene is introduced, during which the mute girl is shot down while beating a drum

to warn a sleeping village that it is about to be sacked. All in all, though, in this production, which has inventive settings by Ming Cho Lee, things move along rather ponderously.

"Mother Courage" requires a large number of actors, and notable among those at the Martin Beck are Anne Bancroft, who plays the title role; Zohra Lampert, who plays the daughter; Mike

Kellin, who plays an army cook with a warm regard for Mother; Gene Wilder, who plays a temporarily unfrocked army chaplain; Barbara Harris, who plays a camp follower fortunate enough to nail a colonel as her protector; and Conrad Bromberg and James Catusi, who play the doomed sons. Miss Bancroft is perhaps a trifle youthful in appearance to be completely convincing as the battered canteen operator, but she is not without resources, and Miss Lampert is occasionally effective in the difficult role of the mute. The music for "Mother Courage" was provided by Paul Dessau, and it is dimly, just dimly, reminiscent of Kurt Weill's score for "The Threepenny Opera"—another endeavor that Brecht had a hand in.

—JOHN MCCARTEN



"Sitting here tonight with you, Miss Drucker, I've come at long last to the realization that I am nothing more, nothing less, than a man."

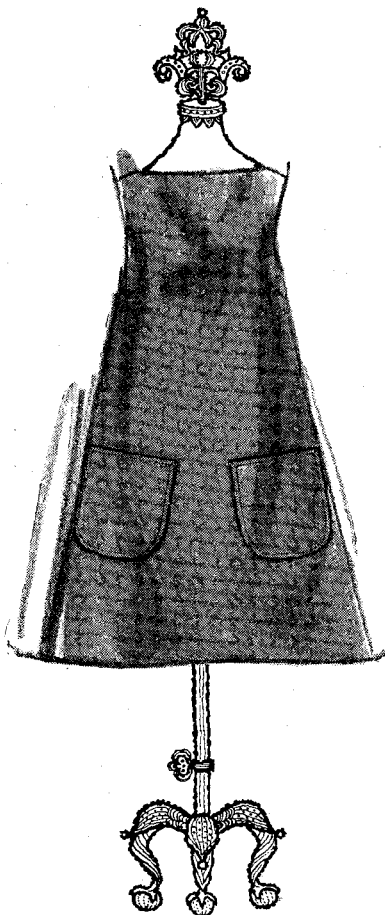
crisp...dry...



BOISSIERE VERMOUTH... imported from France. This original Dry White Vermouth from Chambéry conjures up the Perfect Martini—crystal clear, incredibly dry, delightfully smooth, and consistently pleasant to your palate. And, when you wish to create the finest of Manhattans, you'll want the superbly light nuance of flavor found only in Boissière French Sweet Vermouth.

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BOISSIERE



Brave and Free

VILLAGER's A-frame has the bold and simple shapelines of a sail... superbly alive and flowing, from straight-across neckline to flaring hem. The fabric, a Dacron polyester and cotton blend, has body, vitality.

Vast patch pockets, non-compulsory spaghetti sash. Sage, Yellow, Orange, Olive, Navy. Sizes 6 to 16.

About eighteen dollars at good stores and college shops



1407 Broadway, New York.

©THE VILLAGER INC., 1963

WARM, SWEET BREATH OF SPRING ON CAPITOL HILL

[From the Congressional Record]

Mr. DIRKSEN. Mr. President, the rather cold and distressing weather which has enveloped the earth has doubtless made people conjecture as to whether spring would ever come. I find great comfort in the lines of Shelley: If winter comes, can spring be far behind?

So, Mr. President, unless some supernal force disturbs the procession of the seasons, there will be spring; and when spring comes, there will be flowers. We shall be delighted with the earlier flowers—the tulips, the daffodils, the redbud, and the dogwood blossoms.

A little later will come all the delightful annual flowers, which nature compels us to cultivate every year, but leaves a residue of seed which makes them almost perpetual. They will include the humble but beautiful petunia, the zinnia and the calendula, and also the marigold.

Two or three years ago, I introduced a joint resolution to make the marigold the national flower. That stirred quite a controversy; and, as a result, the corn tassel and the rose and other flowers were advanced as candidates for our national floral emblem.

But I still find myself wedded to the marigold—robust, rugged, bright, stately, single colored and multicolored, somehow able to resist the onslaught of insects; it takes in its stride extreme changes in temperature, and fights back the scorching sun in summer and the chill of early spring evenings. What a flower the marigold is. I am looking forward to the time when these gay flowers will salute and intrigue our sense of beauty.

So, Mr. President, once more I find myself impelled to introduce a joint resolution to make the American marigold—its botanical name is *Tagetes erecta*—the national flower of our country.

Mr. AIKEN. Mr. President, will the Senator from Illinois yield?

Mr. DIRKSEN. I yield.

Mr. AIKEN. I merely wish to ask our distinguished minority leader a question: Of what country is the marigold a native?

Mr. DIRKSEN. Mexico, I believe.

Mr. AIKEN. At any rate, it is not the United States?

Mr. DIRKSEN. Yes. As a matter of fact, the marigold started in Mexico as something of a wild flower. It was taken to Europe, and there was hybridized and improved; and then, at long last, the American nurserymen took it up. What a magnificent thing they have made of the marigold. What I like about it is that it will flourish in soil not blessed with fertility. It takes on every stage of weather. It marches through three of the four seasons—through spring, summer, and autumn—until at long last the heavy frosts of early winter finally make it fold.

But what a wonderful flower it is, and what rich dividends in beauty one receives for such a minimum of care, because its nurture requires so little attention.

Mr. AIKEN. So the Senator from Illinois is saying that the marigold went to

What goes with French Provincial,
Early American, Queen Anne, Colonial,
Chippendale, Duncan Phyfe, Empire,
Scandinavian, Italian Renaissance,
T'ang Dynasty, Elizabethan, Rococo,
Biedermeier, Artsy Craftsy, Louis XVI,
Directoire and Eero Saarinen?



Arzberg.

The original Arzberg design. Designed over 100 years ago. Now, a classic. Still the same color, way. By Arzberg, made open stock wherever it can be sold. Which is amazing because there are over 82 separate pieces from dinner plate to honey pot.

Arzberg White from the Laurier collection of fine china, stainless flatware and carvingware. For a complete booklet on how to set a perfect table, free, write to H. E. Lauffer Company, Inc. Dept. A2, 11 East 26th Street, New York 10, New York. 

\$10**COUNTRY & CASUAL**

The Man-Tailored Shirt is, paradoxically, one of the most feminine looks going—and *this* spanking white shirt is going non-stop through Summer in drip-dry broadcloth of Celanese Fortrel® polyester and cotton. Haberdasher details: crisp front tucks, a yoked and Shirred back, French cuffs and (of course) shirttails.

By Haymaker.

Sizes 8 to 16, \$10.

On mail or phone orders, add 35¢ beyond delivery area. No C.O.D.'s.

Third Floor

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK 19
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GOODMAN**
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

18 KT GOLD

Gold and Diamond Clip \$450*

Gold and Diamond Ring \$335*

Gold Chicken Pin, Rubyeyes \$85*

Olga TRITT

424 Park Avenue
(Between 55th and 56th Streets)
New York 22, N. Y.

Federal Excise Tax Included

school in Europe. But has it been naturalized since its return?

Mr. DIRKSEN. Oh, yes, Mr. President; our nurserymen have naturalized it, and have cultivated it, and have refined it into the thing of beauty it really is. I can think of no other variety of flower that with its gay colors so beautifully salutes the human eye with its grace.

THE VICE PRESIDENT. Under the 3-minute limitation of the morning hour, the time available to the Senator from Illinois has expired.

Mr. MANSFIELD. Mr. President, in view of the extraordinarily exhilarating speech the distinguished minority leader is making, plus the sound advice being given by the Senate's first expert on agriculture, Mr. Vermont, I ask unanimous consent that the Senator from Illinois be allowed 15 additional minutes. [Laughter.]

THE VICE PRESIDENT. Is there objection? The Chair hears none; and the Senator from Illinois is recognized for 15 minutes.

Mr. DIRKSEN. O, Mr. President, I shall not take 15 minutes, because it takes only a moment for one to express the sense that is in his heart about the beauty of flowers.

I remember what Wordsworth wrote in his poem on the daffodils: Ten thousand saw I at a glance, Tossing their heads in a sprightly dance.

In those two lines Wordsworth captured a sentiment which probably I could not capture if I took not only the 15 minutes allowed me, but even much more time, in order to extol the grace, the beauty, and the loveliness of that flower.

But I still think the marigold is extraordinarily rich in dividends for everyone. As a consequence, I enter it as a contender, because the carnation was entered when a seminar on the national floral emblem was held in the Caucus Room 2 or 3 years ago. The rose also was entered; likewise, the corn tassel was entered; and I presume that others were suggested.

So, Mr. President, in order to make sure that our discriminating public will have a chance to evaluate the importance of the matter and to make a decision, I very humbly submit the marigold.

Mr. AIKEN. I would not desire to say anything which would discredit the marigold, because it certainly provides a great deal of color for a few cents of expense. I point out that Wisconsin has the violet, which is a native American flower, and of which there are 100 species or more. We have phlox, many species of which are native to Illinois.

Mr. DIRKSEN. The violet is the official flower of my State.

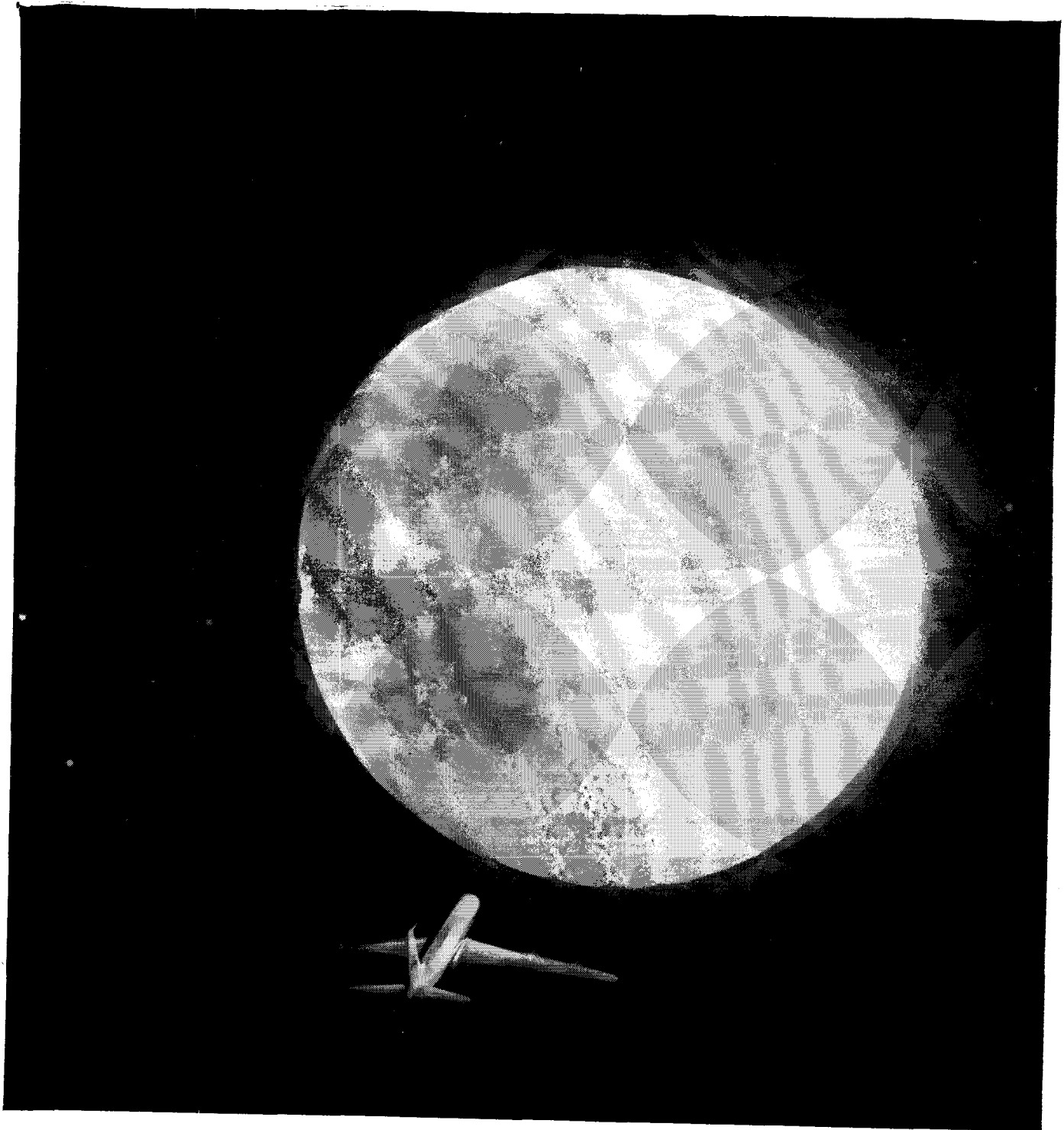
Mr. AIKEN. Which violet?

Mr. DIRKSEN. Well, just any violet.

Mr. AIKEN. The violet in Wisconsin is *Viola Pedata bicolor*. I do not know what the Illinois violet is. But the violet is a wonderful flower. So is the rose. We have many native species of roses, although perhaps some of the high-colored packaged ones have been developed. We are developing the rose in our country probably more than it is being developed in any other country at the present time.

Mr. DIRKSEN. I am sure we are.

Mr. AIKEN. All but one known species



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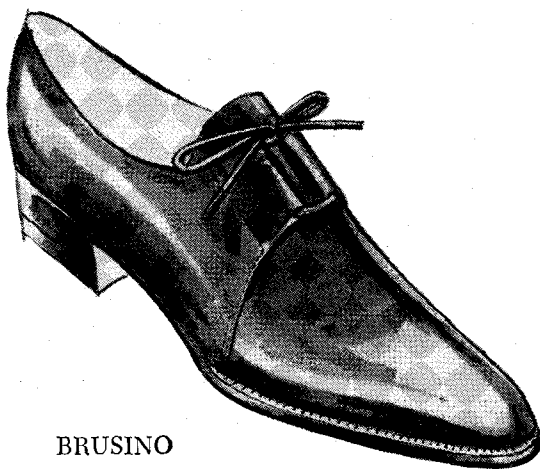


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of phlox is native to the United States. It was taken to Europe and became educated, too. The phlox species came back here with all the colors of the rainbow, wearing Paris gowns, and so forth.

Mr. DIRKSEN. My trouble with phlox is as follows: The rabbits will let the salvia alone, and they will not bother the pansies. They will not bother the petunias. But the rabbit is a discriminating animal. He always nibbles off my phlox.

Mr. AIKEN. But the rabbit does not nibble the marigold. He does not like its flavor.

Mr. DIRKSEN. It has a distinctive flavor.

Mr. AIKEN. It has a distinctive smell, too.

Mr. DIRKSEN. It has a distinctive fragrance all its own.

I have been informed that the Vice President is having difficulty in hearing us.

Mr. AIKEN. The blue bonnet is an annual, if the Vice President is thinking of some flower that is native to Texas. The blue bonnet is a beautiful flower, it is the State flower of Texas but it is not a perennial. Seeds must be planted every year. Marigold seeds must be planted every year, too.

Mr. DIRKSEN. The marigold is an annual also.

Mr. AIKEN. Yes.

Mr. DIRKSEN. But nature has wisely provided at the end of the season a seed, which is stored, and in the following spring there it is for perpetuation of the flower and to make possible improvement of the strain.

Mr. AIKEN. That is true, but whether we should consider adopting an alien as our national flower—

THE VICE PRESIDENT. The Chair is having difficulty hearing the Senator from Vermont.

Mr. AIKEN. Whether we should consider adopting an alien as a national flower of the United States is a question which is, to say the least, subject to considerable debate. We do not permit an alien to be President of the United States.

Mr. DIRKSEN. Mr. President, I end where I began. I bring comfort to those who think that, perhaps, because of the unseasonable weather which we have had all over the country, there will be no spring. But Shelley wrote it beautifully when he said: If winter comes, can spring be far behind?

Mr. President, I introduce the joint resolution for appropriate reference.

THE VICE PRESIDENT. The joint resolution will be received and appropriately referred.

The joint resolution (S.J. Res. 57) designating the American marigold (*Tagetes erecta*) as the national floral emblem of the United States, introduced by Mr. DIRKSEN, was received, read twice by its title, and referred to the Committee on the Judiciary.

Mr. ERVIN. Mr. President, will the Senator yield?

Mr. DIRKSEN. I yield.

Mr. ERVIN. At the outset I should like to say that if spring has heard the beguiling words of the young man from Illinois, it will come hurrying to us on impatient feet with the perfume of flowers and thoughts of love.



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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



SOME BODY had better start scouring the antique shops for a ducking stool, because I am getting to be a common scold. Though I love the whites and the light, bright colors in suits and coats for every time of year, and though I think that the linens and linenlike fabrics are nothing short of glorious, I wish the lines would change a bit. We've had Balenciaga suits (concave in front, straight in back) done by everybody on both sides of the ocean for so long that the great Señor B. begins to look like his own best imitator. Everyone is supposed to collapse with excitement at the newness of waistlines that start fairly normal in back but insist on rising to a high Empire waistline in front—a lift that has existed for several years with Givenchy, Sarmi, and many others. And aside from everything else, such clothes aren't kind to women with big busts or big diaphragms, and there must be *some* of us built like that. There is also talk about the "new" softness, which can be very messy and too busy, even in the high-style brackets. We are all supposed to swoon over crispness, too, as in St. Laurent's white organdie scarves, which we called "spanking white touches" way back when navy blue was the American spring uniform.

But enough of this grouching; I suddenly remember that a week ago I promised I'd go into the question of festive evenings. So here are some of the best things I happen to have seen around town, the majority of them ready-to-wear. The most striking events, to my mind, are the widely scattered floral prints (with an Oriental sort of look), usually on black silk crêpe in evening dresses of columnar persuasion, long or short. Galanos has created one of the loveliest dresses, with occasional clusters of yellow, orange, and coral flowers on a black ground. The front gently caresses the body; a deep inverted pleat from the high neckline to the floor in back gives it an imperious flare, and it has long, tight sleeves (Bonwit Teller and Evelyn Byrnes, to name two). Adele Simpson starts with silk that has a bright-pink ground and a print of far-fetched peacock-and-yellow bouquets. This does a boat-necked top with a bow under the left breast, and a skirt that's a deep wraparound ending just under the bow (Bonwit). Curiel (Bergdorf's own, and ready-to-wear) shows many prints like this—white and pink daisies

in clusters on black crêpe for a sleeveless dance-length dress with a slight blouse over the normal waistline; cerise, yellow, and blue flowers bunched here and there on another one. Elsewhere, a luxurious fabric notion is raised allover embroidery in a rose pattern on an organza base. It makes a short Jean Louis dance dress with a U back and a long-waisted look—flat front and back, but with deep gathers over the hips. I saw it at Bonwit in dandelion on white, at Evelyn Byrnes in red on fuchsia. (It sounds Ugh! but it isn't.) Bendel owns a wide range of formal styles, starting with the great Sarmi's chiffons. One is in pale blue, and pulled up to a sort of blue satin cocarde on the breastbone, above which there's a satin halter strap. It's rather Lady Hamilton, ready to give a half Nelson to all males present. Another mood moves Burke-Amey (also at Bendel) to proffer a Monet sort of print—a cut-velvet pattern of floral pinks and yellows on white satin. Burke-Amey's special wide, shirred-like-garter-elastic neckline (it goes out to the shoulder tips), an elasticized Em-

pire waist, and nice puffiness over the bosom are the identifying marks. And, while we are on the subject of cut-velvet patterns, Hattie Carnegie has all to itself a temptress in yellow-to-orange or pink-to-fuchsia on yellow or pink satin—a pinched natural waist (and good it looks, too), a flat downward curve below the waist in back before slight gathers take over, and a big chiffon stole in a twin print. There are many short skimps, throwbacks to the twenties, by the terrific Trigrère. De Pinna has one of white lace with white organza swirls all over it to give a spun-sugar look that the tailored white leather belt belies. Bonwit has her pale-yellow georgette with rows of darker-yellow embroidery in scallops on the bolero fold across the front (the shoulder straps look as hazardous as fine lisle thread), midway down the body, and at the hem. Also at Bonwit is Monte-Sano's dressy short black silk sheath with a jacket of Persian design, very wide and short, and interlined so that it seems padded. Evelyn Byrnes is an addict of Jean Louis, and I concur. I especially rec-



"Something drab in a suit."

I hope I hope I hope it rains tomorrow.

Flowers need rain to grow. And little girls need rain to test new raincoats in.

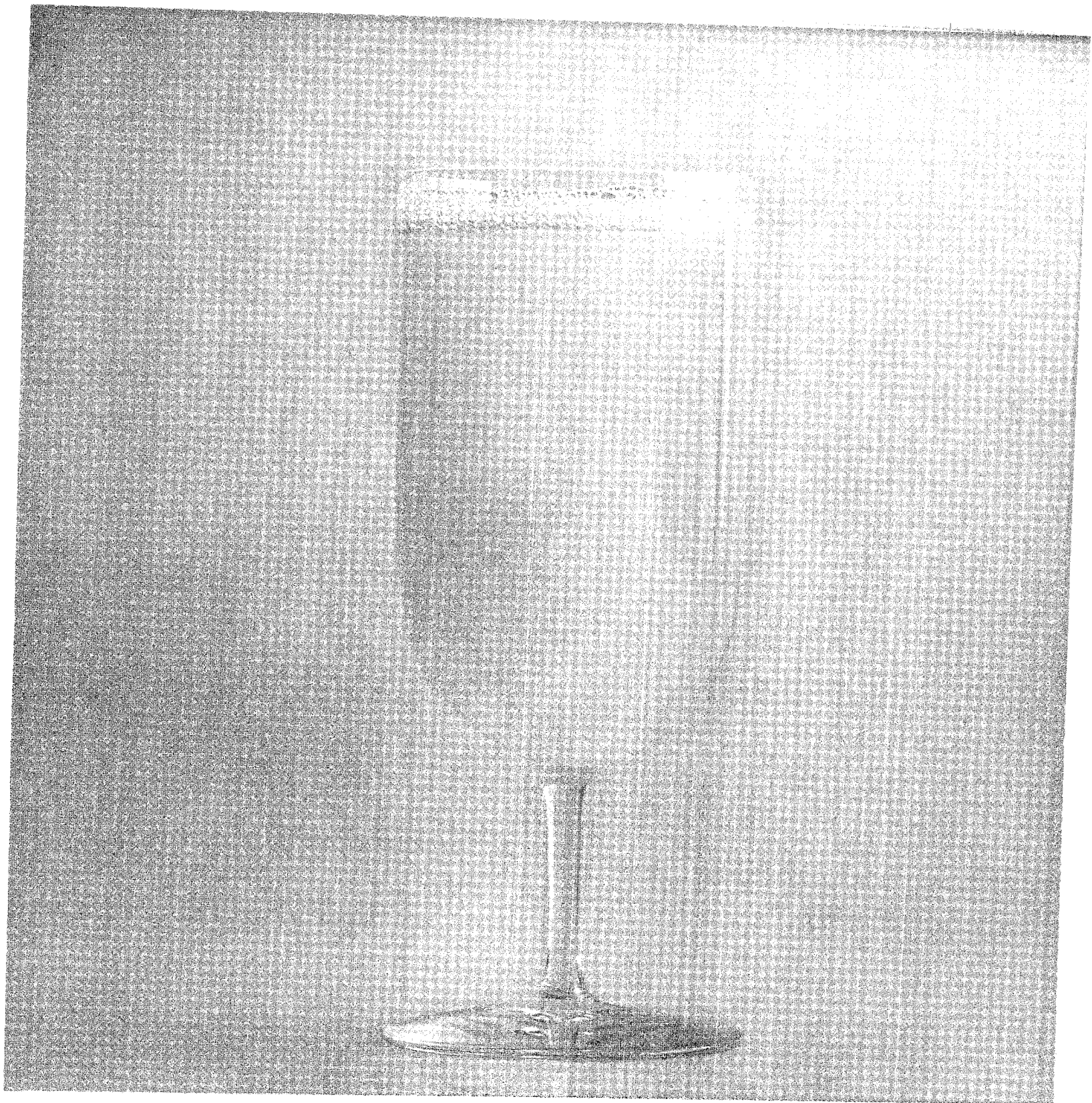
It's hard to wait for a rainy day, when the coat is so special. It has a lining printed all over with tiny flowers, a lined beret to match, and two zippered pockets to keep things dry in. And, best of all, it's the new Bermuda length that everybody wants.

Of absolutely *no* interest to little girls is this fact—that it is made with Fortrel polyester. But *you* might be interested to know that Celanese Fortrel makes it absolutely washable. No ironing. If the coat is dripped dry, the Fortrel in the fabric makes it smooth again.

Yes, she can wear it on a dry day too. But it's not half the fun. It won't be her favorite coat 'til she puts her hair under the beret, adds her rainboots, and she becomes magically dry all over. It's April. Isn't it supposed to rain a lot in April? If you know a little girl who likes rain, see this raincoat at Bonwit Teller, N.Y. Also in navy or red at Filene's, Boston; Julius Garfinckel & Co., Wash.; D.J. Stewart & Co., Rockford, Ill.; Zollinger-Harned, Allentown. 7-14. By Walter Jerome, a division of *Tidykins*. About \$18. Of Dan River's *Fortrel* polyester and cotton poplin



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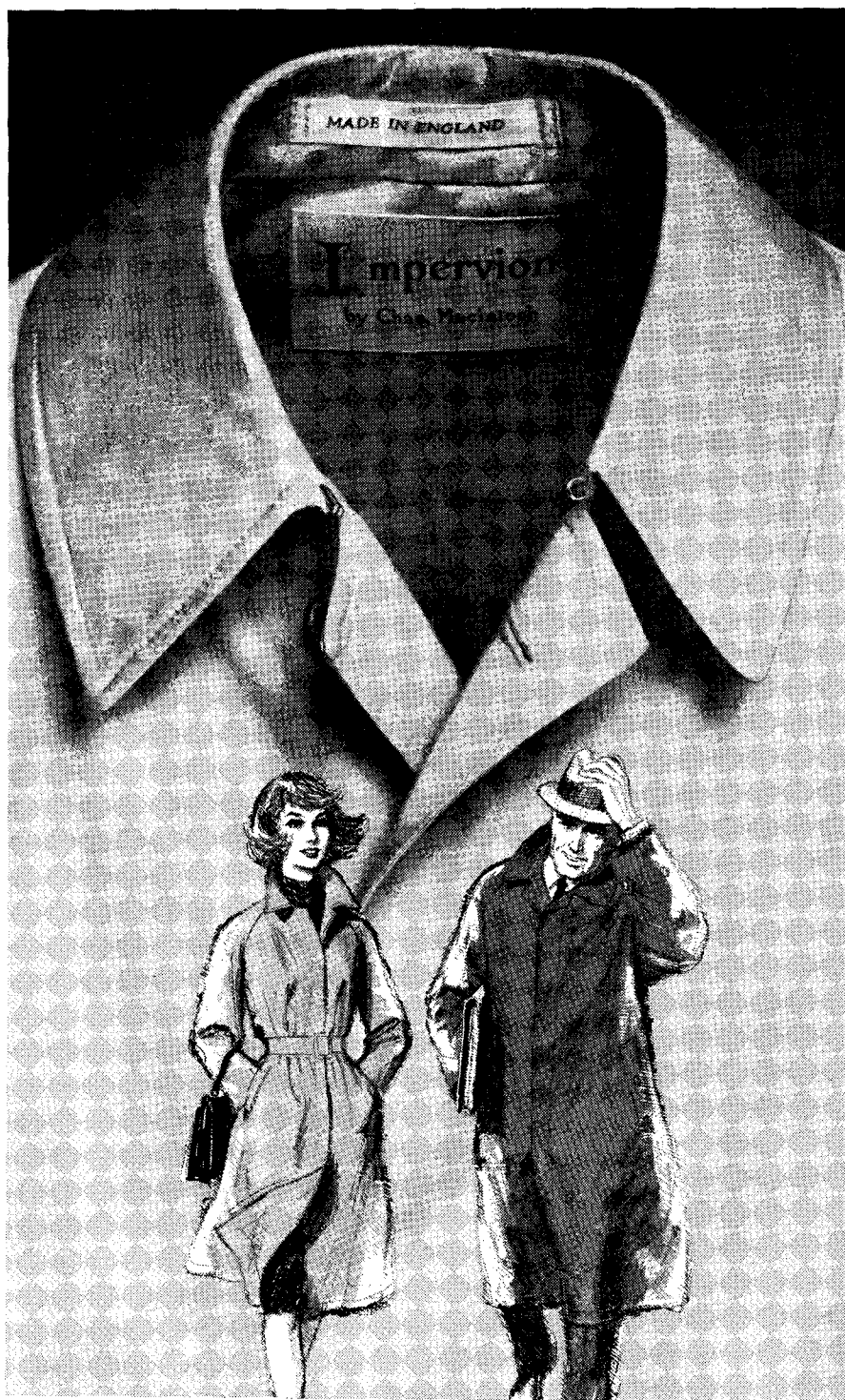
(the rum of noblemen). It is an exquisite liquor, light, clear and fanatically dry.

What did you say? You don't care for orange juice? Now you will. **RONRICO FROM PUERTO RICO: THE DRY RUM**

GENERAL WINE AND SPIRITS COMPANY, NEW YORK 22

commend a look at his formal dress of orange slubbed silk with a skirt whose bell shape is induced by two deep inverted side pleats in back. The U-necked bodice is all silvery embroidery. Another Louis triumph has a separate bolero of beads massed like petitpoint—in red and Kelly and silver—with silver fringe at the base; the dress, of silk, is a brilliant lime, and diagonal pleats widen it at the sides. That formal-length Ricci dress of earlier years, with the high-waisted black silk top and slightly gathered white satin skirt, will apparently never die. Mollie Parnis has long and short versions of it at Carnegie with cap sleeves; Tassell (no need to be a copycat with all that talent) has a go at it in black and white peau de soie at De Pinna. Another guest at De Pinna is Larry Aldrich's dance costume of wheat-colored silk linen with a straight skirt; a big-patterned Paisley silk—oranges, greens, and yellows with a silver sheen over all—dominates the topper. At Mimi Tuthill, Eloise (who is new to me) tries her hand at chiffon with a two-piece dance dress in a print involving pink blobs on a blurred yellow-orange-green background—a straight skirt and a top with a cowl. Here, too, is Ben Reig's dance dress of black crêpe, with a U neck and wide, gathered shoulder straps that end in floating scarves down the back. And Sonia provides Tuthill with a formal-length chiffon in deep rose that is high in front and quite low in back. Red beading starts upward from the waist, and the neckline is a cowl.

A SPECIAL department (Designer Evening Clothes) on the fifth floor of Saks Fifth Avenue runs to concoctions that sweep all before them, including the floor. Sophie, who understands floating and fragile evening things better than almost anyone, is very much present. Her lavish combination of caramel and slate chiffon, or Kelly and blue, nurtures two roses on the chest, and its big stole has a shirred top. Marquissette makes a Sophie whose skirt is all handkerchief points in hues ranging from bog green to billiard-table green. Sophie caters to Miss Mississippi when she gets to salmon peau de soie, to which she gives petticoats. Sophies exist, by the way, only at Saks Fifth Avenue. Side by side with them is a Sarmi charmer with a warp print, largely yellow, on chiffon. It has a full skirt and a strapless bodice. In a more straightforward vein is an Empress Josephine knockout by Trigrère—gathered over an Empire



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TITLEIST

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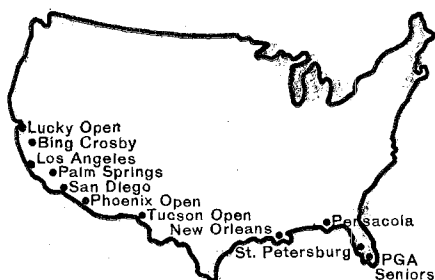
15TH STRAIGHT YEAR AS OVERWHELMING FAVORITE ON THE WINTER TOUR

TOURNAMENT RECORD

Tournament*	Playing Titleist	Nearest Competi- tive Ball
LOS ANGELES.....	52	29
SAN DIEGO.....	66	30
BING CROSBY.....	137	52
LUCKY OPEN.....	62	29
PALM SPRINGS.....	227	112
PGA SENIORS.....	242	52
PHOENIX OPEN.....	73	23
TUCSON OPEN.....	87	19
NEW ORLEANS.....	66	22
PENSACOLA.....	74	22
ST. PETERSBURG.....	67	25
TOTAL	1153	415

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waistline, with slashes up the sides of the long skirt for easy movement. Its white peau de soie is covered by the most delicate cocoa lace. Monte-Sano's new departure in evening things results in a black-and-white polka-dot silk. Its beltless front is perfectly plain; its deep, oblong back has unpressed pleats below. And, for just \$125, Modern Couture does something for Saks with a splashy floral print on a black serge. There's a sidewise drape up to the Empire waist in front, and a big bow is placed up-and-down behind the left shoulder. (This dress is good in large sizes, too, they firmly state.) And, for sheer slink, look at Larry Aldrich's long black crêpe with easygoing diagonal folds through the beltless waist. Its matador bolero top is of white silk covered with crystal embroidery and white ball fringe.

WHILE I'm dealing with the eel appeal in formal clothes, I must say that the dress that stands out most vividly in all this springtime turmoil is by Oldric Royce, in a collection of his that is all made to order, as usual, and the most youthful assortment of his I have ever seen. The fabric is of white silk with eccentric geometric patterns in black spaced over it. The whole thing is covered with close-together cellophane threads, to give it a frosty shimmer without contributing any weight at all. It looks like beading, at first glance. This willows down the body from a bateau neckline, and there's a fishtail train. Then, Mr. R. comes out with the noblest sheer fabric—crinkled organza in an indistinct floral print that is largely deep pinks or lilacs. One thing he does with it, in dance length, is covered by an unlined loose coat; the dress is mounted on taffeta for a crisp, full-skirted effect. The conventional high-rising bow sits under the bosom, but Royce is kind enough to the female form to add a tight midriff. Next observe, I pray you, a formal-length dress of crinkled taffeta with pink roses and green leaves scattered on a white ground. This has a suggestion of an overblouse, and there's a tight band below that. Elsewhere at Oldric Royce is evident his passion for Fibranne, the synthetic that looks like a fine meshed wool and is almost crush-proof. It goes into a day costume in beige with an open-front cardigan jacket and a straight skirt; the blouse is of printed silk. Since belted overblouses always ride up, sly old Oldric tucks this blouse in, but the belt, also of Fibranne, wears a flounce of printed silk along the bot-

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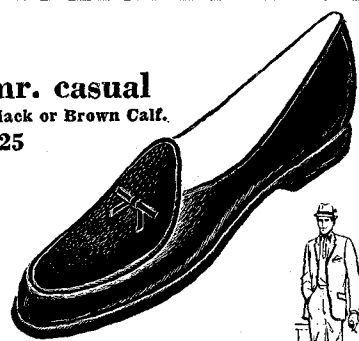
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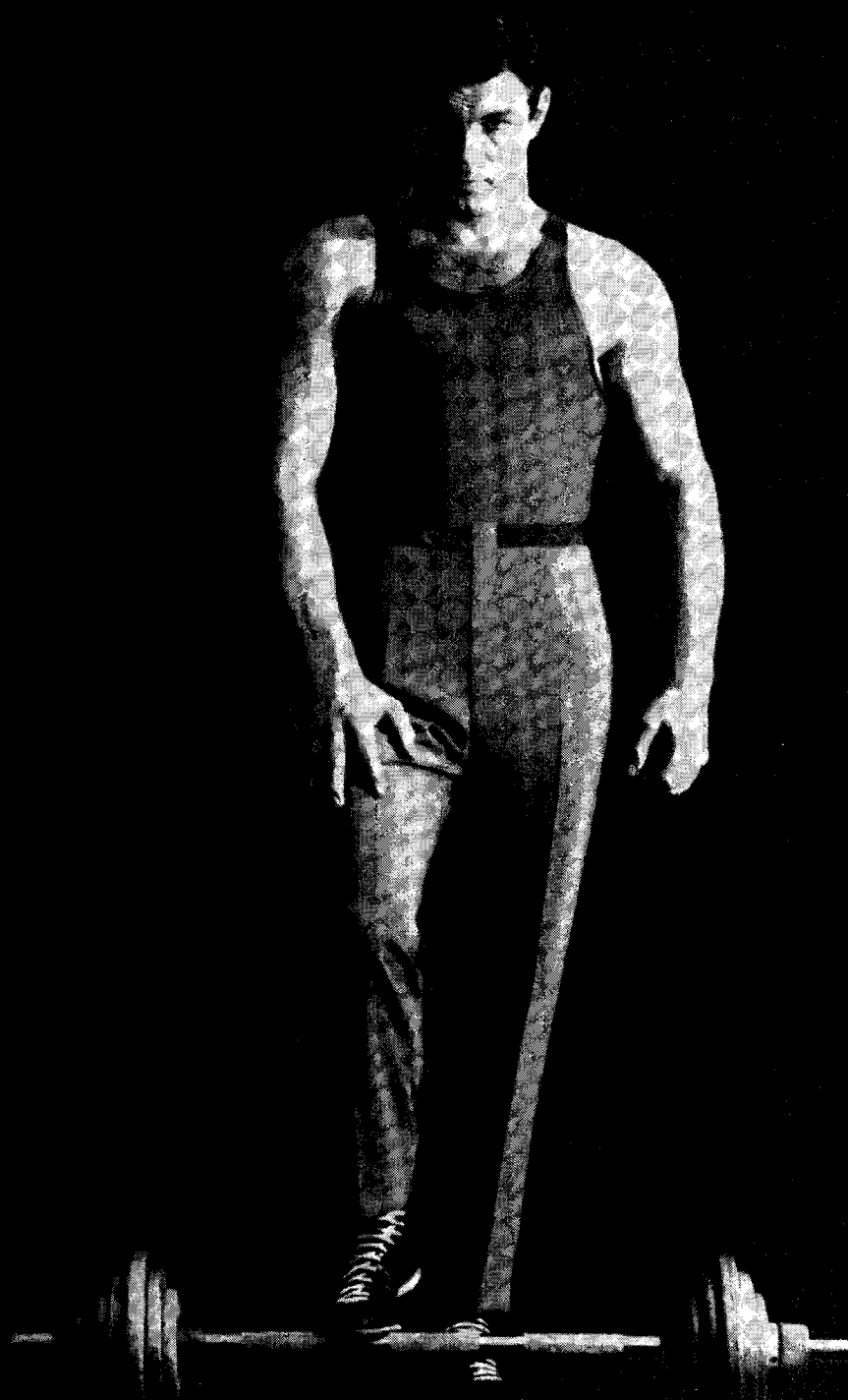


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tom, to create the illusion of an over-b blouse. And it was here that I first saw that linenlike synthetic called Machicoulis, a year or so ago. Royce now shows it in prints. A clean-cut blue-and-white one does a slender cap-sleeved dress with a chain-rope belt of the same fabric.

IT must be obvious by now that I am on a fabric kick, and I will prove it by introducing you to what Eleanora Garnett is doing with—imagine this!—printed cotton voile. (There are lots of clothes ready-to-wear in her shop, or you can have your measurements cabled to Rome and get a dress back in two weeks.) Most of these dresses are full-skirted and young and pretty and just right for summer evenings. One is shown in white with charcoal and coral polka dots ranging in size from a dime to much bigger than a silver dollar. The skirt is all outward pleats, deeply clustered in back. The coral dots start small at the waist and become gigantic as they march toward the hem of the skirt in front; charcoal dots of various sizes spray outward from this mass. A scarf print (also cotton voile) with the black-and-white border at the neckline makes a dress that, except for occasional other black-and-white interruptions, is of bright yellow. For the vampire look comes a full-length siren of black crêpe with a deep, irregular flounce starting low in back and ascending to a twist on the stomach; this ends in a halter top. Its wildly circular elbow-length cape of white organdie is piped with black velvet. Signora Eleanora is expert at giving non-Balenciaga excitement to day-to-day living, too, with dresses that involve a mid-thigh tunic and a floating cape back, the cape being oblong rather than circular. They come in many fabrics, and usually there's a belt across the front that disappears under the cape back. For one suit, Garnett uses the man's-shirttail cut on the jacket, including the slashed, curved sides. It's of gray flannel, with a casual turn-over collar, and men's-trousers pleats occur on the skirt in front.

SURVEYING Hattie Carnegie's ready-to-wear (nearly all waistlines are normal here), I lusted mightily for a coat that I saw in cream or navy basketweave wool. Two small inverted pleats all the way down each side in back are nipped in at the waist by a pair of link buttons, so it is real curvy in front. Then, there is a coat with weskit detail forward to make it resemble a

just a cottage small

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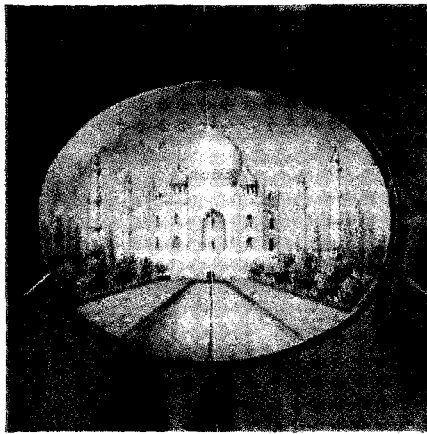


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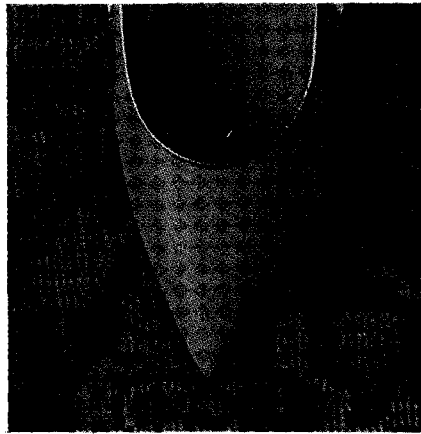
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J. Berle
DELINEATOR ©



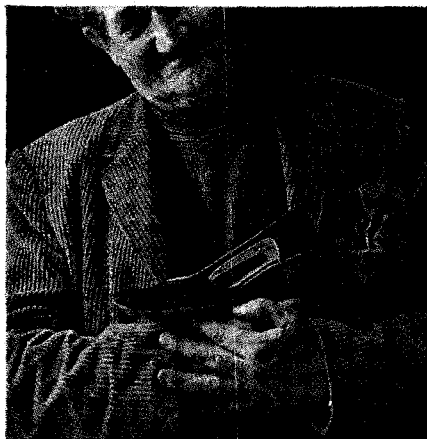
This is the Taj. Shah Jehan, who built it for his wife, toyed with the idea of building a black one just like it for



himself. And from the land of the Taj come the silks for Taj of India shoes —hand dyed and hand loomed near



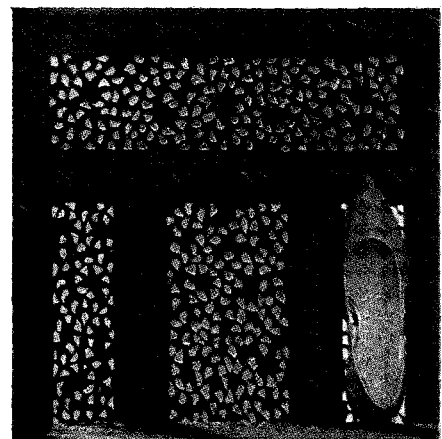
Banares. But no matter how many rupees a Maharanee may have, she can't find Taj shoes in India because it



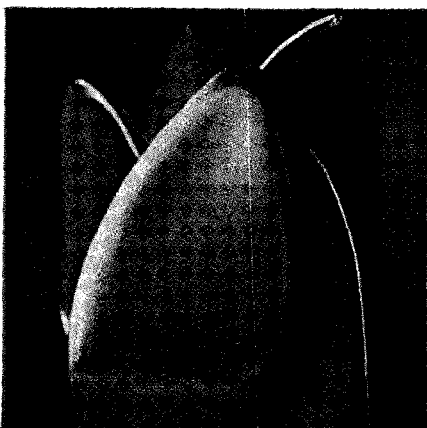
takes our master American shoemakers to transform the fantasy of the East into the functional fit of the West. Im-



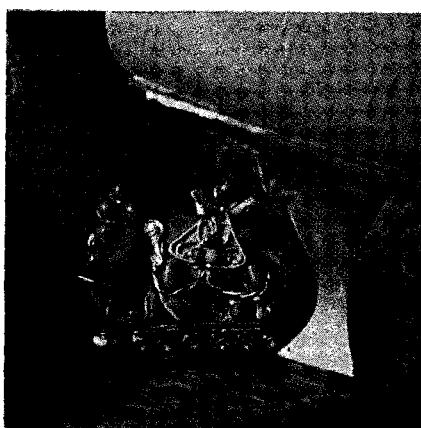
pressionable shoe designer Faie Joyce loved the airy, open architecture of Udaipur's summer palace and created



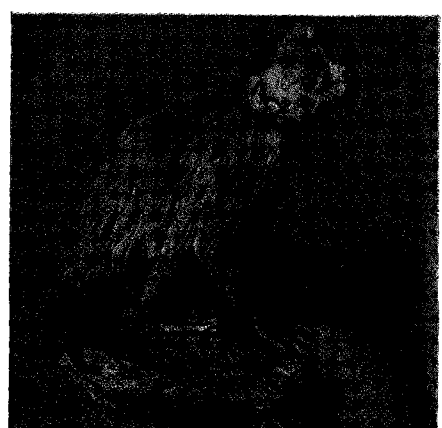
this pump (you guessed it) called "Summer Palace." Who else would line an orange shoe with pink, match a fabric



to real curry, turn the toe up a mite, and then discover a sole of temple gold (all Mylar) that walks on cement with-



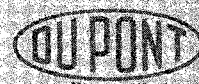
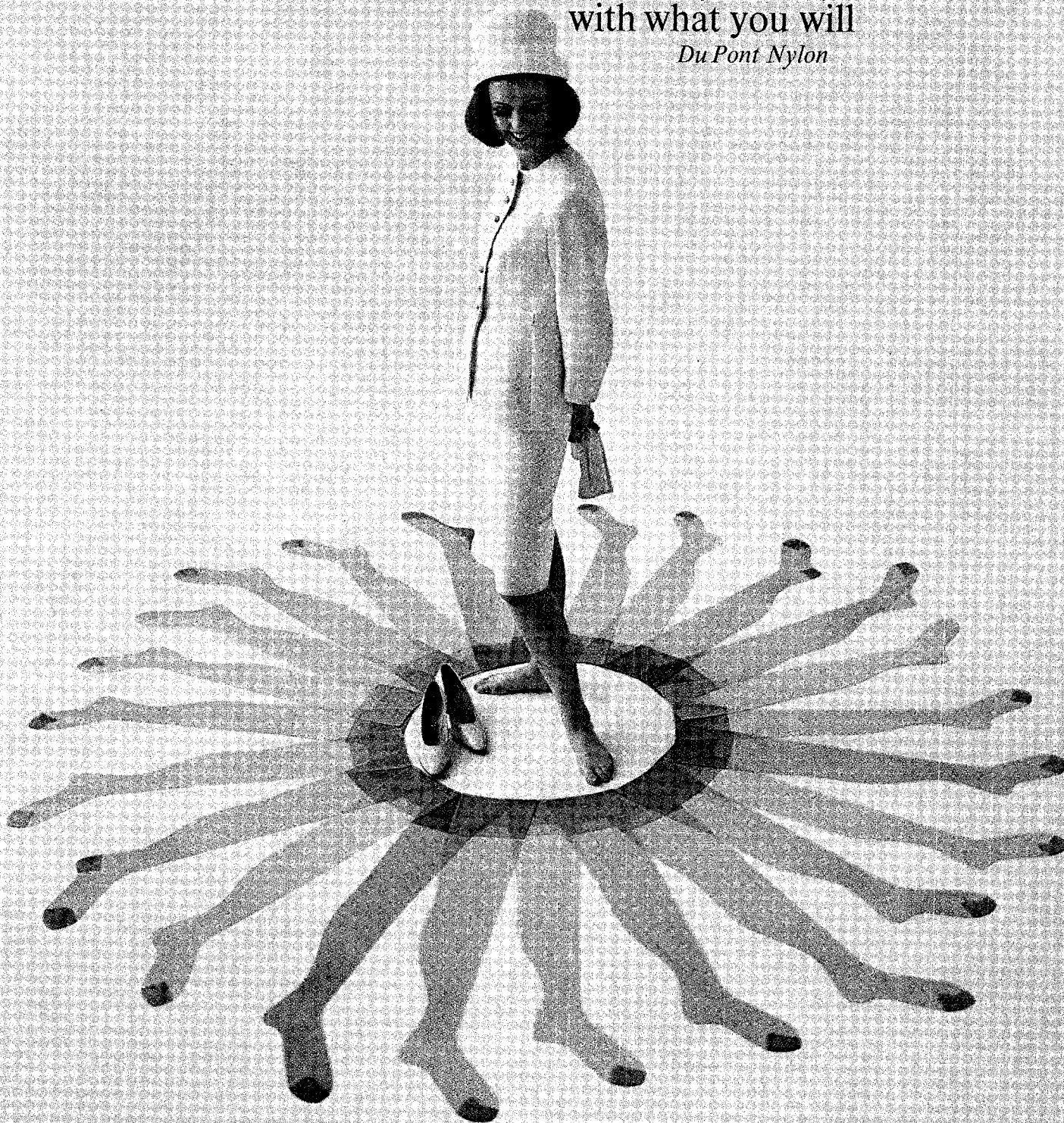
out casualties. The 2" heel is sculpted brass and shaped like a minaret. Summer Palace comes in more than a



dozen colors, costs about 20.00. The monkey, sacred to the Hindus, is a happy symbol for the fun you'll have

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Du Pont Nylon



Hat by Sally Victor. Du Pont makes fibers, does not make the stockings or fashions shown here. Better Things for Better Living through Chemistry

coat dress. Beige or black wool is the wherewithal. For summer dances, please look at a bright-blue leafy design on white cotton jacquard. The dress concerned has a cap-sleeved bodice, and outward tucks on the hips give it a bell look; the jacket is a trim three-button real Carnegie affair. Among the black-and-white wools (silk gets into this one) for right this minute is a trotteur sort of coat dress in an abstract print with men's-trousers tucks in front of the hip-bones. A typically Carnegie suit has that concave front and straight back, but I've backslid—I promised myself not to mention Balenciaga types.

IT was Esther Dorothy who pointed out to me a fact that should be obvious—when you approach someone, you look mainly at her face for recognition; when that person goes away, you look at the silhouette of the clothes she wears. Thus, the stark fronts of most of the clothes and the more involved back interest that is evident everywhere make great sense. Now let's have a campaign to cover up those blandly exposed up-and-down zippers at the rear of women's dresses. Far too many girls who look so soft and pretty as they approach reveal a disconcertingly steely spine as they depart.

—LOIS LONG

THIS AND THAT *Spring Salad*

HOW to achieve weightlessness, or the next thing to it, without becoming as airborne as an astronaut finds it necessary to do—ay, there's the rub. But Macy's Little Shop, which dotes on hard-to-answer questions, has got around this one by importing from Italy and France, along with a good many other things, some coats of mohair so light as to be just about indiscernible. Turnover collars are part of the ones in tangerine, and cardigan necks are part of the ones in pea green, and all of them are outlined by row on row of stitching. Bulky coats with broad turndown collars and rolled-back cuffs are of oatmeal-and-white hand-knit wool ribbing, and coats that are almost chesterfield, of hand-crocheted beige-and-white tweedy wool, fasten with lumpy buttons of the crochet; slender coats of shaggy and shadowy dull-green-and-gray wool crochet have notched collars and crochet buttons. Surah, taffeta, or silk linen is the lining of all of them, and they run from \$175 to \$250. Shifts of silk that can do double duty as coats and dresses bear a print, in taupe, of what

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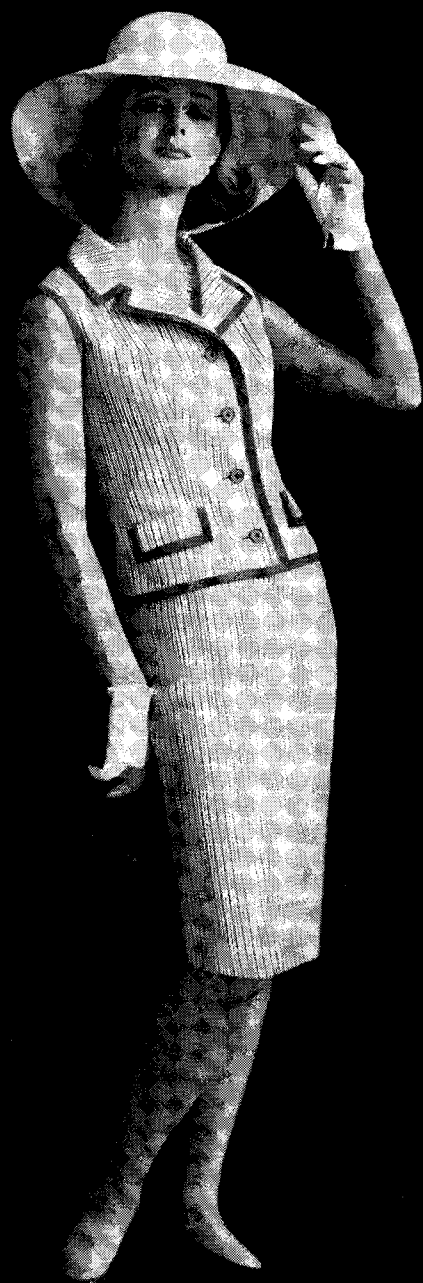
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COTTON SEERSUCKER JACKET DRESS. ABOUT \$35.



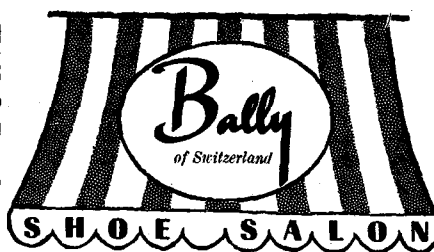
*Junior
Accent*

DESIGNED BY FRANK ADAMS

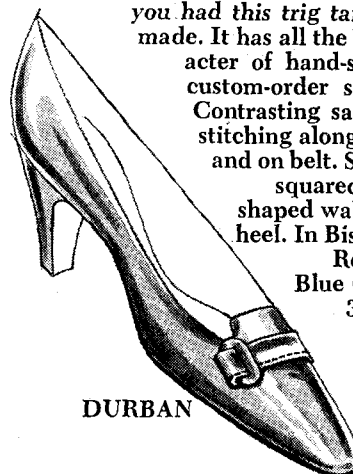
may be seals and garlands of white beads on what is plainly an apricot-and-beige background. Vast Shocking-pink and Shocking-and-maroon poppies, plus the concomitant shrubbery, are the flora of some silk coat dresses whose fauna are band collars that knot at the throat. Finally, two-piece bits of dazzle for cocktails at home: three-quarter tunics (silk with a pattern of vibrant checks in strawberry pink, Shocking pink, purple, blue, green, gold, and orange) with unpressed pleated panels drifting down the back, and slender skirts of orange silk linen. These dresses range between \$75 and \$85, and between 8 and 16 in size.

MADEMOISELLE RICCI is the ethnic designation for the well-bred finery designed by Jules François Crahay for the young-in-heart who shop at Lord & Taylor. The third-floor dress department (sizes are 6 to 16) has his all-year-around suits of a silk-cotton-and-rayon in becalmed tones. The blend used for the little-boy jackets that button at the wrists and for the sleeveless dresses with round, collarless necks and gathers above their Empire waists has small checks in two shades of gray that make it resemble wool. Narrow dresses that are bloused at the waist, and collarless jackets that fasten down the diaphragm, use the same ingredient, but in beige with a silky finish. Basket-weave Swiss cotton makes black camisole-top dresses and beige smocks that are slit at the sides from below the low yokes to the hems. Flared coats with brief sleeves and straight skirts are of red upholstery cotton in an Early American print (navy flowers and tropical birds), and they go with wrap-around overblouses of navy chiffon. White upholstery cotton in the same print is for similar coats (evening, this time) with three-quarter sleeves. They're assigned to dresses of navy chiffon with bateau necks from which cowl collars dip almost to the waist in back; there are floating panels below *that*. *Dégagé* (the tops are rather bare) cocktail-dinner dresses with cartridge pleats beneath the waist arrive in French cotton prints whose color schemes are perky—sky-blue ground printed with white, purple-blue, and moss-green narcissuses; beige with a print of white, taupe, brick, and moss-green narcissuses; and grass green with a print of purple-blue and Shocking-pink narcissuses. These are \$70, which is at the base of a price structure that ends at \$150.

Mademoiselle R.'s voluminous rain-coats of shiny plastic leather are in the



Expect to be asked where you had this *trig tailleur* made. It has all the character of hand-sewn, custom-order shoes. Contrasting saddle-stitching along sole and on belt. Softly squared toe, shaped walking heel. In Biscuit, Red or Blue Calf. 30.00

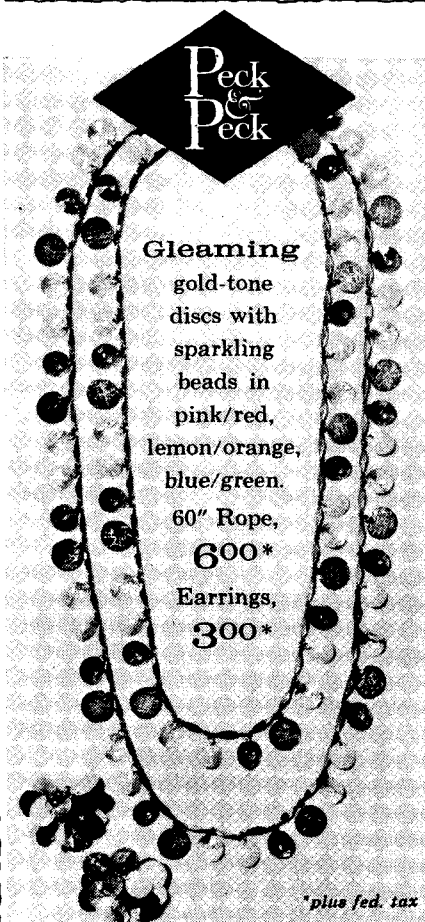


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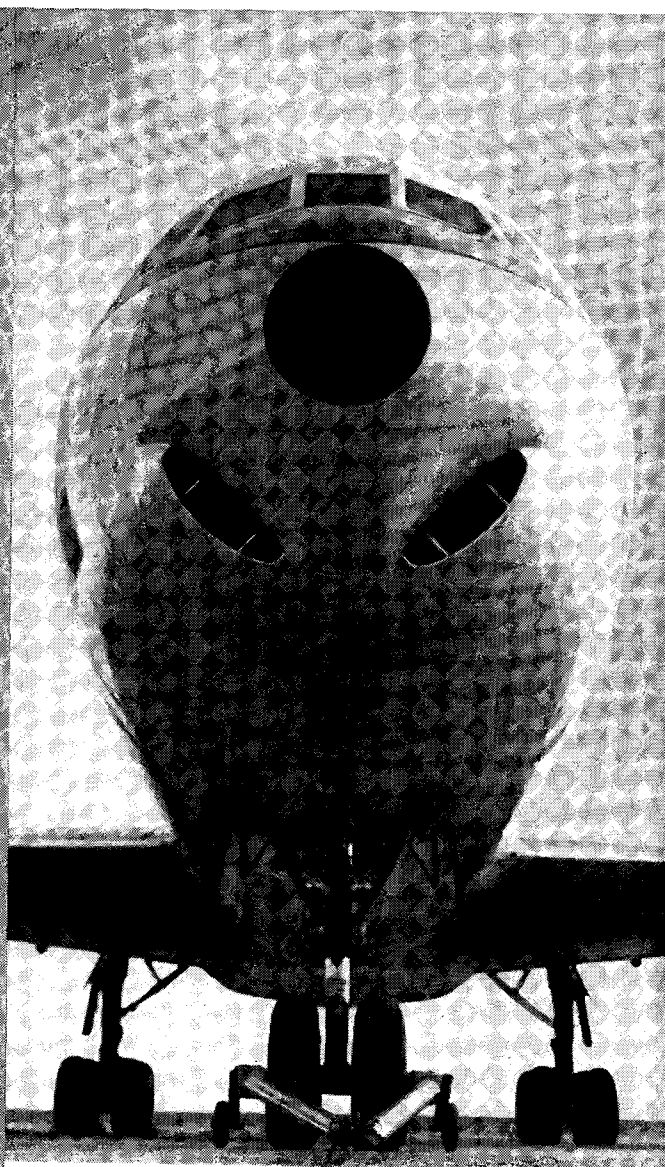
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BACKSTAGE AT BUSINESS WEEK



Brussels sprouts

In the last few months, Brussels, Belgium has sprouted half a dozen U.S. news bureaus to bring American businessmen the vital news of the Common Market. The first such office, we'll have you know, was opened by BUSINESS WEEK.

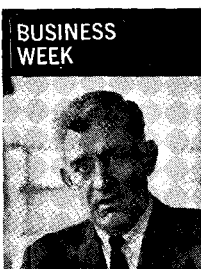
We cannot yet claim it will be the most effective news source in this center of EEC activity. But the signs augur well. The BW bureau is right next door to one of the Belgian government's economic agencies. We face the Royal Palace, the parliament, and all major government ministries. The American Embassy is around the corner. Half a block away is the U.S. Mission to the Common Market. The British Mission is two minutes away by foot. The Common Market Headquarters is five minutes by tram. We're smack in the middle of Common Market affairs, and we intend to keep our readers uncommonly well informed about it.

P.S. Our man in Brussels also notes that our bureau offices have a real, honest-to-goodness *bath tub*. If that doesn't augur a clean victory over competition, what does?

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Country Clothes Shop, on the fifth floor. Pixy hoods are standard equipment on these. Short ones in black, yellow, red, or blue and lined with harmonizing checked cotton are \$125; long evening ones, in black lined with black cotton, are \$160.

L. & T.'s fourth-floor millinery department believes in its Sally Victor Boutique hats, at believable prices—\$25 to \$39.95. Gold silk jersey stitched in stripes and sort of geometric designs is the making of profile berets, and the same thing in white is the essence of some nearly-gob hats—all of them fine accompaniments for suits or print dresses. Mushroom hats of navy grosgrain (they're almost sunshades) have ridged crowns that look like upended mousse molds. Wig caps on bases of elasticized velvet, so they'll fit non-standard heads, appear in two manifestations—big and floppy, and small and tight—and though red or white silk poppies are what even the big ones are made of, they can be packed with safety in a travelling case. Last of all, Eastertime pillboxes combine green leaves and white lilies of the valley.

THE Miss Carnegie ready-to-wear hats, which live at Hattie Carnegie, are mostly tailored, and the variety is reasonably infinite. Peruvian rollers have brims of bogus Milan straw in the natural color and underbrims and crowns of red toyo. Confederate campaign hats of natural straw have a band of cotton in brown and gold stripes. White strawcloth is the facing of bowlers built out of smooth basketweave straw in red and white. Hats of beige straw, piped with tiny white grosgrain ribbon, have cone crowns, nine inches tall, that can be pinched into fedoras; snap-brim cloches with square crowns, and turbans, twisted above the brows, that display the hair at the sides, are made of Carnegie's own cotton prints. Among the floral displays is one in gaudy Gauguin colors. Ascots to match add a few dollars to the tab; the hats are \$15 to \$25.

BRITISH AMERICAN HOUSE, at 488 Madison Avenue (51st), represents an island even more inured to rain than this one, and its well-tailored suits in beige Pima cotton, part of the stuff the establishment has brought over from abroad, can look fine on the fairest days, too. Coffee Pima piping runs down the sides of the single-breasted jackets and the side front of the slender skirts to give the illusion of panels, and \$75 is the going price. Ponchos of French-

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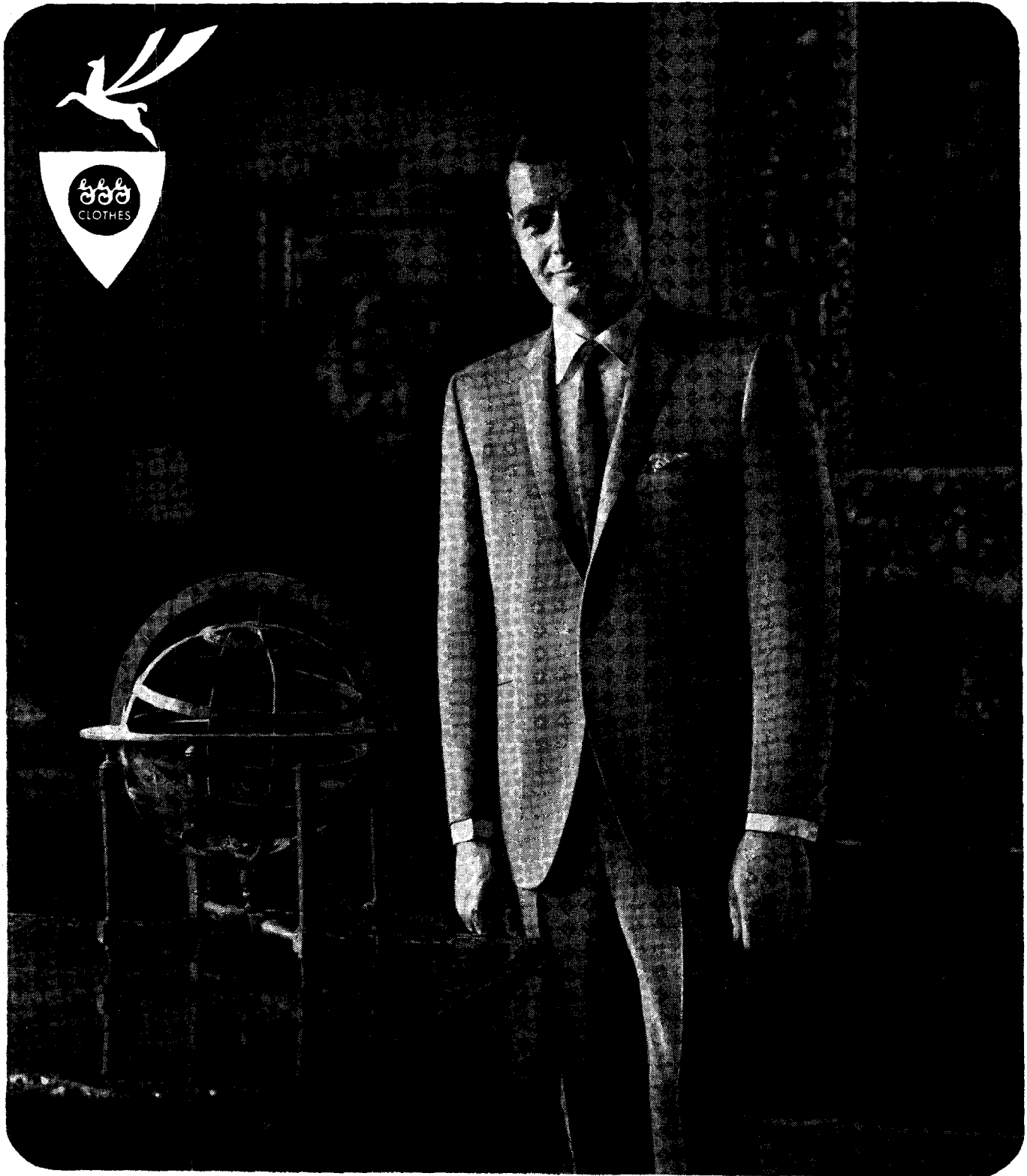
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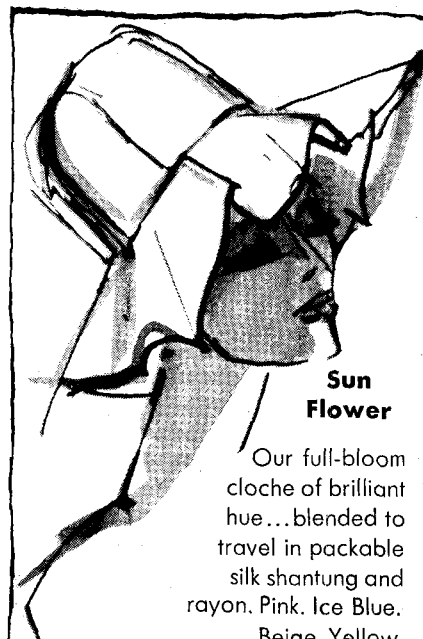


Frances
Denney

blue cotton poplin are to be worn with adjustable wraparound skirts of the same material; double-breasted reversible coats of the fabric are French blue, Shocking pink, or light olive on one side and a bower of flowers on the other, and there are slashed pockets on both sides. Single-breasted coats of a powder-blue blend of polyester, viscose, and cotton (the collars are notched and the lapels are short) are \$65, a price that includes a matching hood. Greatcapes in pale, misty-green cotton (Irish Mist is the shop's name for the color) have three gold-metal dog-leash clamps down the front as fastenings. The \$50 these bring covers a sack that is supposed to be a hat but looks more like an envelope for a purse. Coats of teal-blue, green, red, dark-beige, or black taffeta have shawl collars that can be draped to make hoods, and they're lined with a Joseph's-coat sort of silk.

THE lingerie department at Elizabeth Arden, sure now that there will be a vernal season, is ready for it. Very young and persuasive are the things of a white nylon-cotton-and-Dacron batiste that is dotted with minute pink or blue nosegays and with white lace beading through which is threaded pink or blue baby ribbon. The short, bouffant robes and nightgowns are \$20 a set, and there are also slips, half slips, briefs, and hospital gowns. Shifts of zebra-striped piqué latch down the left side with shiny black buttons; a string sash is part of the \$11.95 that is required. These are fit for the beach, for marketing, and even for city streets. Billowy negligees are of white organza painted with delicate sprays of bright-blue, red, and gray flowers that could at both a first and a second look be mistaken for birds. These are \$60, and they have wide standaway collars and great flounced cuffs to cover the elbows. Two-piece at-home or on-the-town gowns have buttoned-in-back collarless overbodices of pink linen that stop a mite below the waist over long, slim skirts of surah in a print devoted to immense blocks of aquamarine blue, yellow, green, mulberry, mauve, red, or Shocking pink, or over skirts of linen with narrow vertical stripes of green, pale blue, pink, lavender, and purple. Either way, the ticket is \$90. Similar two-piece outfits are of white shantung on which giant Shocking-pink tulips and carnations repose.

THE I. Miller shop at 734 Fifth Avenue (57th), being aware of the universal practicality of black shoes, has some black walking pumps with round



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MAYBRO coordinates; 100% cotton. Sizes 5-15. Pleated skirt \$7.00. Blouse \$4.00. Jacket (not shown) \$9.00. Available at fine stores.

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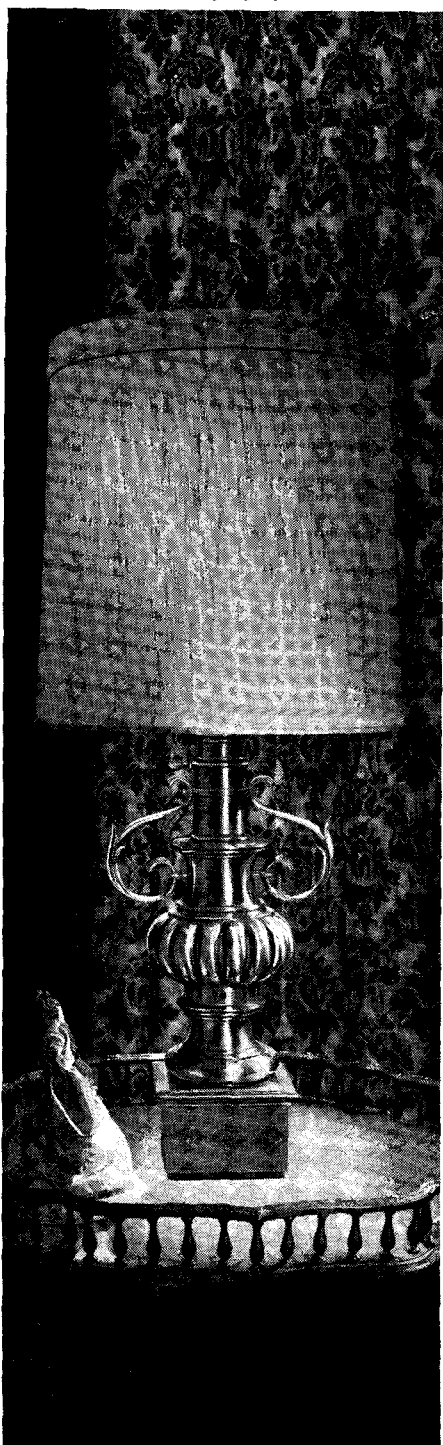
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throats and curved heels, or with square throats and straight heels. They're of calf and they cost \$32. Pattina, an ersatz patent leather that does its best not to crack, makes the red soles of pumps of black *real* patent leather on slender inch-and-a-half heels; \$45. The soles can easily be wiped off with a damp cloth. Afternoon pumps that are alternating slivers of black Pattina and nylon net have stitching that looks like tucking. The soles are leather this time. So much for Pattina. For later in the day, there are pumps with closed toes, openings at the sides and backs, and string bows above the heels. Black patent leather or black crêpe is the prescription. The most elaborate Miller efforts are D'Orsay pumps of black crêpe; small reëmbroidered butterflies of the crêpe (their outer wings are of orange-and-gold silk print) perch on the vamp of the right shoe and on the outer quarter of the left shoe.

BENDEL's Growing Up Department can dress children from crib to pre-teen size. Double-breasted coats of navy silk-and-worsted, for Sunday best, have unpressed pleats below the yokes in back. String bows and streamers top the matching tams. They're \$43 and \$46 a set, according to size. Single-breasted raincoats of cheerful sky-blue cotton poplin meet their match (exact) in rain bonnets and umbrellas. And there's more matching afoot—negligees of white eyelet embroidery, fastening at the throat, with pink, blue, or yellow ribbon neckties to match the drip-dry batiste nightgowns. These range in size from 3 to 14 and they're \$14 a set. From Hawaii come muu muus of polished cotton so laden with turquoise blue, Shocking pink, gold, and red hibiscus that it's hard to see the background, which *may* be white. And there are red cotton Hawaiian overblouses with flouncing at the elbows, in a print of fruit blossoms, birds, and houses, that go with white cotton boxer shorts. Two-piece bathing suits from the mainland that lay bare the midriff are of aquamarine-blue or pink cotton with narrow horizontal rows of white lace. Above-the-knee beach shirts of white terry-cloth whose pattern is aquamarine dots or red roses are the rest of the story.

—M. M.

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[Leonard Lyons in the Philadelphia Inquirer]

Cole Porter's recuperation is so satisfactory that the other night his dinner guests were Prince and Princess Radziwill.

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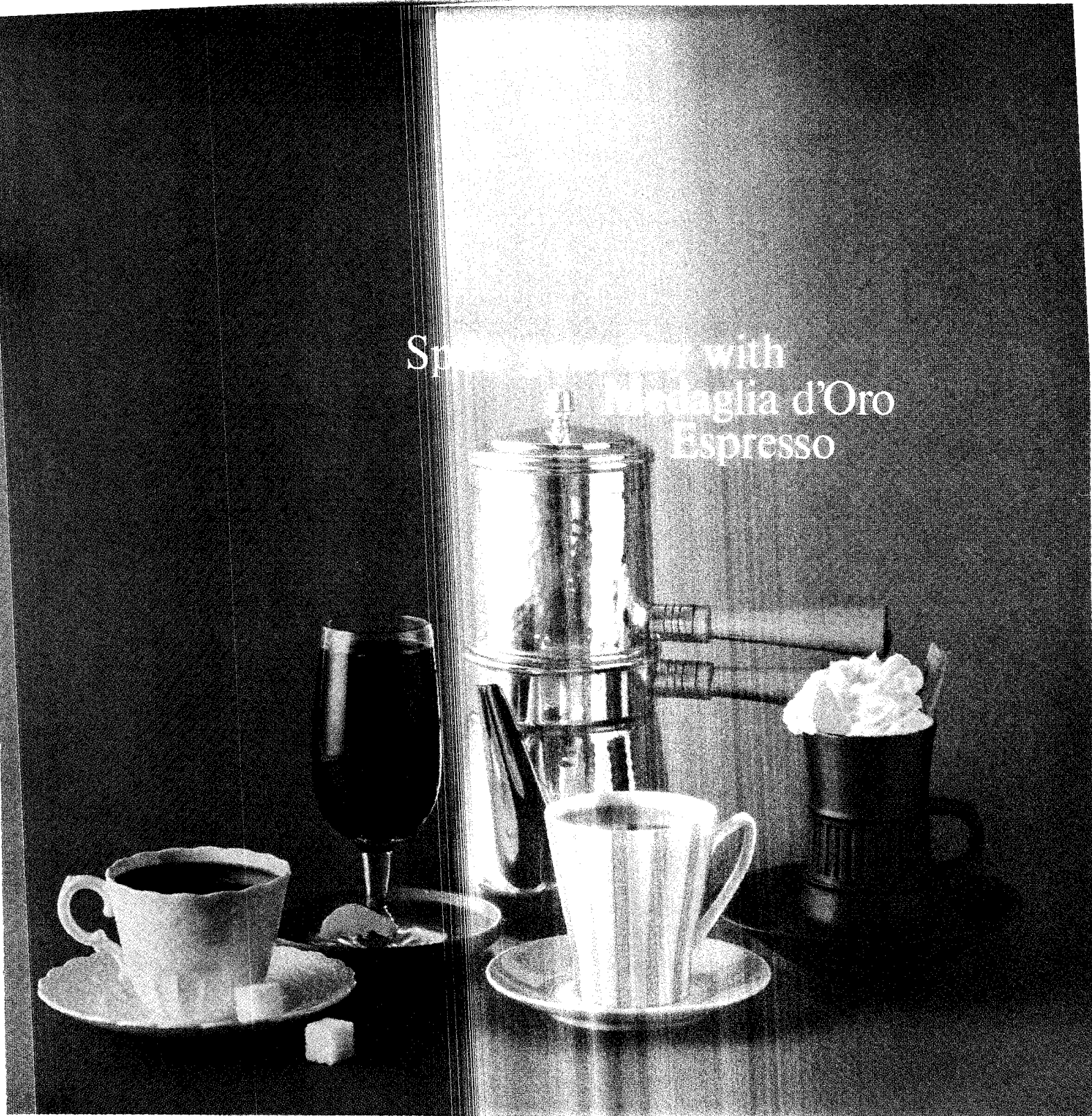


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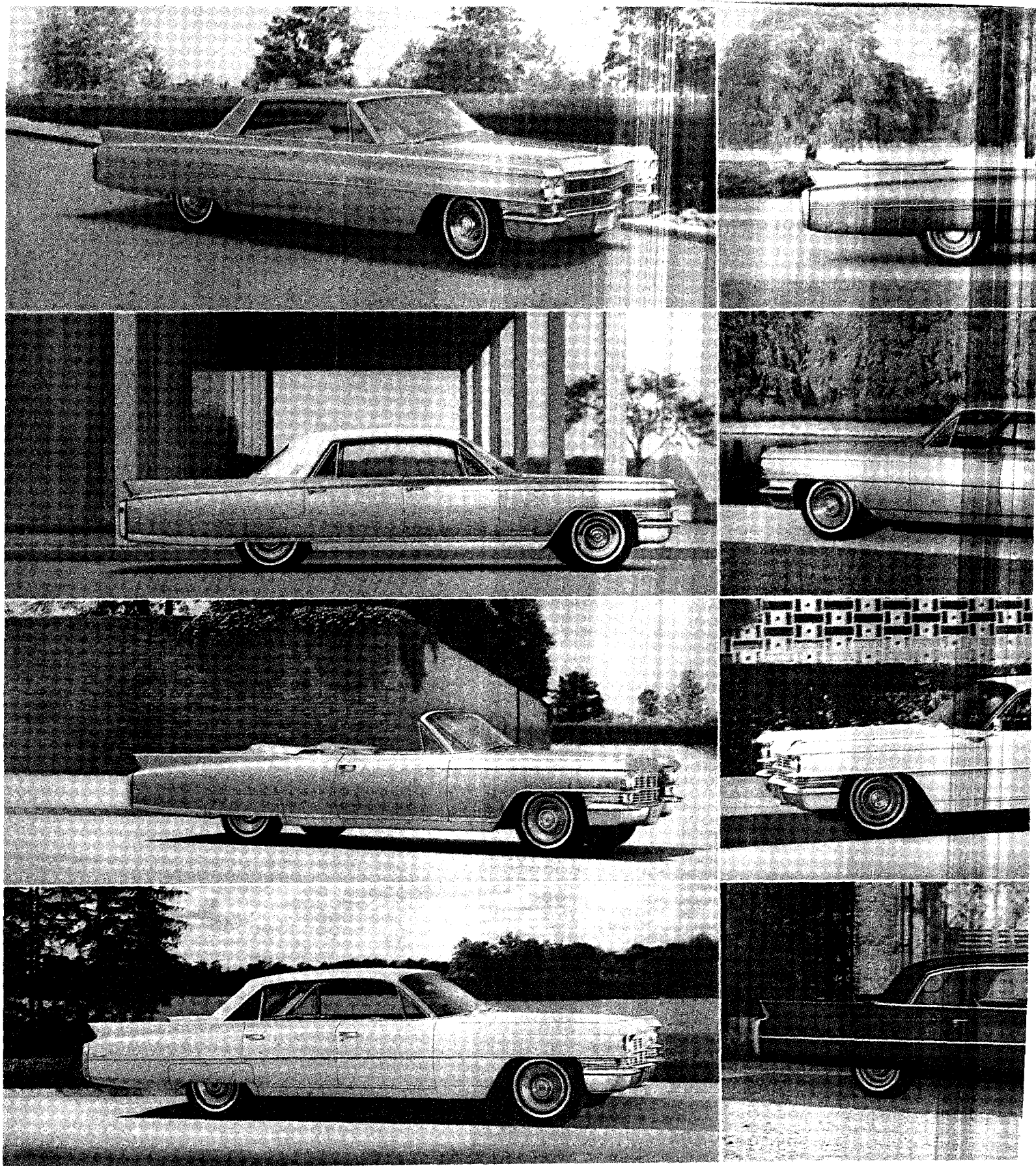
Cappuccino

Néapolitan style: Serve piping hot Medaglia d'Oro Espresso Coffee in demi-tasse cups with a topping of warm (not boiled) milk. A continental favorite. *Cappuccino Capri:* top steaming hot Espresso with whipped cream, sprinkle with grated orange peel, cinnamon.

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Prepare Medaglia d'Oro for 6 demi-tasse cups. Place in saucepan 6 tps. sugar, 1-inch stick cinnamon, 4 cloves, 1 curl orange peel. Add Medaglia d'Oro, heat (don't boil). Add 4 oz. rum, strain, serve. Top with unsweetened whipped cream. Magnificent.

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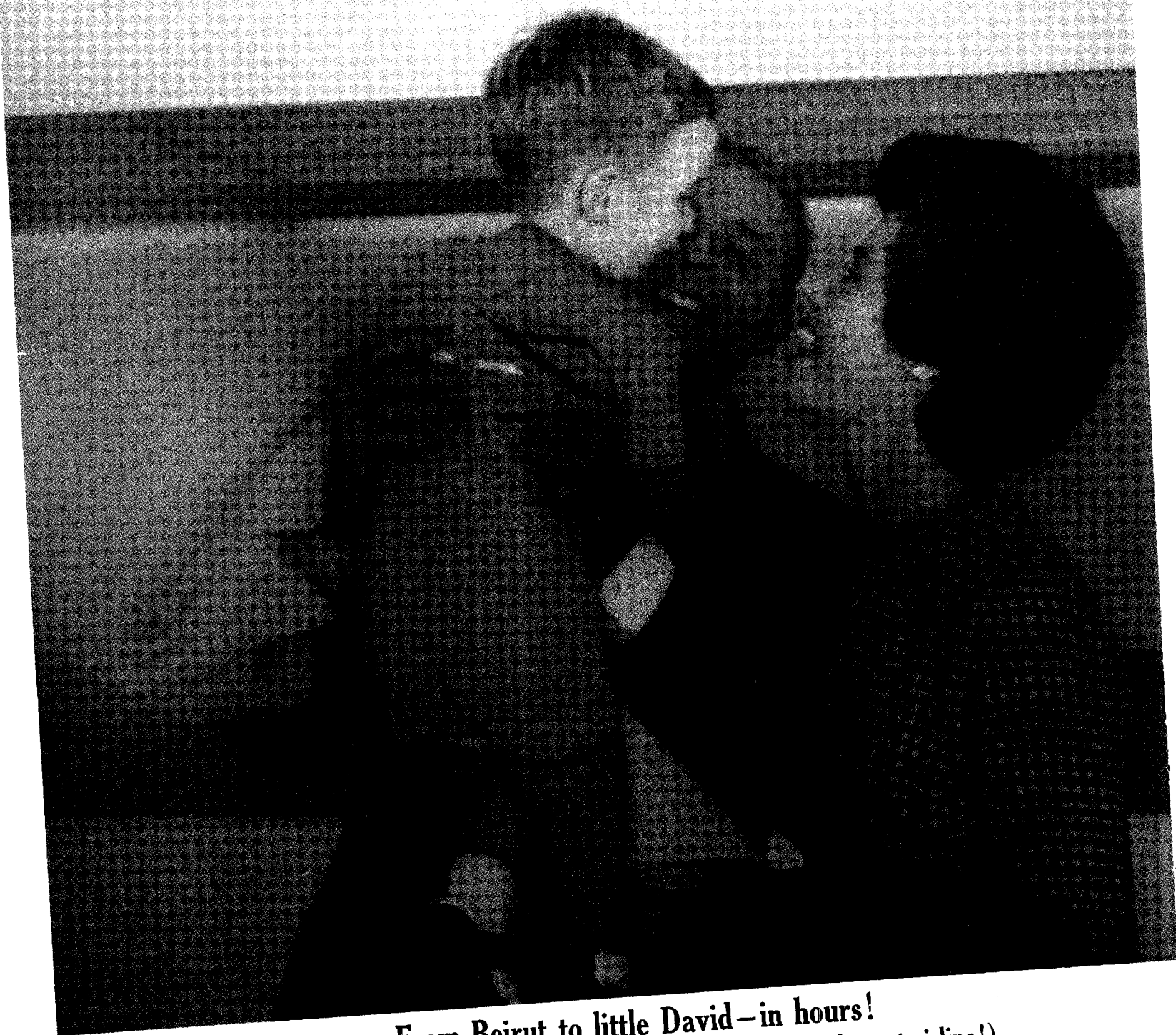


Left to right, top to bottom: Coupe de Ville; Convertible; Sixty-Two Sedan (four window); Fleetwood Sixty Special Sedan; Sedan de Ville (four window); Sixty-Two Cou



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THE ART GALLERIES

*The Armory Show:
Revolution Reënacted*



IF there is a single judgment on which the art world is agreed, it is that the exhibition staged at the 69th Regiment Armory, at Lexington Avenue and Twenty-fifth Street, in the winter of 1913, and repeated that year in Chicago and Boston, is the Great Event in the history of American art. For the public life of painting and sculpture in this country, the Show is the equivalent of the storming of the Winter Palace by the Petrograd proletariat less than five years later. Or perhaps one should think of it as the Battle of Lexington Avenue, especially since it took as its insigne the pine-tree banner of the American Revolution. Whether in reference to the ten days that shook the art world or to the shot that was heard around it, the Show is customarily described in such terms as "bombshell," "explosion," "assault," "shock," "miracle." It was the sort of upheaval about which it is said that after it "nothing was ever the same again." It destroyed the old rule and founded a revolutionary one. It supplied the "mandate" from which succeeding generations of vanguard critics, museum directors, and art educators have continued to derive their authority; in answer to any challenge they have needed only to point to the fate of those who rejected the blue nude of Matisse or the descending one of Duchamp.

The organizers of the Armory Show were, as is often the case in genuine revolutions, innocent of radical intentions. They represented no advanced art movement, ideology, or school. Their purpose was merely to mount another of those large, amorphous exhibitions of "independents" that since the nineteenth century have served as the mass demonstrations or picket lines by which artists suffering from a sense of neglect or exclusion call themselves to the attention of the public. A year before the Show, two dozen artists had met in a gallery on Madison Avenue and formed the Association of American Painters and Sculptors, which sponsored the exhibition and a couple of years lat-

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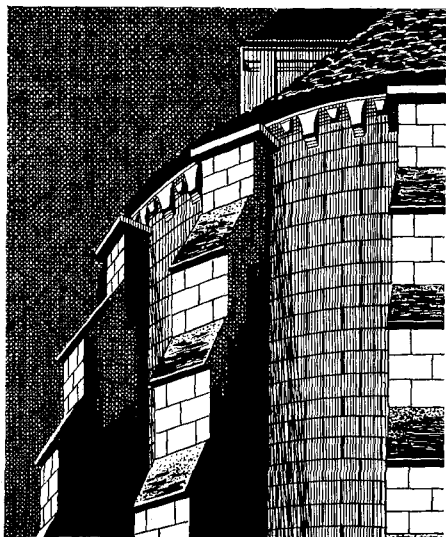
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er fell apart. It included painters as far removed from each other aesthetically as Maurice Prendergast and John Sloan, and Walter Pach summarized its attitude when he reminded the public that "the Association of American Painters and Sculptors, as such, takes no stand whatsoever as to the merits and demerits of the works that it has exhibited." When the Association, in announcing its plans, attacked the National Academy of Design, the Association's president quickly resigned. Thereupon—and this also indicates the temperature of its defiance—it elected in his place its most socially acceptable member, Arthur B. Davies.

What gave the Show its revolutionary momentum was the way its original aim was expanded in the course of actually putting the exhibition together. While the members of the Association were primarily concerned with displaying their work in an impressively large context, Davies, an aesthetic internationalist if ever there was one, took literally some phrases of the group about showing living art without regard to its place of origin. Together with Walt Kuhn, Pach, and others, he chose in Paris, Munich, Berlin, The Hague, and London five hundred paintings and sculptures that constituted a remarkable representation of the advanced line of development of European art since the last quarter of the nineteenth century. The official title of the Show was the International Exhibition of Modern Art, and it was the European contributions that, amounting to almost a third of the total, turned the Show into a kind of riot.

Since American art had been "international" all along, with American artists studying in London, Rome, Düsseldorf, Munich, and Paris, the dynamite was in the word "modern." By emphasizing what belonged to its own day, the exhibition proposed nothing less than to change the relation of American art to art history. In each art capital abroad, American painters and sculptors had sought a quintessence of the European heritage, and this had landed them, together with other Americans traveling to cultivate their tastes, in the back seats of the academies. Hailing the present, the Armory Show now demanded that Americans place themselves culturally on the same time plane as living Europeans. The implicit assumption was that America either had caught up with the European past or was ready to join with contemporaries overseas in cutting that past loose. The measure of aesthetic importance would



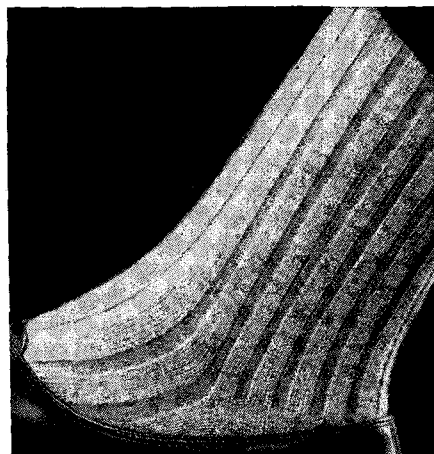
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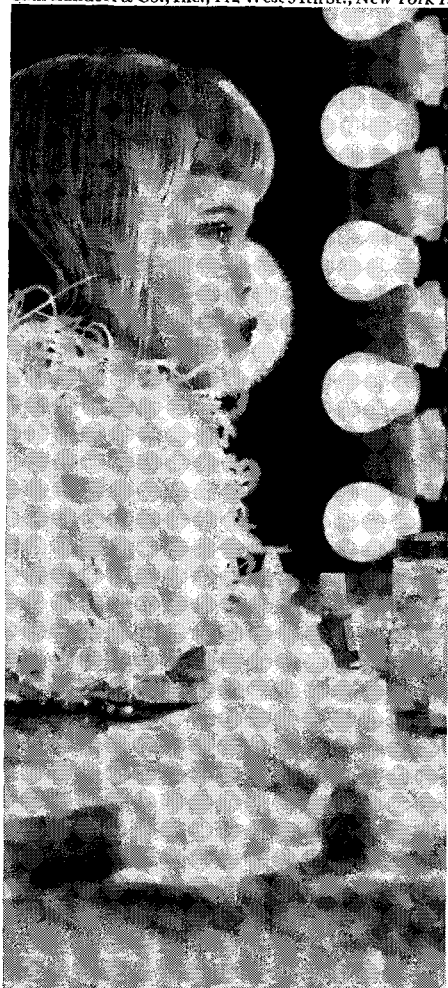
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no longer be the values of the academy but the activities of the international vanguard. In raising the banner of the new, the Show announced a new system of cultural affiliations. International art forms would remain sovereign—nationalism was not an issue at the Armory—but instead of monuments to the past, these forms had turned into a clocking device that told America where it stood on the calendar. It was the timing effect of the overseas art that caused the Show to produce a rude awakening.

The replacement of art verities by art bearing a historical dateline made art into an issue. How far forward should it go? The question bore political overtones. It was evident at the Armory that this country lagged far behind the Europeans in creating new forms. The foes of modern art chose to regard this as a virtue. If the trend of European painting and sculpture since the eighteen-sixties had been, as Kenyon Cox put it, down "the easy slope to Avernus," the Americans were to be praised for refusing to budge from the Continental values being subverted on the Continent. The fiercest assailant of what he called "the 'modern' spirit in art," Cox, a pupil of Jean Léon Gérôme, found that "fortunately there is little necessity for dwelling on the American part of the show," since even the worst of it "seldom reaches the depth of badness attainable by Frenchmen and Germans." (It is typical of this kind of criticism that it is the bad art it prefers to talk about.) Cox, who described Cézanne as not only "absolutely without talent" but "absolutely cut off from tradition," discovered one exception among the American innocents—Marsden Hartley, who in producing some abstract drawings had, Cox thought, carried modern art to its "logical end, for the real meaning of this Cubist movement is nothing else than the total destruction of the art of painting." By his ferocity Cox demonstrated that he represented a tradition, one that Cézanne had replaced with another and that Hartley had abandoned; amusingly, a more recent traditionalist of the wrong tradition, denouncing Hans Hofmann as the destroyer of art in terms almost identical with Cox's, held up Hartley as a model of sound abstract painting.

In contrast to Cox, Theodore Roosevelt, in a thoughtful and fairly moderate appraisal of the Show, declared that "it is the work of the American painters and sculptors which is of the most interest in the collection." De-



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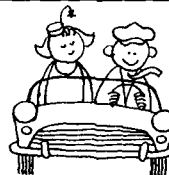
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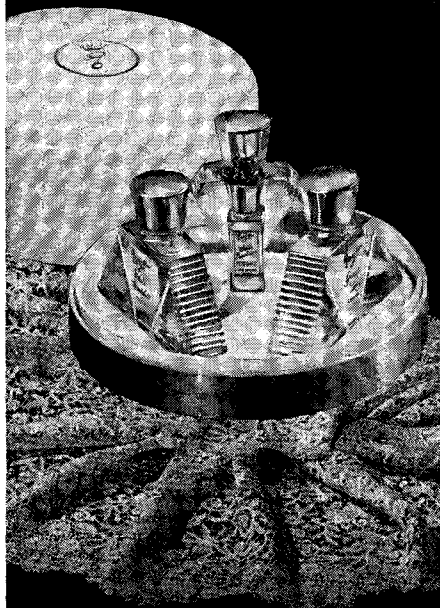
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feated on the Progressive ticket in 1912, the Bull Moose found an affinity with the painting that some of the exhibiting Americans called "progressive," and he conjectured that the "extreme" European works, though of no value themselves, had been of help to the native sons. In sum, Roosevelt sensed that there was need to enter the modern world, but he chose to do so at a reserved gait. In this he was at one with most of the American exhibitors. William Zorach recalls that "the members of the Association of American Painters and Sculptors were as shocked as the Academicians when they saw what they had brought over in their revolt against the older institution."

Roosevelt's moderation was, apparently, an effect of afterthought. Zorach testifies that at the opening the ex-President "waved his arms and stomped through the Galleries pointing at pictures and saying 'That's not art!' 'That's not art!,'" and another witness relates that Roosevelt interrupted Davies' explanation of Duchamp's "Nude" with "He is nuts and his imagination has gone wild." Before the Armory Show, scandal in American art had related to pictorial subject matter, particularly nudity; on Lexington Avenue, furies were aroused by new art forms. A painting in the show, "Figure in Motion," by Robert Henri, which translated the realism of his teacher Anshutz into reporting, was as tangibly naked a female as could be confined to a flat surface. Yet the villain-hero of the Show was not Henri but Duchamp, and its main dish was not Henri's dark and indiscreetly shadowed nymph but the monochromatic construction that Roosevelt condemned as "a naked man going downstairs." That new art ideas called up antagonisms deeper than Puritan inhibitions was itself a revolutionary phenomenon of the first magnitude. Cox was willing, he said, to forgo representation in "a Turkish rug," and Roosevelt was reminded by Duchamp's composition of "a Navajo rug" in his bathroom; what disturbed both was that the new art was not merely decoration but claimed to mean something. It was the Cubist concept that was the enemy, in that it transformed what looked like design into an interpretation of natural appearances—an image that failed, in Roosevelt's words, to "fit the facts."

This resistance to ideas was shared by the artists who backed the Show. Their enthusiasm for the new was distinct from any theory embodied in the new European art. What seems to have alarmed conservatives and progressives



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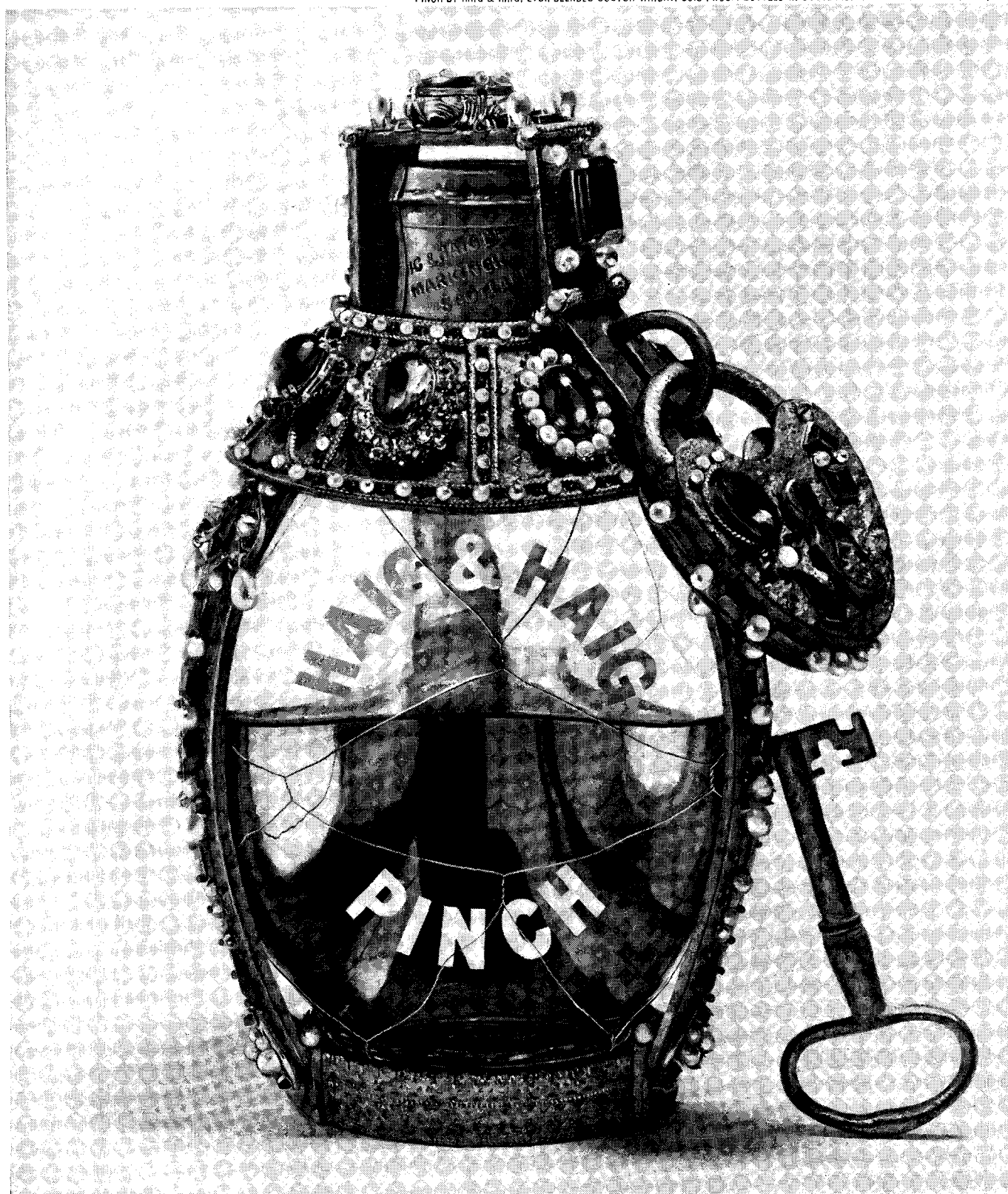
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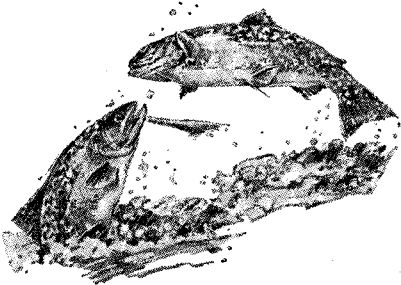
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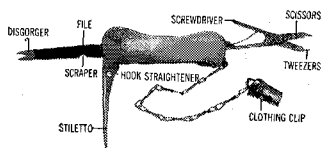
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alike was its primitive element, on the one hand (Matisse, Brancusi), and its logical element, on the other (Duchamp, Picabia). Both were in conflict with American eclecticism. Embarrassed by the "extremes," the Americans could derive from the Show only a generalized feeling of liberation and the reassurance of the presence, elsewhere, of aesthetic allies. Says Stuart Davis, in his usually succinct style, "My personal reaction to the rowdy occasion was an experience of Freedom, no doubt objectively present in the mechanics of many of the foreign items on display." Each artist would have to explore the content of this freedom at his own pace. Charles Sheeler notes that after he first encountered the work of the Europeans who were shown at the Armory it took him nine years "to bail out and make a new beginning." For American art it would require another thirty years, another war, and another crisis of values before it could embark on ideas of its own.

The most immediate and telling effect of the Armory Show was on the American art public. Actually, the Show was the Great Event in the history of American art education rather than in the history of American art. New collectors appeared, as well as dealers in contemporary painting and even in little-known Americans, favorably disposed critics, dedicated appreciators. In setting up the new as a category of value, the Show had presented modern art as a *cause*. In the years that followed, this cause continued to win adherents. The result was the coming into being of the Vanguard Audience. While America's vanguard artists had hesitated before the choice offered by Matisse and Delaunay, the Vanguard Audience experienced no such discomforts; it could accept the new in its entirety, with all its conflicting assumptions or without any assumptions. Its excitement, repeated upon each unveiling of an unfamiliar talent, could develop a continuity and a rhetoric—could become, in short, the basis of a tradition, the tradition of the new, capable of evoking the automatic responses of a handed-down body of beliefs. For half a century this Audience has conducted the struggle for modern art in America, the campaign for whatever is declared to be art at any moment. It has seen wave overleap wave—the artists sponsored by Stieglitz and other modernists of the decade of the Armory Show yield ground before the Dadaists and Surrealists of the next; these in turn go down before the Social Realists of the



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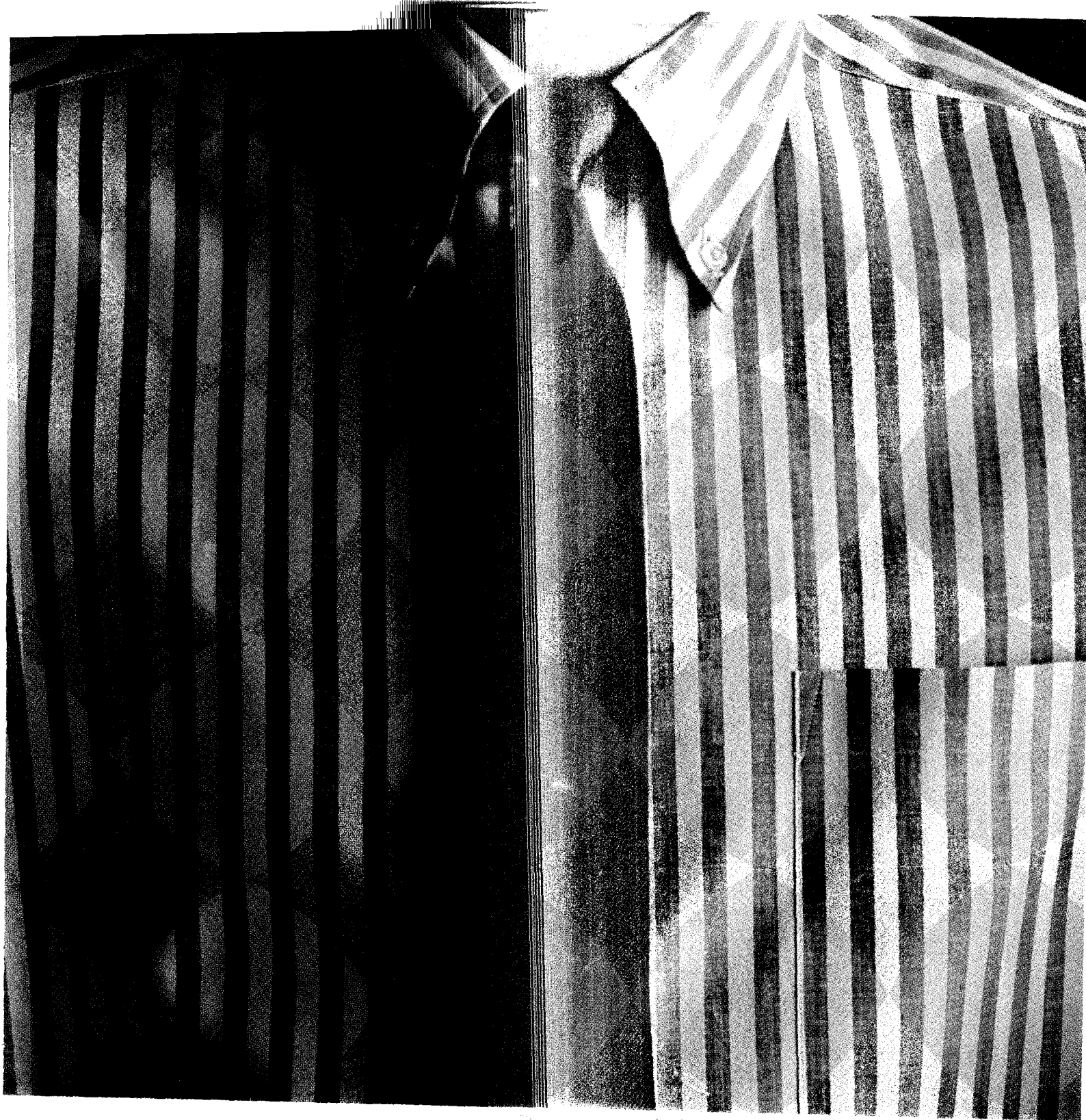
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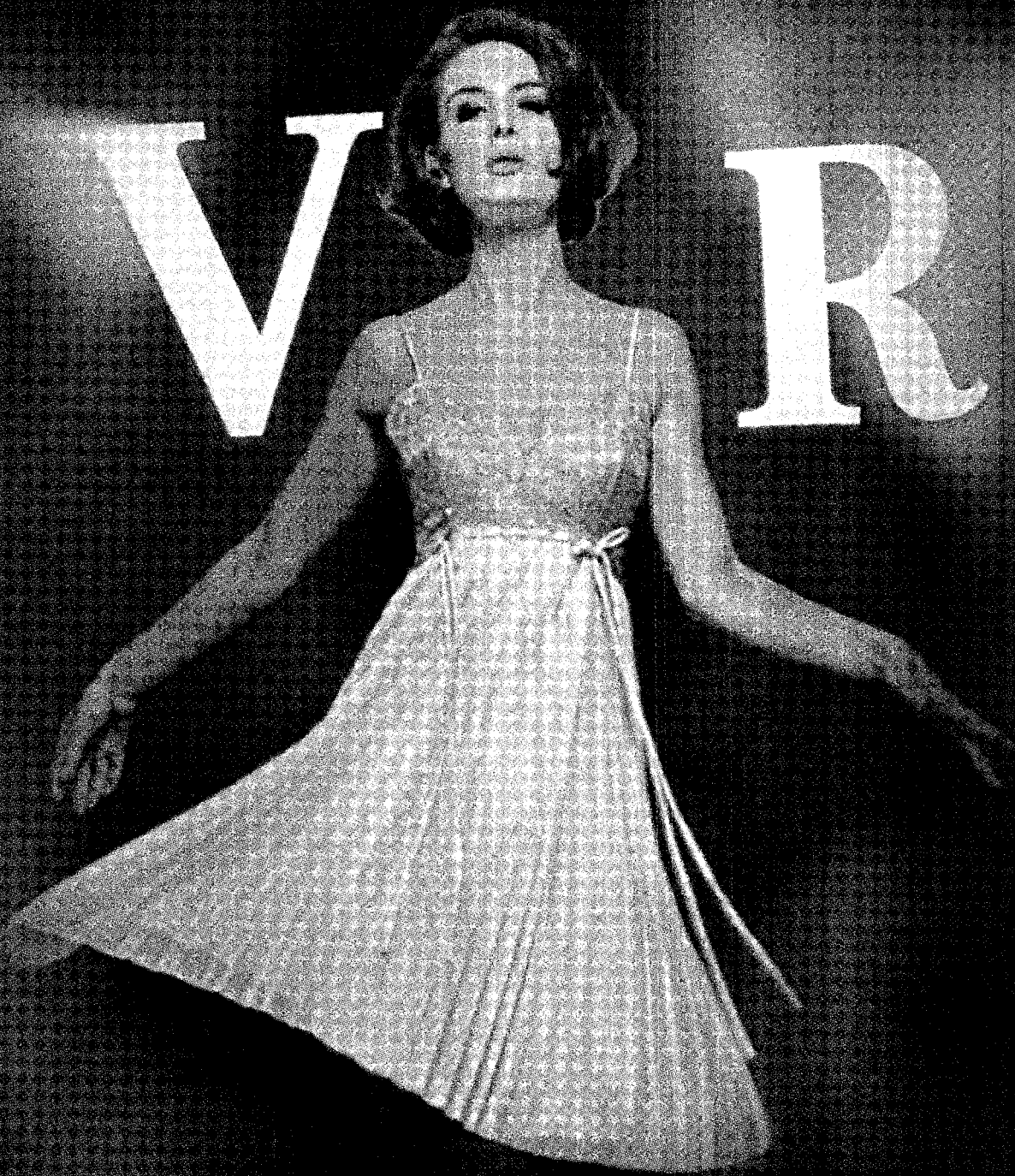
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thirties, who themselves are swamped by the Action Painters of the postwar years. Within all these displacements, the concept of the new in art has held. Its popular support and professional leadership have been constantly augmented, while the concept itself has grown more flexible and freer of limits. Today, the Vanguard Audience is open to anything. Its eager representatives—curators, museum directors, art educators, dealers—rush to organize exhibitions and provide explanatory labels before the paint has dried on the canvas or the plastic has hardened. Coöperating critics comb the studios like big-league scouts, prepared to spot the art of the future and to take the lead in establishing reputations. Art historians stand ready with cameras and notebooks to make sure that every novel detail is safe for the record. The tradition of the new has reduced all other traditions to triviality. Its opponents can bring to bear against it only the “Turkish rugs” and the charges of “charlatans and dupes” of fifty years ago.

THE Armory Show-50th Anniversary Exhibition, organized by the Munson-Williams-Proctor Institute of Utica and sponsored by the Henry Street Settlement of New York in behalf of its creative-arts program, celebrates—on the site of the original, and with as many as possible of the original works—the victory of the tradition of the new in American art. “Now, fifty years after the epic Armory Show,” writes Edward H. Dwight, director of the Museum of Art of the Institute, in his perceptive preface to the valuable anniversary catalogue, “the battle of modern art has been won.” We are reminded of the Kremlin’s declaring on an anniversary of the October Revolution that the battle for Socialism has been won.

Recalling the “shock,” “scandal,” and “controversy” of the 1913 event, the Anniversary brings back in incontestable triumph Matisse, Brancusi, Picasso, and—in the spotlight—Duchamp’s “Nude Descending a Staircase,” as well as the more prominent Americans, whose reputations, it is hoped, will benefit from a new look. Many of the 1913 works were unavailable; the reconstruction is reduced from about thirteen hundred works in the original to four hundred—still quite a sizable exhibition, but lacking, unfortunately, too many of the most mediocre pieces to provide an accurate visual impression. The missing paintings and sculptures are, however, partly

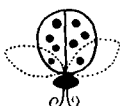


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The atmosphere of heroic deeds with an exultant outcome is heightened by additional commemorative exhibitions held conjointly. The Whitney Museum is presenting "The Decade of the Armory Show," which after April 14th will tour major American museums until next February. Unlike Armory '63, the Whitney exhibition is not a reconstruction but is devoted to vanguard American artists of 1910 to 1920, whether or not they were represented at the Armory and whether they were working in the United States or abroad. Duchamp, now an American, is present with "Nude Descending a Staircase, No. 3." In the catalogue, Lloyd Goodrich, director of the Whitney, recites the saga of the uprising against the Academy, how the Armory Show was organized, and how "in the next few years the whole battlefield broadened, the participants multiplied," until, finally, "the liberating influence of international modernism added its impetus to the vast forces in all fields that were transforming the America of fifty years ago to the vital and creative America of today." Mr. Goodrich as a revolutionary partisan is rather engaging, especially when he finds it necessary to remind the reader that "academic art had its own merits" and fell short only through neglecting "the more essential elements of form and design."

Furthering the Anniversary, too, is a re-creation at the Zabriskie Gallery of "The Forum Exhibition of Modern American Painters," held in 1916, all but two of the artists in which are included in the Whitney. To cap the salute, the East Hampton Gallery is showing a collection of photographs of "The Many Faces of Marcel Duchamp," by Marvin Lazarus.

Taken together, the fiftieth-anniversary revivals have the character of a display of battle banners, sacred relics, and founding documents in the glass cases of a government archives building. The original Armory Show was staged by artists as an educational event; the reenactments are produced by art officials and the Vanguard Audience (see the enormous list of acknowledgments in the Armory catalogue) as an event in art. "Most of all," writes Milton Brown in this catalogue, "the Armory Show affected the artists of America." This is extremely doubtful. Though not prepared on a "before-and-after" basis, the Whitney

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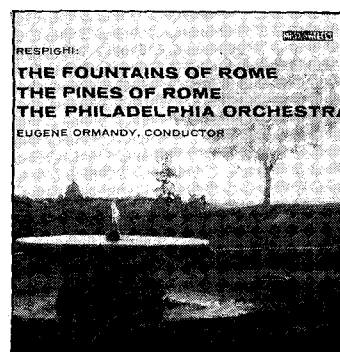
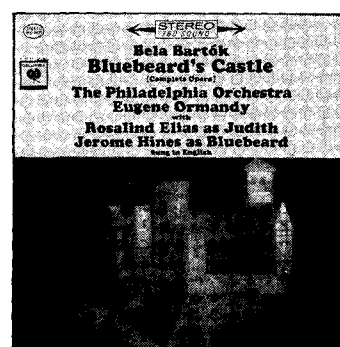
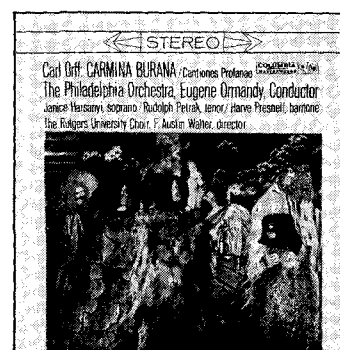
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"Decade" exhibition presents evidence enough that such changes as are to be found among the artists of the period were in the main the result of contact with European art *in Europe*. Nor was the speeded-up modernism that might have come from a temporary exposure to new pictures here always as much to the advantage of the artist's work as it might seem in the perspective of today's vanguardist tastes. The strongest paintings of the "Decade" exhibition are the group by Alfred Maurer, two of which were done before the Armory and one seven years after it, and those of Prendergast and Marin, neither of whom was affected by the Show. The abstractions of Sheeler in that period tended toward poster design, and his best work is much less "modern" in the art-history sense. The 1914 still-life by Arthur B. Carles, a beautiful painting done under nineteenth-century French influence, is superior to all but three or four of the Cubist-inspired canvases he did much later. Hartley, who took a long leap into abstraction, received his impetus in Munich and later subsided into a style closer to his temperament.

For the middlemen of art, the Armory Show is the ideal occurrence, one that fulfills their dream of affecting the creative powers of a nation by means of an exhibition—that is, by gathering, arranging, and commenting on already existing paintings and sculptures. The Armory Show seems to lend weight to current efforts by museum impresarios and dealers to reinforce, identify themselves with, or even attempt to create movements in art by assembling works under significant labels; a good example is the "object" exhibition now at the Guggenheim Museum. Hence it cannot be emphasized too often that the Armory Show of 1913 was the creation of artists, not of art educators and friends of art, though the latter have been pleased to adopt it as the "epic" incident in twentieth-century American art. Commemorating the fifty-year march of the principle of novelty, the Armory revivals represent the adulation of modern art as such. The occasion has found its perfect symbol in Duchamp, a living embodiment of modern art who has produced no art for decades. Armory '13 has been appropriated for ritual use in the campaign of taste improvement and cultural recruiting. Mr. Dwight makes this clear when, after announcing victory, he warns that "the battle goes on as before." No doubt it must continue until the Vanguard Audience includes everybody.

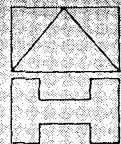
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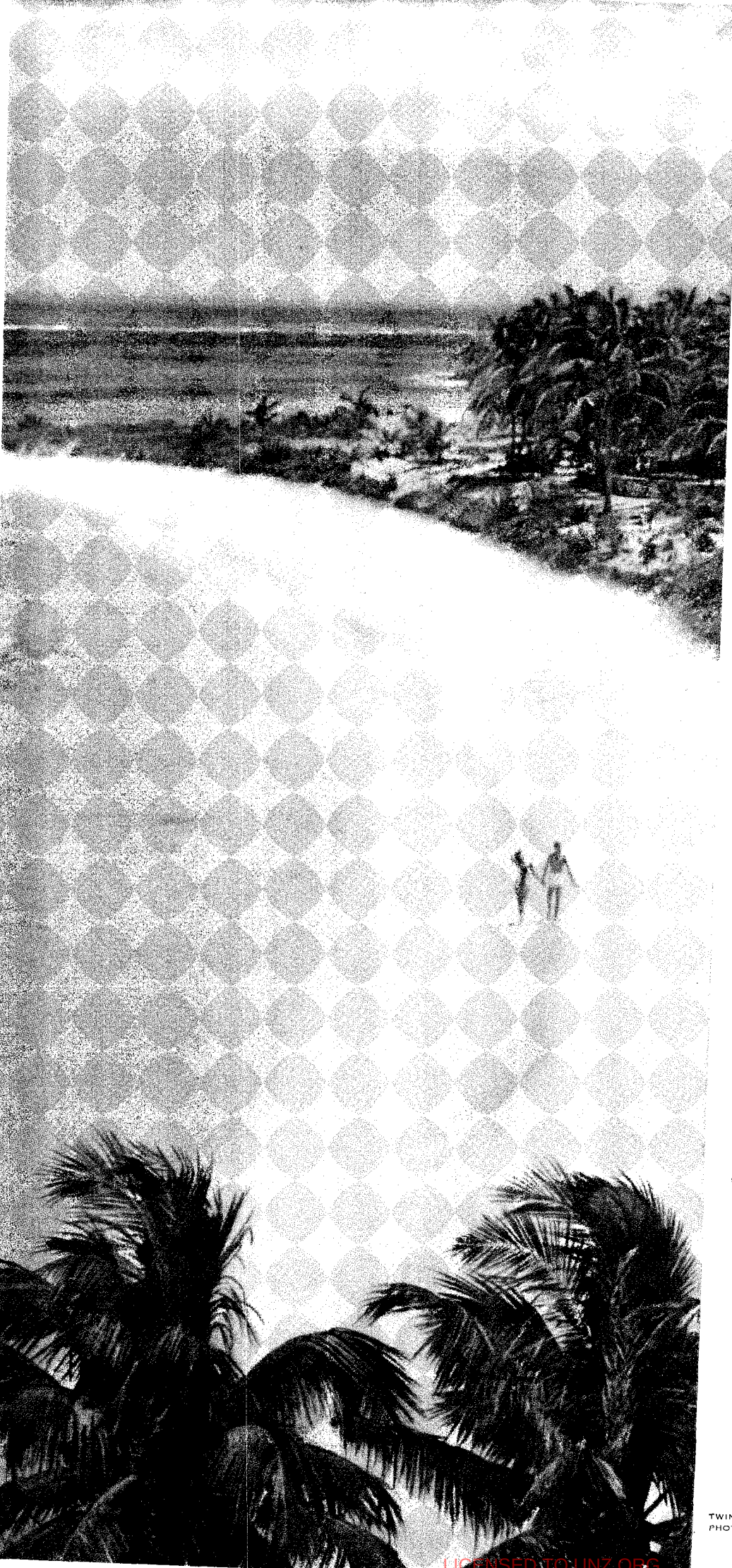
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different from the campaign to make modern art prevail. In his struggle there can be no steady advance; the rising prestige of the tradition of the new merely confronts him with new problems, new obstacles. While an institutional buffer and a devoted audience now intervene between original works and the grosser forms of public contempt, ridicule, ignorance, and libel, the intellectual and psychological estrangement of the artist has not been materially reduced; it may even have grown deeper. What is lacking in Armory '63 is precisely this pathos of the artist that was visible in "the rowdy occasion" of fifty years ago.

Also absent are the troubled thoughts of the original exhibitors concerning art in our time—the doubts that have continued to oppress artists of this century and that have been responsible for many of their innovations. The Vanguard Audience that sprang from the Show and was empowered by it is impeccably radical; it is prepared for change in any tempo, it is infinitely impatient, its appetite for novelty outstrips the capacity of art to satisfy it. The problem of the Armory Show organizers—that of bringing the new out of the shadows—is not the problem of art in 1963. It is no longer necessary to uphold the new as a banner. Today, the Vanguard Audience itself is a major problem of art.

—HAROLD ROSENBERG

CLEAR DAYS IN PATERSON, N. J.

[From *Variety*]

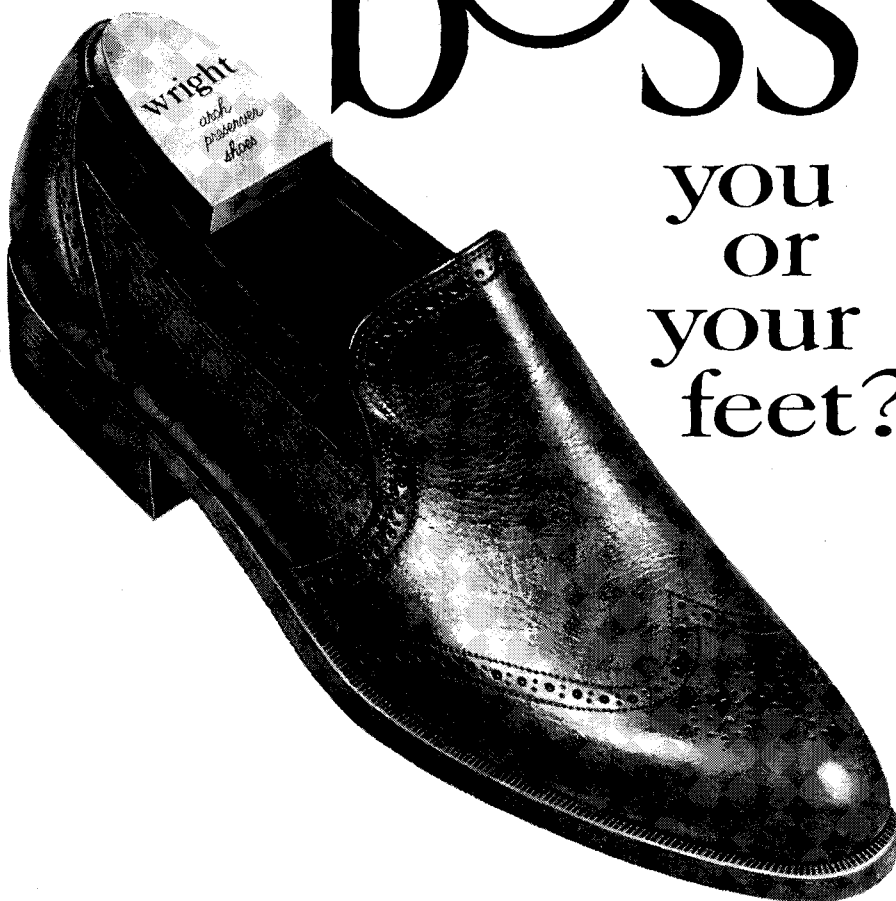
Herb Gardner is a playwright who spares no effort to keep the royalties coming in. As part of the radio advertising campaign for his Broadway comedy, "A Thousand Clowns," he has written copy for seven commercials, and has recorded them himself.

The commercials, in comedy vein, include two in the accent of a Viennese psychoanalyst, one in the inarticulate tenor of a beatnik, one in the polished drawl of an East Hamptonite, one a burlesque of a German spy, one a takeoff on a Broadway agent and one an imitation of an announcer fluffing a "Clowns" blurb. All the blurbs were accepted by New York radio stations WNBC and WNEW, but five were turned down by station WPAT, Paterson, N.J.

Arthur Cantor, pressagent and co-producer of "Clowns," was informed by WPAT time-seller Don McGuire that foreign accents were taboo. The station rep explained, "we always get complaints from our type of audience." That eliminated the Viennese and German dialects. The Easthampton entry was scrapped because the station felt it might be offensive to the "upper classes" and the beatnik bit was rejected on the general charge that it "might be offensive to our audience."

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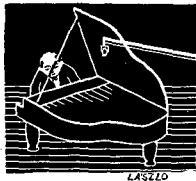


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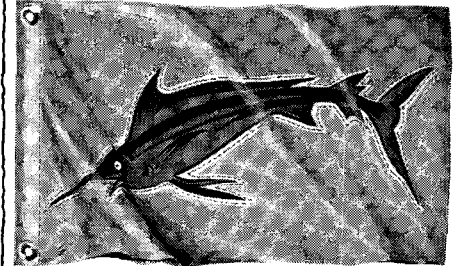
Plainclothes



THE current practice of producing opera in concert form, with the heroines and heroes wearing evening gowns and tails, and with the orchestra occupying one side of the stage, would probably have surprised the composers and audiences of the past. Even now, these spectacles may strike one as something like the Japanese *no* drama, in that a good deal is taking place on the stage that is comprehensible only to initiates. While the high cost of scenery and costumes, and of the services of the stagehands' union, has undoubtedly had something to do with the emergence of the phenomenon, another factor is the growing realization that the concert form offers a convenient method of putting on operas whose music is their only memorable feature or whose chances of a stand of more than a night or two are extremely slim—operas that will never get into what is called the "ham-and-eggs" repertory. Few casual operagoers realize just how extensive the literature of opera is—how many good, bad, and problematical operas lie unperformed on library shelves. These objects of neglect must run into the tens of thousands, and among them, naturally, there must be a good many forgotten masterpieces. For them, the concert-opera production seems to offer the most practical means of revival, at least in New York, and in this way, over the past ten years or so, we have come to know a fair number of works of surprising quality that otherwise would probably never have got a performance here at all. Much of the success of these revivals can, of course, be attributed to the nobility of the music, but much can also be attributed to the ingenuity of their plainclothes staging, and here, it seems to me, the American Opera Society has come out ahead of most of its rivals.

On Tuesday evening of last week, in Carnegie Hall, the Society put on Emmerich Kálmán's operetta "Gräfin Mariza." Even though this was hardly a formidable adventure in the musicology of resuscitation, the elegance of the musical performance, along with a really ingenious and highly tasteful handling of the staging, made for one of the most delightful evenings the Society has ever given us. For one thing, the production showed what to do with

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Viennese operetta—a likable genre in which beautiful tunes are almost invariably tacked onto hopelessly childlike plots. The solution the other night was to keep the tunes and eliminate the dialogue (which is anything but brilliant), relying instead on a narrator, who told the audience what was supposed to be going on, and who took an occasional sardonic swipe at the plot, and even at the elementary sets and costumes. Since the narrator was Walter Slezak—an accomplished comedian of the Viennese species—the narration of “Gräfin Mariza” became utterly hilarious, and one felt that one was being led through a museum of quaint and slightly dated objects by a guide who appreciated their beauty as well as their absurdity. For another thing, the music was in no way slighted in the course of this treatment. The conductor was Franz Allers, who may be regarded as the George Szell of operetta, and the cast was first-rate, with Hilde Gueden as the Countess, John Reardon as the dashing hero, Maria Teresa Carrillo as the hero’s beautiful sister, Anita Darian as the gypsy, and Ralph Herbert, who has long been one of the Metropolitan’s most gifted *farceurs*, as the unsuccessful suitor, Baron Zsupán. The chorus had been trained by the ubiquitous Margaret Hillis, who is among the most skilled and versatile functionaries of her sort—a sort that is almost never seen onstage but that has a crucial influence on what happens there. This performance was not, like the one of Lehár’s “Das Land des Lächelns” that I reported on a few weeks ago, a more or less faithful reproduction, designed for the innocent delectation of the inhabitants of Yorkville. It was a smartly edited and highly sophisticated affair, in which goulash was separated from genius and discarded, leaving only the best of Kálmán.

THE concert of the American Symphony Orchestra, under the baton of Leopold Stokowski, in Carnegie Hall on Thursday evening was another of those collaborations with the Fédération Internationale des Jeunes Musicales, which the Carnegie Hall Corporation is sponsoring, and which are beginning to turn up young artists of quite unusual abilities. I attended the one the other night in a spirit of expectation, and was not disappointed. A nineteen-year-old cellist named Lynn Harrell—a son of the late Mack Harrell, of the Metropolitan—played the familiar Boccherini Concerto in B Flat with a pleasing quality of tone and admirable accuracy of intonation, though he did not grasp the grand rhetorical aspect of the work,

and suddenly, you feel pretty

wrapped in the romance of

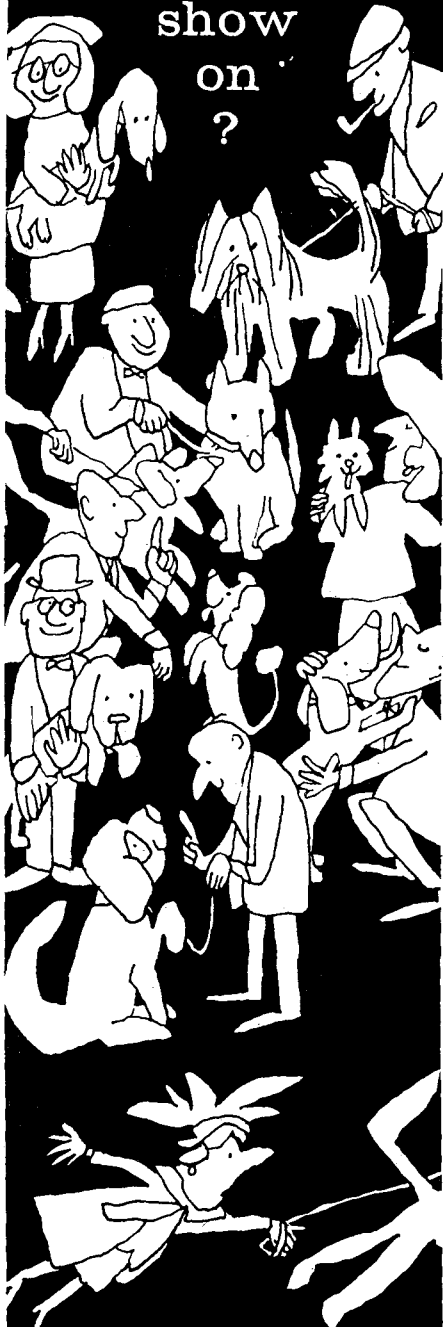
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and seemed a little timid. (If phonograph recordings were not generally taboo in the instruction of the young these days, I should suggest that he might get some pointers from the Casals recording of the concerto.) The other soloist of the evening was a twenty-five-year-old pianist named Ruth Laredo, who needs no advice from me. She played Mendelssohn's First Piano Concerto with a glittering technique, a strong left hand in the octave passages, and a remarkable degree of authority in matters of accent and phrasing. She is extremely talented, and we will undoubtedly hear more from her in the future.

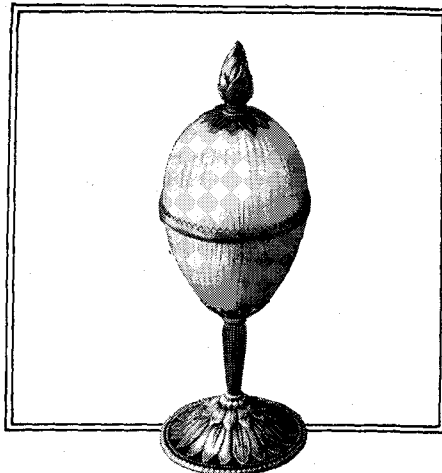
That evening, too, Mr. Stokowski presented the New York premiere of Alan Hovhaness's Fifteenth Symphony. Mr. Hovhaness, a New Englander of Armenian extraction, has always seemed to me an original—that is, a composer who owes nothing to any school or fashion but has devoted his life to the development of a highly personal style. The style is nearly always influenced by Near Eastern or Indian music, but it is never merely a matter of folklore. It is strongly rooted in Western music, too, and I might mention in passing that Mr. Hovhaness is one of the most accomplished masters of contrapuntal writing to be found anywhere today—as was obvious in the final movement of this composition. The literary allusions in the symphony—if that's what they are—are a mystery to me. It is called "Silver Pilgrimage," and its four movements have the successive titles "Mount Ravana," "Marava Princess," "River of Meditation," and "Heroic Gates of Peace." However, it was not difficult to see that Mr. Hovhaness was bent on conveying certain moods connected with landscape and Oriental contemplation. His orchestration proved, as always, to be highly individual and at the same time simple, and when the work was not contrapuntal, it consisted largely of almost unaccompanied melody constructed in unfamiliar scales. I found the symphony evocative in a rather mysterious way; certainly it is music of great sincerity. Mr. Stokowski conducted it with solicitude, and wound up the evening with Stravinsky's "Petrouchka"—that is to say, with a bang.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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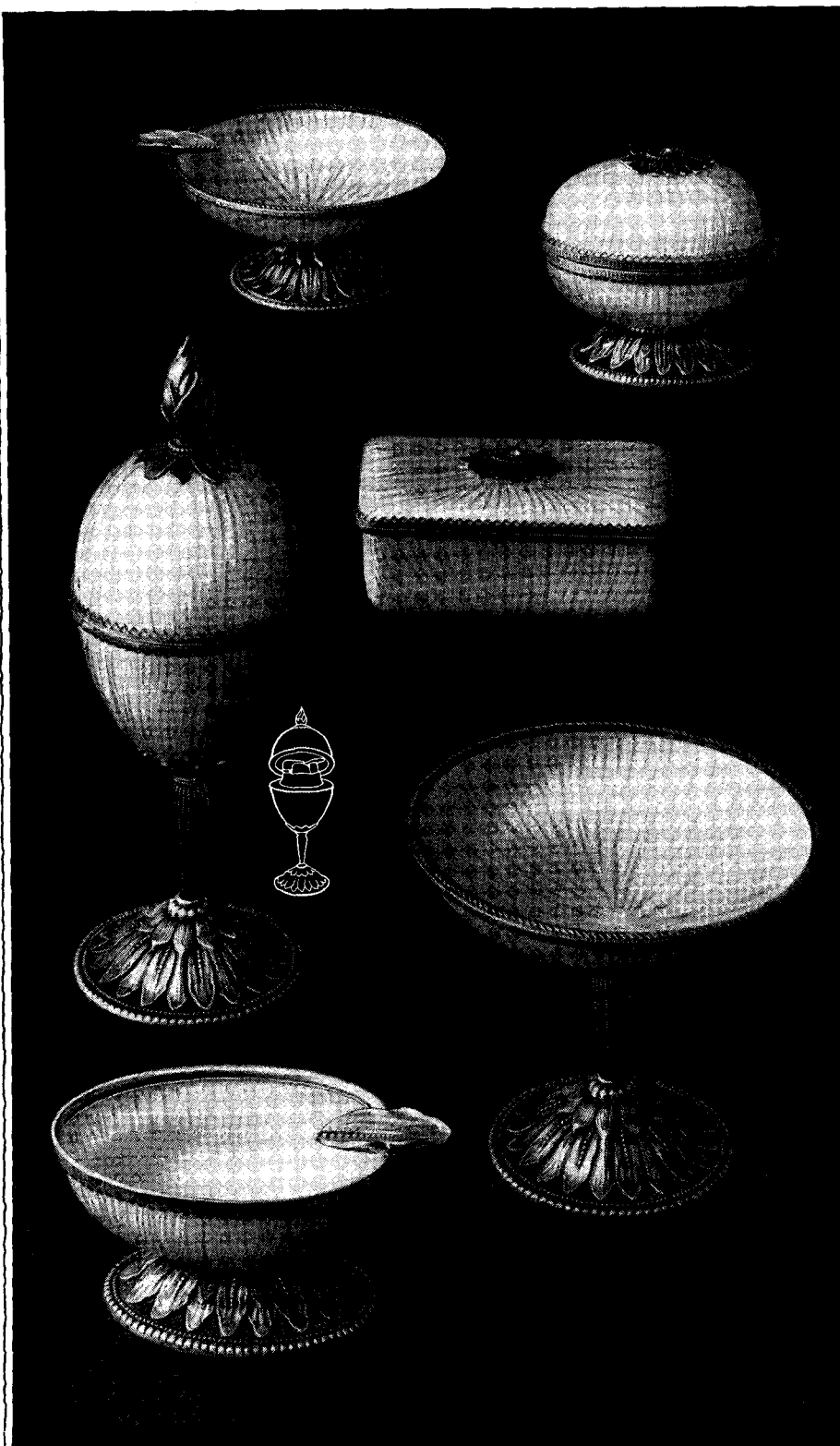


strumentalist, or singer is a loose copy, adaptation, or even mockery of a lesser-known and often pioneering big band, group, instrumentalist, or singer. (Jazz is often called "popular music." It isn't. Popular music is Frank Sinatra and Doris Day, vocal groups, dance bands, hotel bands, and rock and roll. Some of these are remotely related to jazz, some are not.) Popularized jazz is more popular than jazz but not as popular as popular music. There are a good many jazz popularizers. Here are some of them—the originals on the left, their adapters on the right:

Fletcher Henderson=Benny Goodman
 Chick Webb and Sidney Catlett=Gene Krupa and Buddy Rich
 Jimmy Lunceford=Stan Kenton
 Billie Holiday=Anita O'Day and June Christy
 Lester Young=Stan Getz
 Albert Ammons, Meade Lux Lewis, and Pete Johnson=Freddie Slack
 Bix Beiderbecke=Red Nichols and Bobby Hackett
 Art Tatum=Oscar Peterson and André Previn
 Charlie Parker=Cannonball Adderley
 Bud Powell=George Shearing

There are odd twists here. A few jazz pioneers have popularized themselves—that is, they have, because of wear and tear, perfected easily prepared, easily digested versions of their original selves. These include Louis Armstrong, whose many imitators, however, have never become popular; Ella Fitzgerald; Count Basie; and Erroll Garner, whose popular form—another odd twist—is identical with his original form. The most obvious difference between the pioneers and their adapters is racial. The Negro invents, the white man borrows. Duke Ellington still struggles while Benny Goodman retires. The other differences are subtler. The popularizers tend to be better technicians and steadier performers (read: mechanical). At the same time, they are less inventive, less high-minded about their work, more ostentatious, and, perhaps because they are borrowers, less sure of themselves. A few of these popularizers have come extremely close to equalling their models. One of them is the celebrated Stan Getz, the thirty-six-year-old tenor saxophonist from Philadelphia.

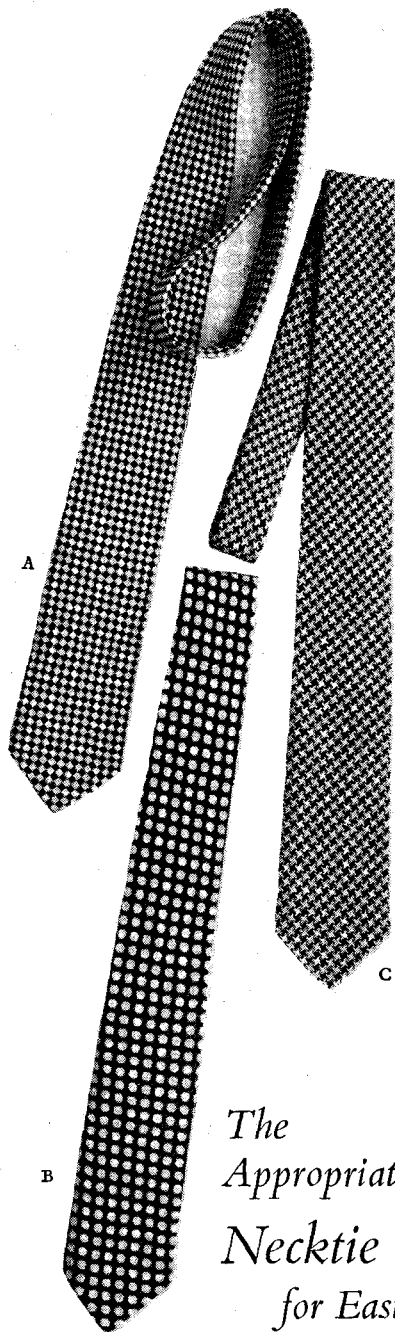
Getz is the poll winners' poll winner. He won the *Metronome* poll eleven years in a row and would probably still be winning if the magazine hadn't gone out of business. He won the *Down Beat* readers' poll eleven times and its critics' poll six times. He topped the *Playboy's* All Stars' All Stars. And yet Getz will always be several notches beneath his



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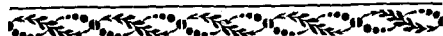
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chief model, Lester Young, who pulled down just two *Esquire* polls, one *Down Beat* readers' poll, and a posthumous election to *Down Beat's* Hall of Fame. Continuous poll winners breed admirers, and Getz's are legion and often interchangeable. Some of them are Zoot Sims, Allen Eager, Brew Moore, Herbie Steward, Al Cohn, Dick Hafer, and Bill Perkins. Lester Young, late in life, was therefore in the lamentable position of being unable to turn around without hearing a Getz-filtered facsimile of himself, and the less knowledgeable among his audiences frequently mistook him for just another Getz admirer. But if Getz popularized Young, he only borrowed a dab of this and that from Charlie Parker, who was also trampled by admirers.

Getz looks like a country boy. He is of medium build, with the bland, homogeneous handsomeness that belongs with plenty of milk and regular sleep. Like many other white musicians, he shows the strain of trying to keep up with the Joneses when he plays. He clamps his eyes shut, contorts his face, stoops and stands up, stoops and stands up. His style is romantic, and this makes him an alien in jazz, where softness and sentiment have little honor. His tone is a moist, primed version of Lester Young's, which was dry and nasal. It is, at first, a lovely tone, the kind of tone one would want to go home to. But after repeated hearings one notices a whining quality, a note of self-pity. Coleman Hawkins and Ben Webster, by comparison, are dark, tough, and intense; they are affecting because they express what they feel, not what they think they ought to feel. Getz's tone is at the mercy of his romanticism, which is a yearning after those blues emotions natural to Webster, Hawkins, and Young. In a slow blues or a ballad, he exhibits all the paraphernalia jazz musicians use to convey emotion. He grows husky, he plays blue notes, he goes soft and sinuous, and he preaches. But his effects come through as quavery and genteel and falsetto, particularly when he ascends into the upper register, which he does frequently in heated moments. The exterior is flawless, but the guts are missing. This emotional anemia is to an extent disguised, for Getz is a formidable technician. In fast tempos, he uses many-noted lines that gallop around the scale (and sometimes off it), short, peremptory riffs, a trim vibrato, complex staccato intervals, and down-low honks. He becomes liquid, and he hounds the beat—until, that is, he runs out of patterns, when he slips

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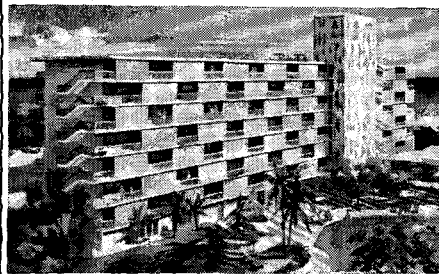
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behind the beat into a legato refuelling passage. But many of these thousands of notes, though well chosen, accented, and joined, mean nothing; they are merely excited and compulsive. (Getz made an absorbing record five or six years ago with Dizzy Gillespie; on it, he is largely rhetorical, while Gillespie is witty, precise, and passionate.) Getz approaches fulfillment in slow ballads. He has an unmistakable gift for inventing sweet and graceful melodies, which, though stated fulsomely, are original. These lyric flights, however, do not wear well. One or two close hearings do them justice; after that they grow transparent. Indeed, it is possible to listen to a familiar Getz solo without *hearing* it.

GETZ's career has been divided between being a sideman in big bands (the forties) and the leader of small groups (the fifties, the sixties), both here and in Scandinavia. In 1957, though, he toured with a black-tie Jazz at the Philharmonic group that was recorded in action at the Chicago Opera House. Getz's portion of the concert, "Stan Getz and J. J. Johnson at the Opera House," has now been reissued by Verve (V-8490). It is well recorded, the crowd sounds are not objectionable, and, all in all, it is probably the best record Getz has made. (He has recorded prolifically, and at the moment is hip-deep in *bossa nova*. Some of his *bossa nova* efforts are best-sellers, and they may suitably shape him, after all these years, into a purely popular musician.) Oscar Peterson, Herb Ellis, Ray Brown, and Connie Kay accompany Getz and Johnson. There are two blues and four standards. "Billie's Bounce," a Charlie Parker blues, is in a medium-fast tempo, and is an excellent example of Paganini-Getz, who takes a dozen choruses, each more beared and hollow than the last. Getz is nearer his peak in the medium-tempo "My Funny Valentine," in which he controls his moony tendencies and displays a firmness of tone and an invention that come close to Ben Webster's. "Crazy Rhythm" is a very fast and predictable flag waver, and the slow "Yesterdays" is given over to Johnson. In "It Never Entered My Mind," Getz plays just one chorus, in an ad-lib tempo. It is a saintly demonstration of how to woo fragile embellishments from an even more fragile melody. "Blues in the Closet," which takes the tempo up again, is notable for Getz's tribute to Lester Young. Toward the end of a dozen choruses, he discards all pretense and plays a

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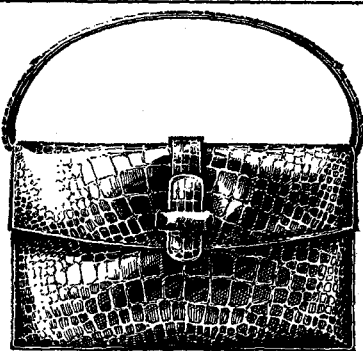
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couple of choruses straight from the Master's mouth. Johnson, whose style has much in common with Getz's, is at his best throughout, and the rhythm section, with Connie Kay in command and Oscar Peterson heard only as an accompanist, is first-rate.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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In this film, Rodion Slipj, the writer and producer, who is a perfectionist, has given us a totally different concept, from the opening at the Union Pacific Railroad through to the Rose Parade. Woven into this fabric, too, in an intriguing way, is the also absorbing story of that beautiful country, the Ukraine, from which Mr. Slipj originally came. This is not written in as a travelogue, or as a dull, uninteresting resume of its history. Bill Hodian, the star of this unusual movie, also originally came from the Ukraine, and, when one of the climaxes in his life comes up, we are thrilled with the masterly way he handles this by combining the resolving of the climax with a fascinating story of that fabulous country.

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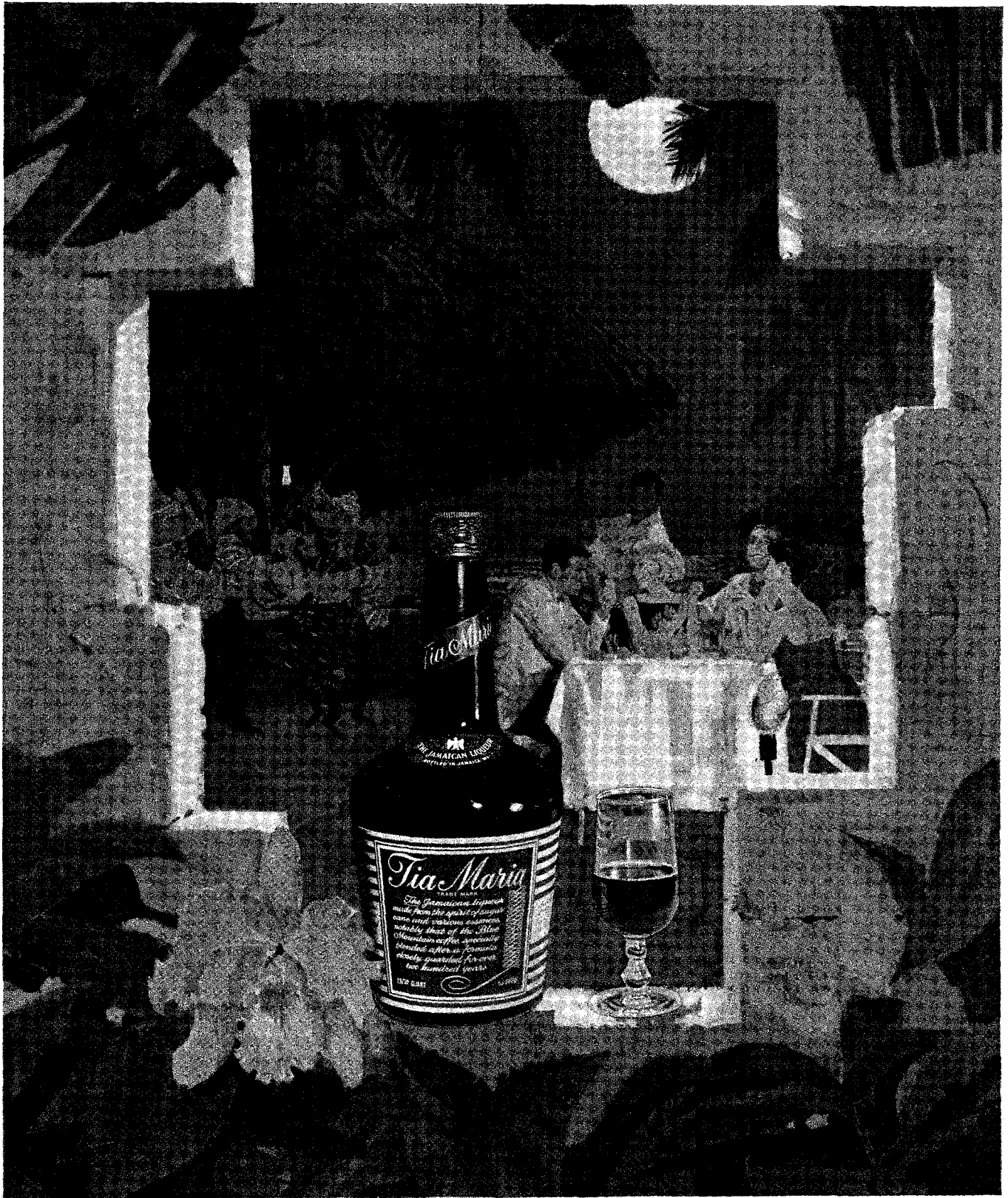
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A CITY OF SPEECH

THE house I live in, which is in the West Nineties, is the border, or outpost, on my street, between whites and Puerto Ricans. West of my wall, the Puerto Ricans begin. According to a lady who lives safely east of the border line and who comes out, whenever the winter sun does, to bask on her brownstone steps, my house is "a clean house—one of the last." She doesn't often chat with me, but when she does she always repeats this opinion, as if she had only just arrived at it; then, closing her eyes, she returns to her basking. She wears a reflector device that fits around her neck and has two tin wings that turn the sun against her cheeks. Even on cold days, when the Puerto Ricans down the street, wrapped up to their noses, rush to get indoors, the lady is out there, pale but brilliant between her shining wings.

About two months ago, on a Saturday, I went out—clattering shut the gate of my garden apartment but not quite rousing the woman on the steps—to shop on Columbus Avenue. I buy cigarettes there in a stationery store whose manager, a woman, tries to convert me to buying gum, and I usually stay to wrangle with her awhile before facing the cold again. That Saturday, however, she was busy with another man, explaining, in a pidgin English apparently as hard for her to invent as it was for him to understand, how much it costs to send an airmail letter to Puerto Rico. The rates had just changed. The man was confused. I know some Spanish and I explained the change. He bought his stamps, I paid for my cigarettes, and we walked out together.

Both of us, I think, felt the same pleasure in meeting each other, in talking. There is a strain, slight but perpetual, on those upper West Side streets, a strain that grows, partly, I suppose, because not even the usual small talk—about the weather, about the news—can be easily exchanged, partly because noise in a foreign language always sounds louder than it does in your own, and partly because poverty next door, or near, is frightening. Conversation seemed to relieve the strain in both of us. We were talking as if our meeting and our walking together were normal, natural. I was glad, too, to be speaking Spanish, having just come back from a year in Europe, a month of it in Spain, and when I mentioned that, he asked about my stay there. I told him about one city,

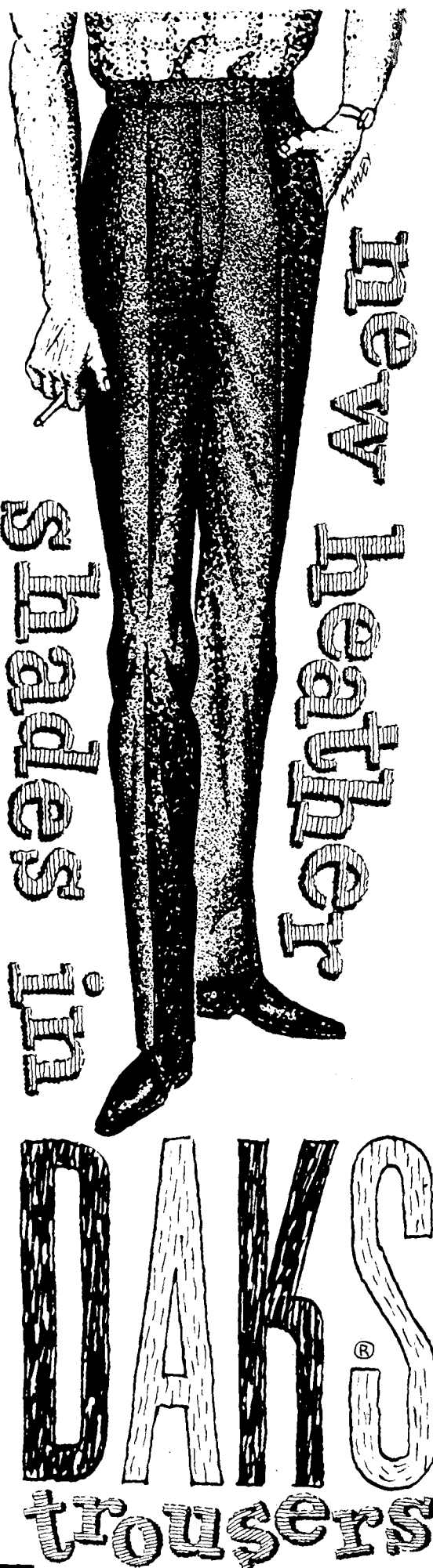
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up in the mountains west of Valencia, that I had come into at about nine o'clock one night. I had stepped off the bus and had heard, at once and all around, a sound I'd never heard in America. It was the sound of people talking and walking—the only sound there was. They were all out in the streets, thousands of people, walking up and down, talking, down one street and up another, in couples and groups of three or four, meeting and circling in the central square, then going on, as they did each night, to a restaurant or home, to have their supper at ten. The sound—conversation and footsteps—seemed the most civil in the world. Caught between the walls of houses, talk filled the city until it hummed.

We walked down Columbus Avenue. He told me that he came from near San Juan, in Puerto Rico, that he was a mechanical engineer with a diploma, jobless now, and that he liked New York, except for the cold and lack of work. He lived, it turned out, on the same street I did, two blocks west. At the corner where our ways parted, we exchanged addresses, agreeing that it would be nice to say hello again sometime. If I called, I would always be welcome, he said. The apartment was filled with family, but, he assured me, there was always room for visitors.

I put his address in my shirt pocket, where I can lose things if I'm not careful. A shirt pocket is an excellent place to store good intentions, but I wasn't careful and lost the slip of paper he had handed me. Knowing that now I wouldn't be able to look him up, I felt a bit relieved and was convinced, somehow, that now he wouldn't find me, either. Though I still recalled that dreamlike city of speech, I soon forgot the person I had told about it.

LAST week, I came home late at night and was met in the corridor by the woman who has the front basement apartment in my house. Her head glittered with curlers. She was excited and nervous. "There was a man at the door," she said. "There was a strange man at the door tonight. He buzzed your apartment and then mine. I went out to the entrance, but I didn't open the gate. Not at ten o'clock, I didn't. 'Who do you want?' I said. He was in a leather jacket. Oh, I was scared! It was dark out there. He didn't say much—just he wanted to talk to the man in the apartment. 'What apartment?' I said. 'Why'd you ring my apartment?' And I said, 'Who do you want to see? What's his name?' He

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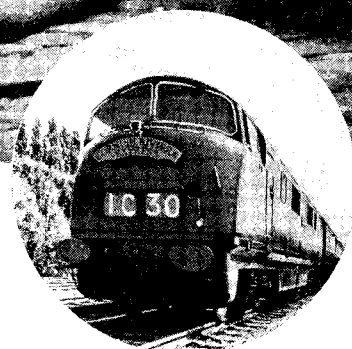


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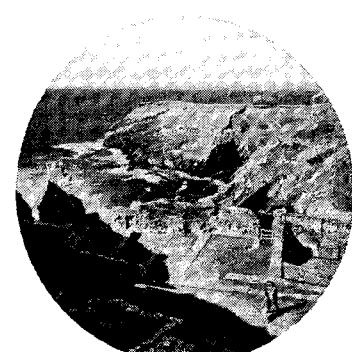
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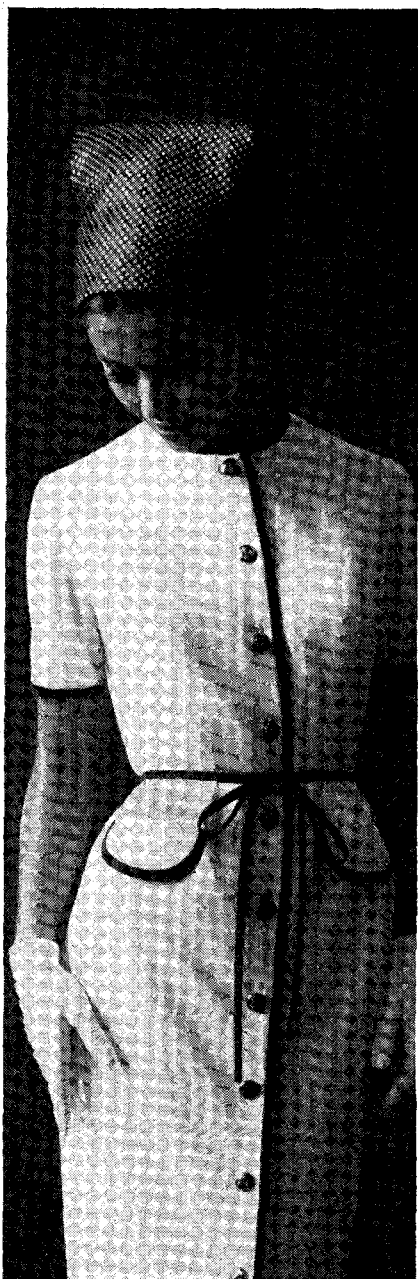


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looked at a piece of paper, but he didn't say anything. He didn't even know who he wanted to see! Then he left this paper. Here. I certainly didn't want to open it up. I don't read Spanish anyway. Oh, I don't like those people coming around at night!"

She went back into her apartment. I unfolded the slip of paper. There was my name and address, somewhat blurred, that I had given the Puerto Rican two months before. Beneath, he had written his name and, in a flourishing hand, "¡Hello!" —JON SWAN

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DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[From the *Allendale (S.C.) County Citizen*]

A few weeks ago it was noted on this editorial page, that by "managing" the news the administration was denying itself the benefits that can come to any government that makes its policy decisions against a background of popular opinion. In a talk to some newspapermen last Saturday this thought was borne out by Governor Donald S. Russell. He told of circumstances, which came to light after the war, in Nazi Germany. Here the powers that were, having cut themselves off from the people and from popular opinion, were unable to correct the mistakes they made and which in the end, discredited the regime.

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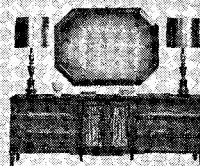
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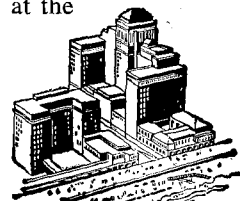


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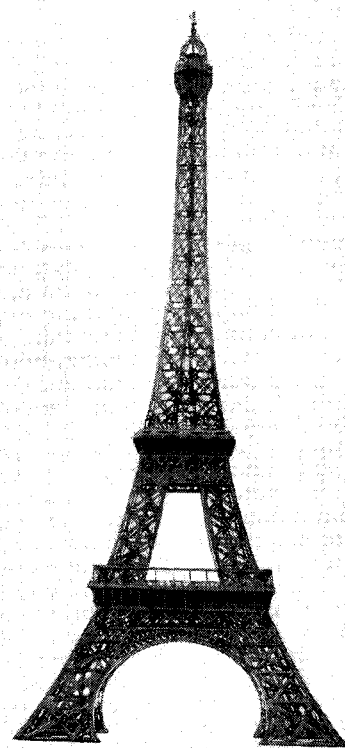
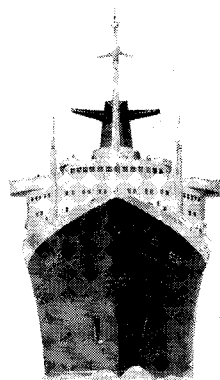
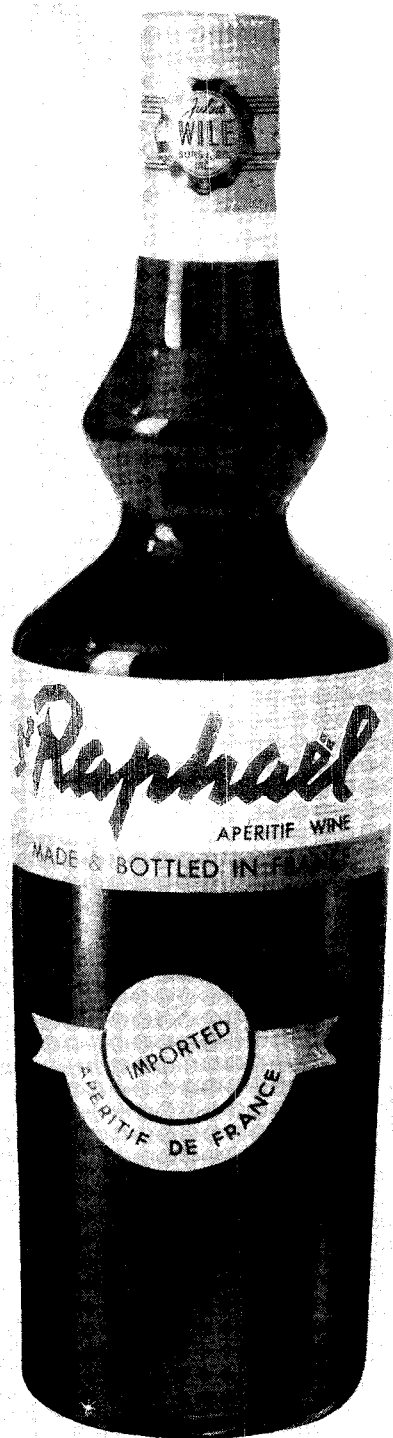
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THE IMMINENCE OF A NATION

FOR the past few years, the calmest and perhaps the happiest nation in Southeast Asia has been the Federation of Malaya—a fifty-thousand-square-mile tropical peninsula between the South China Sea and the Strait of Malacca—which, having received its independence from Britain in 1957 and having quashed a Communist rebellion in 1960, today has a stable government, run by Malays; a rich economy, run mostly by Chinese, British, and Indians; and, relative-

ly, at least, a tranquil interracial atmosphere. One might think that in these circumstances Malaya would let well enough alone. On the contrary. The Federation is about to expand, and although, unlike certain other attempts at expansion in that part of the world, this one is to be scrupulously legal and peaceful, it has been running into all kinds of trouble. Nevertheless, barring some highly improbable catastrophe, at the end of next August the Federation of Malaya will formally absorb four additional territories—the city-state of Singapore, an island at the foot of the Malay Peninsula, which is still subject to some supervision by Britain, the British crown colonies of Sarawak and North Borneo, and the British protectorate of Brunei, all three of them on the island of Borneo. It will then become a new nation—the Federation of Malaysia. Geographically speaking, Malaysia is an archipelago, including the Philippines and Indonesia and other island clusters, and not including, ironically, the Malay Peninsula itself. The irony is heightened by the fact that the Philippines and Indonesia, for different reasons, disapprove of the present concept of Malaysia and have been directing harsh words toward its sponsors. This is part of the trouble that the future Malaysia has been running into, and another part is that each of the four new territories is in its own peculiar stage of colonial development; all of them have, in the main, common racial and economic problems, but they also have many differences, including some that are economic and racial and some



that are political and social. Furthermore, the three Bornean components of the new Federation, which share Borneo with the Indonesian region of Kalimantan, sometimes known as Indonesian Borneo, are separated from Malaya by five hundred miles of water, so that Malaysia will be a not very tidy crescent, measuring thirteen hundred miles from end to end. All in all, Malaya may be biting off more than it can comfortably digest; not even the most optimistic spokesmen in its capital of Kuala Lumpur—and these include the Prime Minister, Tunku (or Prince) Abdul Rahman—believe that it will be easy to create a new nation. However, Malaysians who like to think of themselves as already being Malaysians point out that it wasn't easy to bring together the thirteen colonies of the United States, either, or to add new states and territories over the years. The consolidation of Malaysia will be a lot different from the consolidation of the United States, these future Malaysians admit—its states will have plenty of states' rights that our states don't have, for instance—but all the same, they say, they feel a special kinship with Americans these days, and they are pleased that President Kennedy, several weeks ago, gave the future nation his official blessing, although somewhat less pleased that a Congressional committee has recommended that the United States avoid any "direct involvement in [Malaysia's] political complications."

In certain respects, the creation of Malaysia represents the re-creation of one part of a group of old Islamic em-

pires, which, at one time or another, extended from the shores of the Mediterranean to the islands of Southeast Asia, and there has been talk of the eventual formation of an even larger Malaysia, which would include Indonesia and the Philippines. At the moment, this is anything but a realistic notion, for although both countries have shown some interest in the idea, each would like to run the imaginary country in its own way. Malaya's decision to go ahead right now with its more mod-

est version of Malaysia was made for reasons of pragmatism and power politics, having to do principally with the problem of Singapore, which is the fifth-largest port in the world, and has a population of 1,700,000—three-fourths of it Chinese, who have for a number of years been subject to strong Communist pressures. Back in 1957, the British decided that by the end of 1963 Singapore would become an independent state, but they let it be known that they hoped the port would become part of Malaya, and subsequently Singapore's moderate Socialist Prime Minister, Lee Kuan Yew, came to agree with them. For years, though, the Tunku was reluctant; he didn't want to take in a territory containing so many more Chinese than Malays, especially Chinese of a radical persuasion. However, in May, 1961, when it looked as if Lee and his party might give way to a Communist-controlled government, the Tunku made a historic speech reversing his stand. He not only proposed that Singapore become part of the Federation but went a step further, suggesting that the Borneo states, which have a sizable Malay population and a more generally tractable set of Chinese, come in at the same time, even though in many ways they were not ready for de-colonization, let alone incorporation into a new entity their people could scarcely comprehend.

Since the Tunku's speech, events have moved swiftly and sometimes surprisingly. In August, 1961, the Tunku and Lee issued a White Paper setting forth the broad terms under which

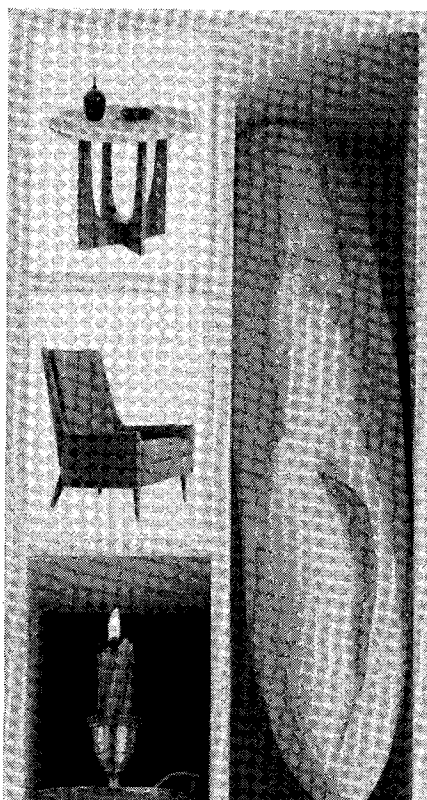


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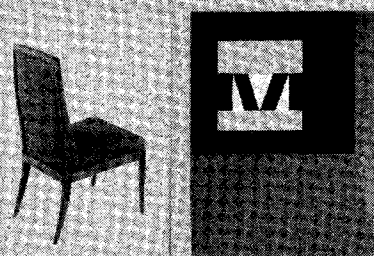
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Singapore would join the Federation. Then, last July, the British gave what amounted to a go-ahead on the Tunku's concept of Malaysia—Borneo territories and all. Finally, in September, the people of Singapore voted overwhelmingly to join the Federation under a special arrangement devised by Lee Kuan Yew, with the Tunku's approval. This provides that Singapore will continue to have its own Prime Minister and Cabinet, and will maintain essential control over its revenue as a port and entrepôt; that it will be autonomous in respect to educational and labor matters; and that it will pay the price for all that autonomy by having only fifteen seats in the federal parliament, instead of the twenty-five to which it would be entitled on the basis of its population. Meanwhile, Borneo was turning out to be more of a problem than anyone had expected, partly because last spring the Philippines revived a long-forgotten territorial claim to North Borneo, and partly because last fall the Indonesians announced that they regarded the formation of Malaysia, under Malayan and British auspices, as "a neo-colonial trick" that would "encircle us with enemies." A year ago, moreover, a British commission, looking into the views of individual Sarawakians and North Borneans about Malaysia, found not only a great deal of trepidation and confusion but—in Sarawak, at least—outright opposition from a strong minority, led partly by Communists. In both territories, even those of the inhabitants who were willing to go along with the plan insisted on "safeguards" for the maintenance of some rights in racial, religious, linguistic, economic, and political matters, so during the last few months representatives of the two colonies have been going over final details of these safeguards with Malayan officials. As for Brunei, it has a sultan, with the right to decide for himself under what conditions his land will join Malaysia, and he and the Tunku have been talking, too, but Brunei's situation is complicated by a strong leftist political party, which is bitterly opposed to Malaysia. Last December, members of this party staged an armed revolt, which the British had to put down by force, and since then the Indonesian government has given the rebel movement its "unreserved support" and has declared its readiness to let Indonesian "volunteers" help the surviving rebels, who are hiding out in the jungle areas of British Borneo or else have fled to Indonesian Borneo. Altogether, the Borneo situation has turned out to be a chaotic one, even though the negotiations at the top



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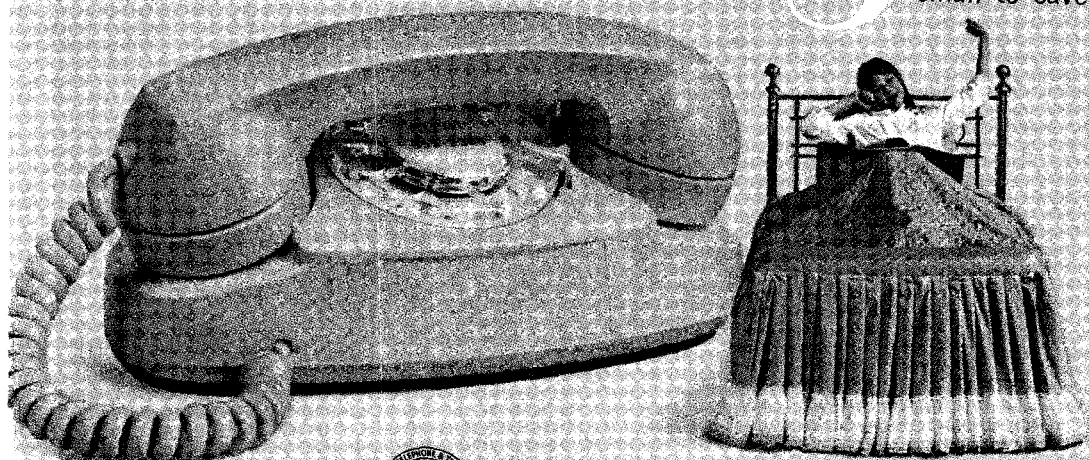
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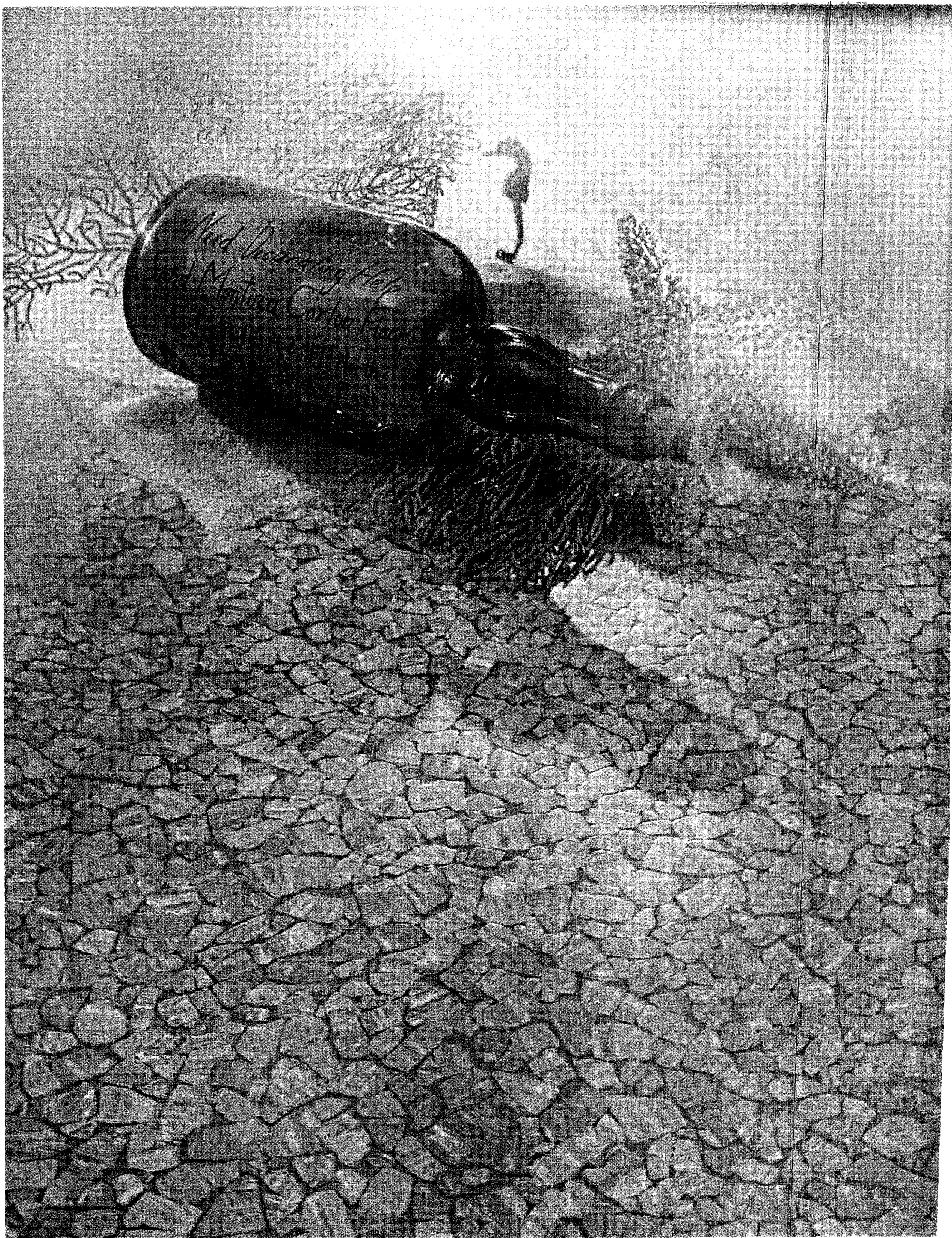
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are being successfully terminated. After the negotiations are completed, and the British have given their approval to the final blueprint for Malaysia, there will be a so-called transition period for the Borneo areas—a span of from three to five years in which the Malaysians will be called on to make good on many promises, including financial aid to Sarawak and North Borneo. (Brunei is rich in oil, and if the Malaysians agree to give it some financial autonomy, it will help support the economic development of Malaysia.) During the transition period, which may begin any day now, even before the actual transfer of sovereignty, in August, a number of government functions will continue to be handled by the old colonial administrations in Sarawak and North Borneo, no doubt with some of the old British experts helping out.

NOT long ago, wanting to see for myself the varied assortment of regions and peoples that are to make up the Federation of Malaysia, I visited all five of the component areas. My starting point was Kuala Lumpur, where I had spent some time eleven years earlier. Its transformation astonished me. On my previous visit, it had been a sleepy colonial city, and now it was booming, perhaps more conspicuously than any other community in Southeast Asia. Its population had doubled, and now stood at some four hundred thousand. And not only had it grown but it had managed to do so with taste and imagination. While retaining much of its Moslem flavor (minarets and turrets) and also much of its British flavor (clubs and soccer and cricket fields), the city has added a new element with the construction of a number of handsome skyscrapers and of a complex of government buildings in a lovely landscaped park. A new national museum, new indoor and outdoor stadiums, and several new hotels have gone up, and so many more buildings are either under way or in prospect that there is a perpetual shortage of cement and construction workers. Seven miles west of the capital is a new satellite city, Petaling Jaya, which the government started building five years ago to attract new industries, and which already has a population of thirty thousand.

The boom in Kuala Lumpur has given rise to certain problems. One, inevitably, is traffic, which not only is heavy but is badly impeded by streetside stalls and peripatetic hawkers. Another is squatters—fifty thousand of them,



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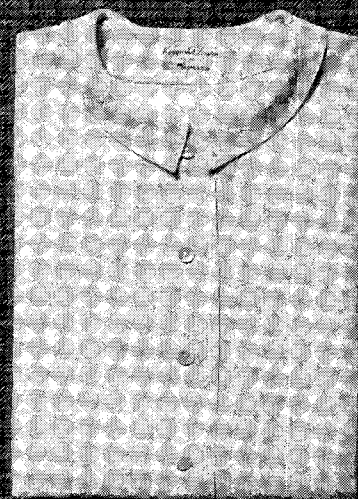
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living in shacks around the center of the city. Many of them have been there for years—since the Japanese or, later, the Communists drove or scared them out of their homes in the countryside—while others have come recently, in the hope of making a better living, and have bought shacks from fly-by-night contractors at high prices; the government is trying to persuade the squatters to move into low-cost government housing projects away from the middle of town, and the situation should be under control within a year or so. A third, and more serious, problem is crime. What with holdups, robberies, and kidnappings—most of them carried out by gangs or by the remnants of Chinese secret societies—many people are afraid to go out alone after dark. The city's police force, which could use more men, is doing its best to cope with the crime wave, and so, in its way, is the Federal Anti-Corruption Agency, established in 1959 to watch over the morals of the population in general and of public servants in particular. The question of morality is an intricate one in Malaya, for the Malays are either practicing or non-practicing Moslems, the Indians are mostly Hindus or Sikhs, and the Chinese, if they profess any religion at all, which most of them do not, are Buddhists or followers of Confucius.

In any case, government law coexists with the *shariah*, or Moslem law, enforced by special courts, which have jurisdiction over Moslems who commit religious offenses, and which employ their own police spies, or "vice inspectors"—men who, for a wage of fifteen dollars a month, concentrate partly on finding unmarried couples in a state of *khalwat*, or "close proximity." Even in its most innocent manifestation—hand-holding—*khalwat* may be punished by two months in jail or a fine of two hundred dollars. In recent years, the press had been covering court cases of *khalwat* with so much enthusiasm that, last September, Parliament passed a bill curtailing the reporting of criminal proceedings that are "indecent to reasonable men;" not unexpectedly, liberals protested that what might seem indecent to a reasonable Moslem might not seem indecent to a reasonable Chinese or a reasonable Indian, and that the bill violated the principle of a free press, but it is now in force, and so far the press has adhered to it. It was the perfervid Moslem members of Parliament who pushed through the bill, but the more moderate, though staunchly conservative, federal government has itself taken no official stand on *khalwat*, and by simply ignoring it the Tunku, who is a religious

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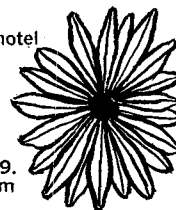
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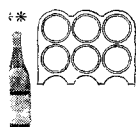
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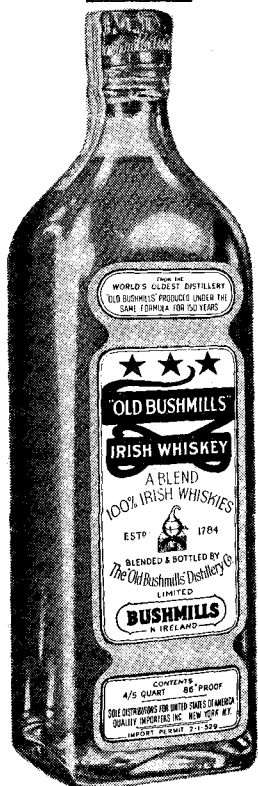
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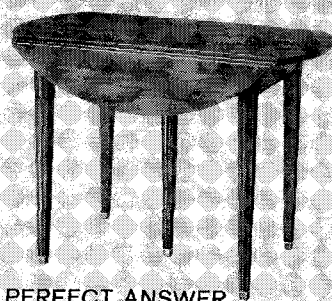
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man but no fanatic (he enjoys a drink, for instance, although drinking is forbidden by Moslem law), hopes to keep the question from becoming a national issue.

The Tunku's lack of fanaticism is reflected in his general approach to the problems of a multi-racial society, as I discovered in the course of a talk I had with him. I went to see him at his office, in a rambling mansion on top of a hill near the center of the city, and I found him to be as benevolent and gentle as I had been led to expect. A fairly tall and solidly built man of sixty, he was wearing a sarong and a loose shirtlike garment called a *baju*, and as he talked, in a soft and persuasive voice, he smiled often. "To emphasize the need for loyalty to this country and to be fair to all, these are our aims," he told me, in good English. "We've been fortunate in that there has been a great deal of tolerance in Malaya, and very few communal clashes, as in India. The Malays are not ambitious and mostly want to be left in peace. They choose their government leaders and follow them, and the Chinese are the leaders in business. Each group is content with that." On the whole, the Tunku's program of racial adjustment has been working out successfully—he himself has an adopted Chinese daughter—but with the formation of Malaysia the problem is bound to become more complicated. Malaya has a population of approximately seven million, of which fifty per cent is Malay, thirty-seven per cent Chinese, and the rest mostly Indian and Pakistani. Malaysia will have just under ten million—forty-two per cent Malay, forty per cent Chinese, ten per cent Indian and Pakistani, and the rest mostly members of Borneo's indigenous races. Many of the indigenous Borneans and some of the Chinese, both there and, to a lesser extent, in Singapore, have expressed their own fears of a "new, Malay colonialism." While I was in Kuala Lumpur, a European diplomat who has been in the city for several years summed up for me the racial hazards inherent in Malaysia. "Of course, it makes more sense to put states together than to divide them," he said. "But when you have an odd amalgam like this, with Malay aristocrats and Chinese plutocrats on top, a scarcely defined middle class, and Chinese and Malay lower classes that really don't even know each other, and when you add the Borneo indigenous groups, which have hardly begun to emerge into the twentieth century, you naturally have to keep your fingers crossed. Everywhere racial

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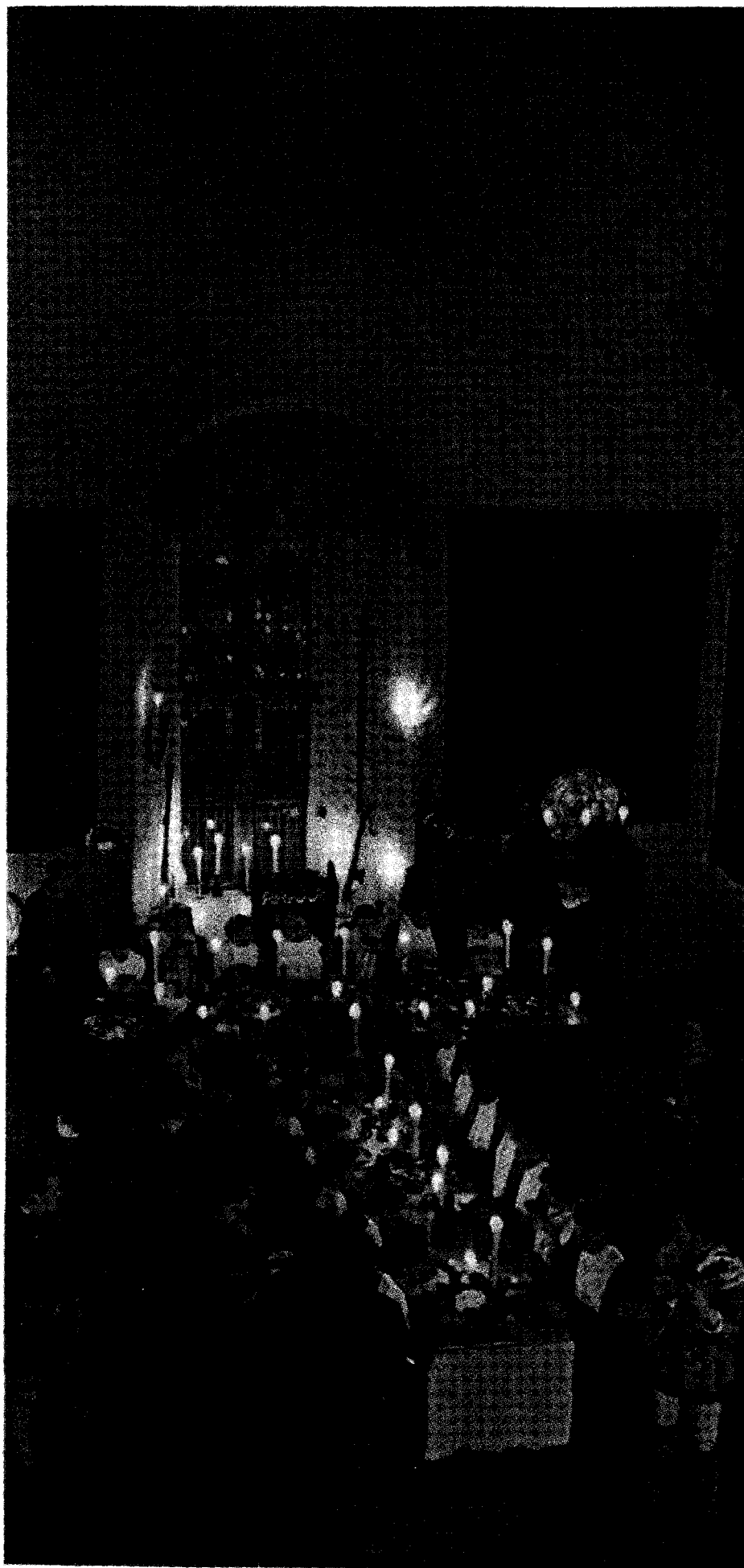
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frictions are just below the surface, and this is something that the Communists are very much aware of. Even though the Communists, generally speaking, are now playing a waiting game, don't expect them to neglect their opportunities. To put Malaysia across will take not only tact and patience but firmness and toughness, and that's a hard combination to achieve. The Tunku is a remarkable man. He has practically no nerves, and I've never seen him tense. By his very presence—thanks to his self-confidence, and to his love of life and of people—he gets across to all races and wins their respect. The Deputy Prime Minister, Tun Abdul Razak, who is his heir apparent, is a fine administrator—a better one than the Tunku, actually—and he is playing a vital role in the organization of the Borneo territories, but he is not in touch with people the way the Tunku is, and his relationship to the Chinese, especially, has not been nearly as successful as the Tunku's. A great deal will depend on whether the Chinese are willing to consider Malaysia their real home, and give up their political and emotional attachment to China, and on whether the Malays can rule without oppressing."

One of the vital issues in Malaya, and in what is to become Malaysia, is language. Right now, English is the language most commonly used in Malayan big business and big government, but, prodded by the more extremist Malay elements, the Tunku has agreed that Malay will eventually become the "official tongue." Typically, though, he has adopted a policy of moderation. "We can't really impose a language," he told me. "These things have to develop slowly. English will certainly always be our second language, though if we stress that too much, people won't take their Malay lessons seriously." The process of "Malayanization," of which language is such an important part, has also affected the structure of Chinese education. Ninety per cent of the Chinese students in Malaya attend Chinese-run schools, and until a couple of years ago the curriculum of these schools, including their language and history courses, was narrowly Chinese. Then the government began insisting that the Chinese schools teach the Malay language and at least some Malayan history, and its methods of persuasion have been effective; for one thing, all national examinations, including those for entering government service, are now given in Malay, and, for another, Chinese schools that won't teach Malay simply do not receive federal subsidies. As a result, out of the sixty-odd major Chinese secondary

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schools in the Federation, all but three or four have come around; the Chinese, for the most part, are pliable, and those who aren't are dealt with firmly. (One Chinese teacher who fought the new regulations was deprived of his citizenship.) When the Tunku agreed to let Singapore handle its own educational program, it was an indication that he was more than happy to avoid tangling with the problem there. Sooner or later, though, young Chinese graduates from Singapore will come to Kuala Lumpur looking for jobs, and it is hard to predict how much friction they will cause.

Malaya's economy, which is strongly based on rubber and tin, has its eccentricities. Indians do most of the tapping of rubber trees on the large plantations, which the British and Chinese mostly own; poor Chinese mine the tin, and British and rich Chinese own the mines. The Malays, for the most part, grow rice and a few other crops, and tap a small number of trees of their own, although some of them work on the large rubber plantations. Three-quarters of Malaya is undeveloped, much of it being thick jungle, and the other quarter abounds in kampongs, or villages, whose inhabitants are as remote from the urban life of Kuala Lumpur as if they were living on another planet. Some of the kampongs are still invaded occasionally by rogue elephants and man-eating tigers, and the kampong dwellers, though most of them are Moslems, at least in name, are still under the influence of medicine men, called *bomohs*, who dispense water from "magic wells" to cure illnesses, and who concoct love potions from the petals of flowers. If this whole economic and social setup shows some sort of imbalance, the government is trying to set matters right; for some time now it has had what is widely held to be Southeast Asia's best economic-development plan, involving both public and private spending, and centering primarily on rural progress. The program, which is designed, among other things, to stop the drift of country people into the towns, is many-sided. To start with, there is reclamation. On the outskirts of existing plantations and kampongs, and in pure jungle areas, the government tests soil, clears the land, and distributes it free to farmers. In some areas, this involves creating new kampongs, to be occupied by four or five hundred families, each of which receives ten acres, and in others it involves increasing the size of the existing land-holdings from two acres, say, to ten. In addition to the land, the government provides roads, schools, telephone lines, and electrical networks, and it also

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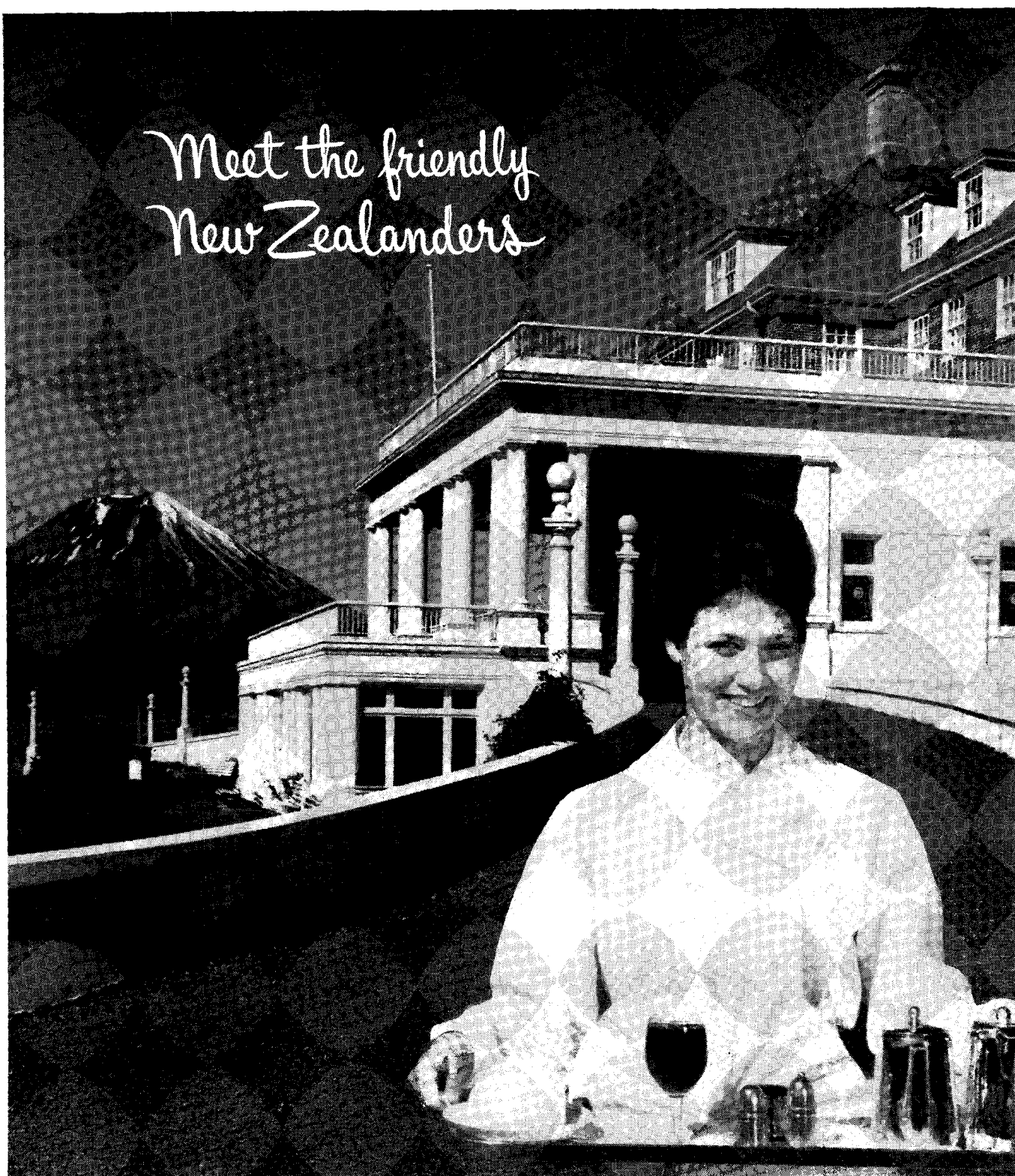


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offers tax incentives and loans to encourage private investment in new industries, and even contributes the sites for them. Beyond that, it is working toward the cultivation of more rice, the creation of a palm-oil industry, and the planting of a new strain of rubber trees, which will produce higher yields, capable of competing in the world market with synthetic rubber. The population of Malaya is growing at an annual rate of 3.3 per cent, and by promoting industrial diversification the government hopes to alleviate its looming unemployment problem, which will mostly affect the Malays. As the Tunku put it in his talk with me, "We have to continue to give the Chinese proper business and working opportunities while we also build up the Malay economy." All in all, the government has gone so far toward reorganizing kampong life that Deputy Prime Minister Razak likes to tell his Socialist critics in Parliament that he has stolen their thunder.

The headquarters of the development plan, whose second five-year phase began last year, is a glisteningly modern operations room in a new glass-walled building beside the Parliament Building, in Kuala Lumpur; from here, with absolute military efficiency, Razak and his staff direct the execution of the scheme throughout the country, which has been divided into eighty districts. Razak himself keeps in close touch with every phase of the project, even in the smallest kampong, and any laxity, any bit of overlapping immediately catches his eye and prompts him to dispatch a letter to the person responsible, demanding, in clipped, military style, an immediate explanation. He constantly moves around the eleven states, examining at first hand the progress that is being made, and exhorting his co-workers to step up their pace. Razak has a passion for charts, and when the second Five Year Plan began, he drew up one to demonstrate that, because of holidays and days off and sickness, it would actually have to be completed in 1,095 days, instead of 1,825.

All told, the development plan so far represents an investment, public and private, of about a billion dollars, and in the next five years almost two billion more will be spent. Although private funds will account for more than half the total, the government, facing the need for new development programs in Borneo and for the defense of all of Malaysia, will have to dig deep to meet its bills. Personal income taxes in Malaya are not high by Western standards, and they are not likely to be raised quickly or drastically, for fear of antagonizing the Chinese, who would be the

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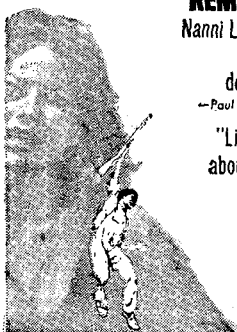
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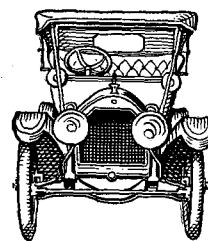
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hardest hit, and who tend to benefit least from the development schemes. While Malaya has a half-billion-dollar foreign-exchange reserve and a good debt structure, a decline in rubber and tin prices over the last year has led to a slightly unfavorable balance of trade, and national bond issues, plus loans obtained internally from the Employees Provident Fund (the equivalent of our Social Security), won't provide enough to pay for all the costs of the development program and for other budgetary needs. Some borrowing abroad is bound to be necessary, and Britain has already agreed to do some lending to help Malaysia, especially Sarawak and North Borneo, get started.

IN Malaya, one question is potentially explosive—that of labor and labor unions—and it promises to become even more explosive when Singapore joins the Federation. The British saw to it that most of the unions in the Federation were small and highly fragmented, and with a few exceptions—notably the National Union of Plantation Workers, which, with a hundred and eighty thousand members, is probably the most successful trade union in Southeast Asia—the country's registered unions, which number two hundred and seventy-eight, are little more than social clubs. One clerical union has fourteen members; there are forty-two unions for forty-six thousand teachers, and a hundred and fifty-eight unions for about two hundred thousand government employees. The government supervises the unions strictly, to prevent both seditious activity and financial shenanigans, and now that the rebellious Malayan Communist Party has been brought under control (except for something like five hundred Communist guerrilla fighters, who are still active along the border of Thailand), the Tunku and his aides feel free to encourage consolidation of the unions. The main defect of the Malayan labor movement, in the eyes of most observers, has been its failure to organize Chinese workers. Malaya's leading unionist is an Indian named P. P. Narayanan, who is the head of the plantation workers' union and a staunch supporter of the anti-Communist International Confederation of Free Trade Unions. For practical reasons, he is in no hurry to see the Chinese workers unionized. "In all developing countries, trade unions have to see to it that their programs don't clash with the national aspirations of all the people," he told me, guardedly. "I think the Tunku trusts us, and often is with us in our demands for higher wages. But we must constant-



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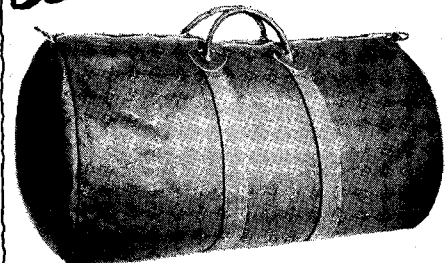
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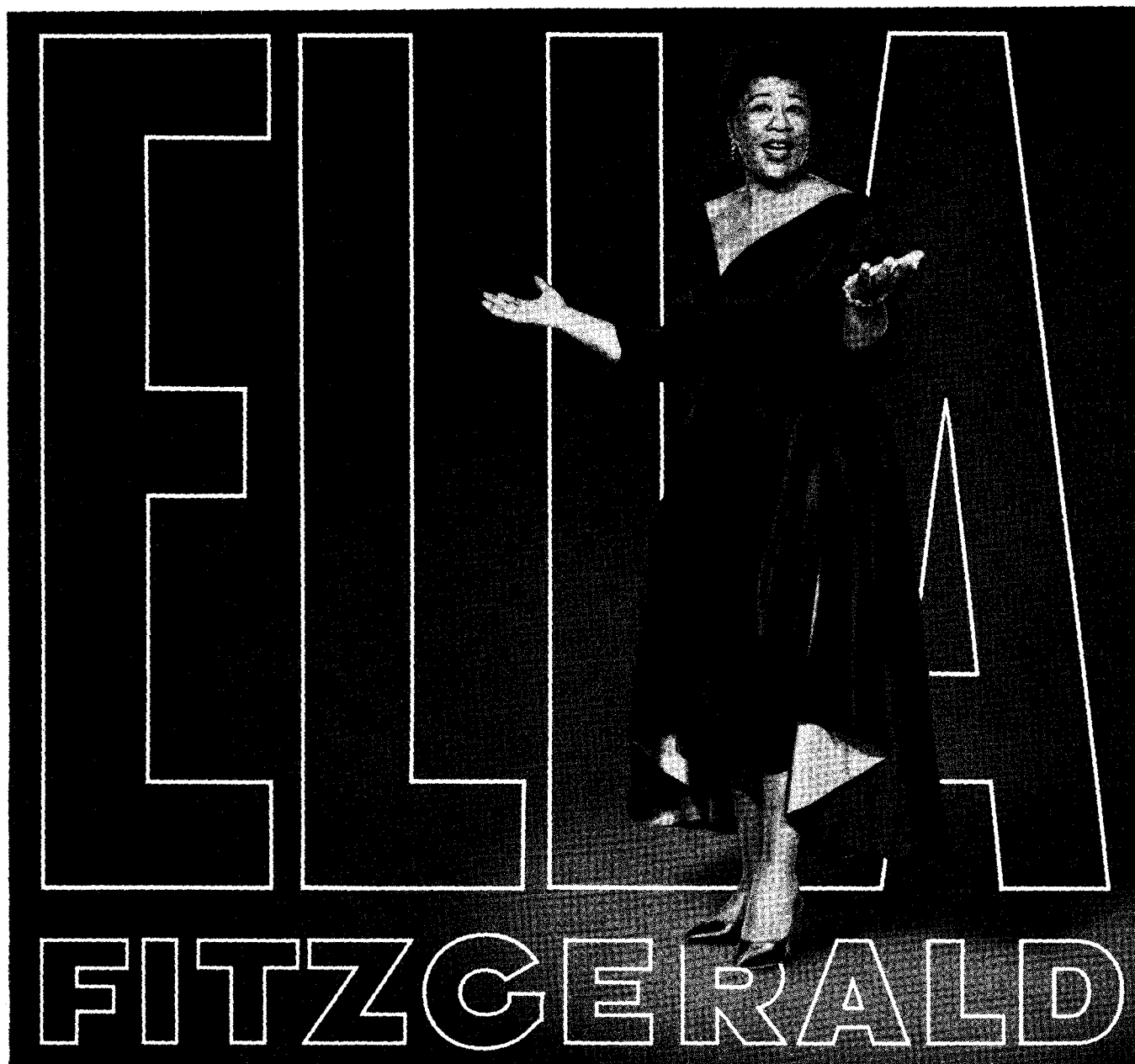
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ly adjust ourselves to the aspirations of the Malays, and some Malays, though fewer of them than several years ago, just aren't ready to have the Chinese join labor unions."

In Singapore, the labor movement is much less relaxed, and its viewpoint is much less casual. Union membership there, naturally, is predominantly Chinese, and ever since the Second World War the movement has been largely influenced by leftist elements. The British carried out their policy of fragmentation in Singapore, too, and the city has more than a hundred unions—half of them associated with the Communist-dominated Singapore Association of Trade Unions and about a quarter of them with the non-Communist National Trade Union Congress, while the rest are independent. Even the non-Communist unions tend to be more militant than their Malayan counterparts, however, and the head of the National Trade Union Congress—another Indian, named C. V. Devan Nair—takes a much stronger line than Narayanan with respect to the Chinese workers in Malaya. "We must fill the vacuum in the Federation with social-democratic unionism as soon as possible, before the Communists move back in and try to organize the Chinese," he said to me. "There are tens of thousands of miners and factory workers who haven't been organized yet. We can either persuade Narayanan to do it or try to do it ourselves. It's logical, either way, that labor relations henceforth should be conducted on a Malaysian level." Most observers, including American labor specialists, feel that Devan Nair is right.

While Devan Nair and other Singapore unionists, including the leftist elements, would like nothing better than to begin at once organizing workers in Malaya, where wages are generally lower than in Singapore, it remains highly doubtful whether the Tunku will permit them to do so—especially if they attempt to go about it as they have done in Singapore, where hired political and legal "advisers" effectively make union policy. "We'll have to consider outside organizers on the basis of whether their coming here will endanger our peace and security," Razak says bluntly. The Tunku, as usual, is more moderate, saying simply, "Anyone who observes our laws can come in, but we prefer to do things in our own quiet way. In Singapore, they're used to different ways. We don't want any militancy here, even anti-Communist militancy. We don't like all those giddy politics."

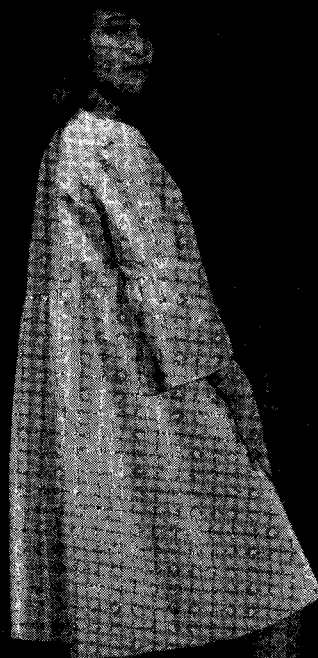
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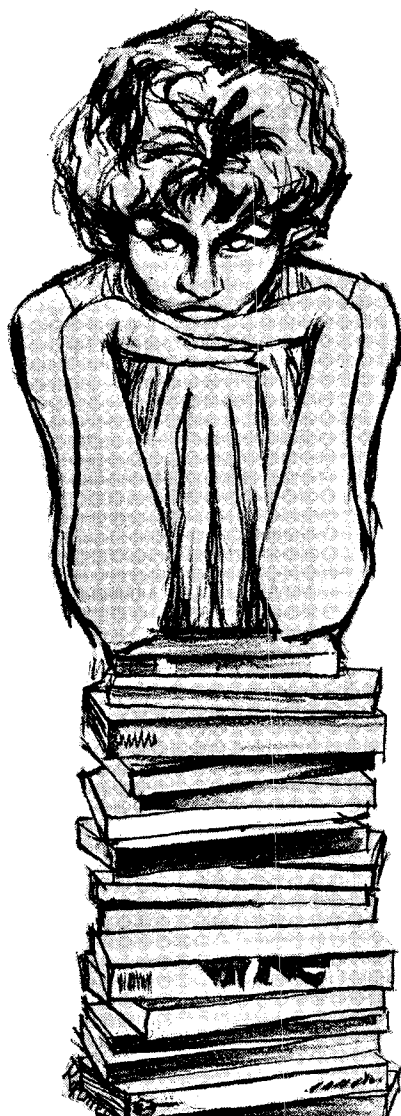


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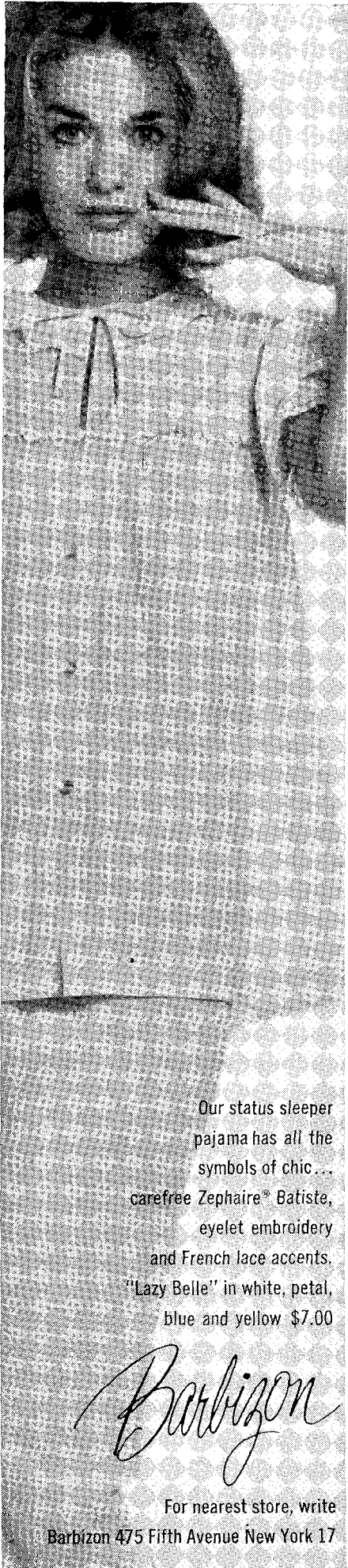


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about the creation of Malaysia is the partnership that exists between the Tunku and Singapore's Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew. No two men could be more different. In contrast to the serene, amiable, soft-spoken Tunku, Lee, who is only forty, tends to be high-strung, contemptuous, and abrasive, and his intellectual brilliance, which brought him a double first in law at Cambridge, has kept him remote from all but a few of his followers; he is a better speaker than the Tunku, and he can persuade or obfuscate at will. The two men do not particularly like each other, and what little personal association they have had has been mostly on the golf course. (In the last few years, golf has become the hobby of high-ranking government officials in both Malaya and Singapore, and there are those who say that if it had not been for the old Scottish game, Malaysia would never have got off the ground.) Lee and the Tunku have one important thing in common, however, and that is the conviction that Malaysia can succeed only if political parties operate across racial lines. "We will not see eye to eye with the Tunku on many issues," Lee told me, when I spoke with him at his office in a large gray stone building that used to be occupied by the British colonial rulers. "There will be plenty of controversy—on economic policies, for instance. But on one thing we are absolutely with him—that you've got to build on a multi-racial basis or Malaysia will be ripped asunder." The People's Action Party, which Lee heads, believes in an "independent, democratic, non-Communist but Socialist Malaysia," and Lee maintains that the new Federation should not be dominated either by conservative Malays or by radical Chinese. He firmly believes that the great majority of Singapore's population is essentially non-Communist and is potentially willing to become Malaysianized, if "Malaysia is made exciting and enticing enough so that people won't look over the hedge to Communist pastures."

In the past, Lee has openly cooperated with the Communists, and he is one of the few politicians anywhere who have, to use a phrase that is popular in Southeast Asia, "ridden the Communist tiger." When he formed the P.A.P., in 1954, it was a minority party of the far left, deriving its main support from Communist-oriented labor unions and student groups, and in 1955 and 1956, although he called himself a political moderate, he worked closely with the Communists during a series of strikes and demonstrations that resulted in the

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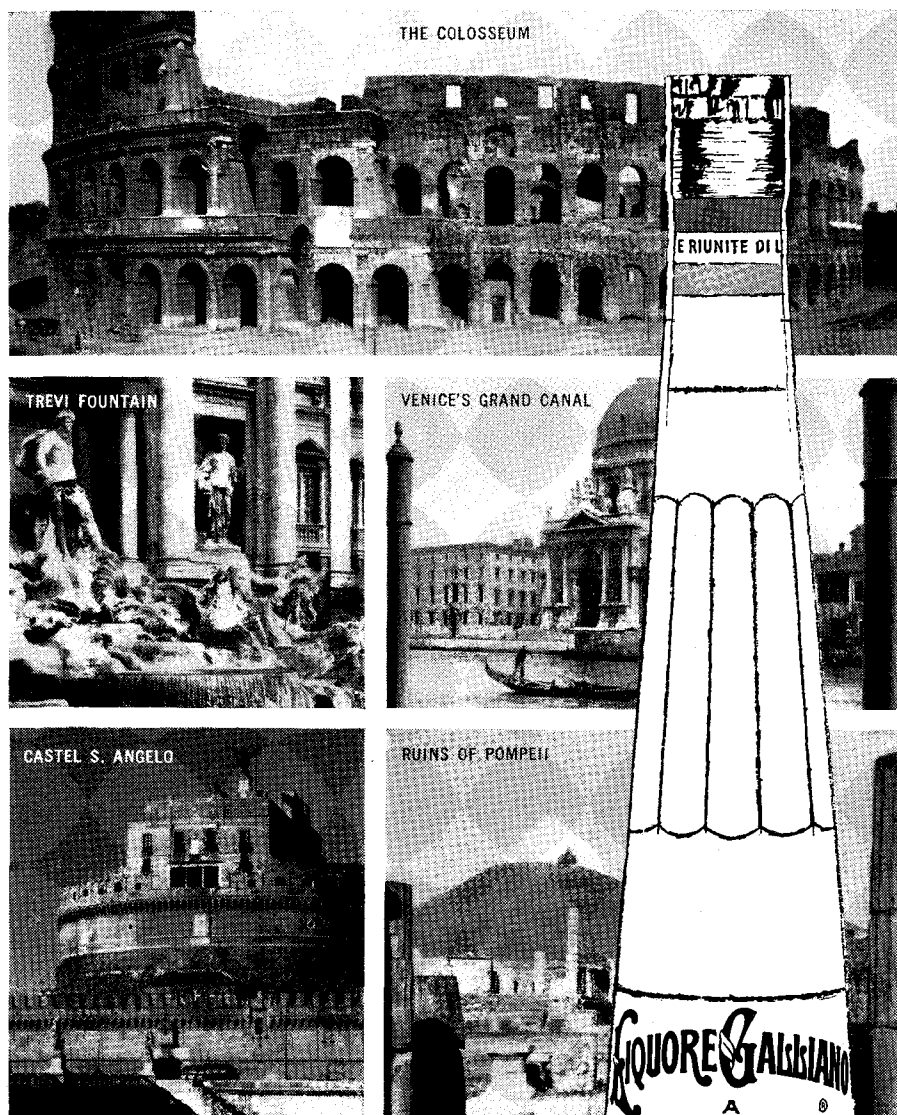
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arrest of eight leftist labor leaders and about two hundred of their followers, and in the establishment, by the British, of a seven-man Internal Security Council, whose object was to prevent subversion. Lee then shifted to a less extreme but still leftist position, and in 1959, when the P.A.P. won solid control of Singapore's Legislative Assembly, it had the help of a still strong pro-Communist faction. Lee, who was, of course, to become Prime Minister, refused to take office until the eight Communist labor leaders were released from jail; they were released, and six of them, after publicly admitting that they had been misled by Communism, were given sub-Cabinet jobs in the government. One of the two who weren't is a thirty-year-old Chinese named Lim Chin Siong, then and now the leader of Singapore's extreme left. During this period, Lim's faction pretended to be in favor of a merger between Singapore and the Federation of Malaya—a safe enough tactic, it seemed, since the Tunku then opposed such a merger, and the whole question appeared to be academic. Actually, the Communists and their supporters have always been opposed to merger, believing that as long as the British stayed in Singapore, the left could camouflage its long-term goal—capturing control of the port and eventually of Malaya—as a respectable anti-colonial struggle. In 1961, Lee's majority in the Assembly began dwindling fast. First, thirteen leftist P.A.P. members split off from the Party and set up the Barisan Socialis, or Socialist Front Party, which Lim and his friends quickly came to dominate. Then, through other defections and through by-elections, the Barisans cut the P.A.P. majority in the Legislative Assembly to a vote or two, and at this point the Tunku's fear that the Communists would legally take over the Singapore government prompted him to make his famous pro-Malaysia speech. "With an independent, Communist Singapore, we faced the threat of another Vietnam or Korea," he told me. "The picture was very clear, and if we had pretended not to see it, we would have been hypocrites or mad. It was my duty to prevent such a conflict and to meet the problem head on through merger."

After the Barisans quit the P.A.P., Lee managed to push through a pro-merger vote in the Assembly, and, legally, there was no need for a referendum on the matter, but early in 1962 he made up his mind to hold one anyway, since he wanted to smoke out the Communists and thus achieve greater flexibility in his own negotiations with



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the British and the Malaysians. On September 1st, he decided, the voters would be presented with three choices: Alternative A would be merger with some autonomy and, though the language on this point was esoteric, with something less than full citizenship in the Federation for the people of Singapore; Alternative B would be complete merger, with no autonomy; and Alternative C would be merger on the same terms that would apply to the Borneo territories—terms that had not yet even been worked out. A lot of observers thought Lee was making a grave mistake in calling for a popular vote, but it proved to be one of his successful gambles. As the referendum campaign went on, the Barisans were forced to come out openly against Malaysia, their main argument being that the people of Singapore would be second-class citizens. Throughout, Lee outsmarted the Barisans. In the spring, they sent a delegation to the United Nations to plead their cause before the Committee on Colonialism (in vain, as it turned out), but shortly beforehand Lee visited several neutral or neutralist nations and obtained support for a merger in such places as Cairo, New Delhi, and Rangoon. Toward the very end of the campaign, Lee took more wind out of the Barisan sails by arranging that under Alternative A the people of Singapore would, after all, be granted full, unequivocal Malaysian citizenship; this was more or less a matter of semantics, but it relieved the fears of many voters. In the referendum, Alternative A received 397,572 votes out of a total of 561,559 ballots cast. Alternatives B and C got less than ten thousand votes each, and 144,045 supporters of the Barisans, insisting that there should have been an Alternative D—no merger—cast blank ballots.

Following the referendum, the Barisan leaders, notably Lim Chin Siong, came out publicly against violence but added carefully that they couldn't vouch for what their supporters would do. The general feeling was that the leaders would lie low until Malaysia was fully established and then try to make the most of racial differences and economic dislocation. Early last December, however, at the start of the anti-Malaysia uprising in Brunei, the Barisans announced their support of the rebels, and in the first week of February the Internal Security Council—convinced that the leftist extremists in Singapore were engaged in a real conspiracy with "anti-Malaysia elements outside the Malaysia area" (obviously meaning the Indonesians) and that the Communists had



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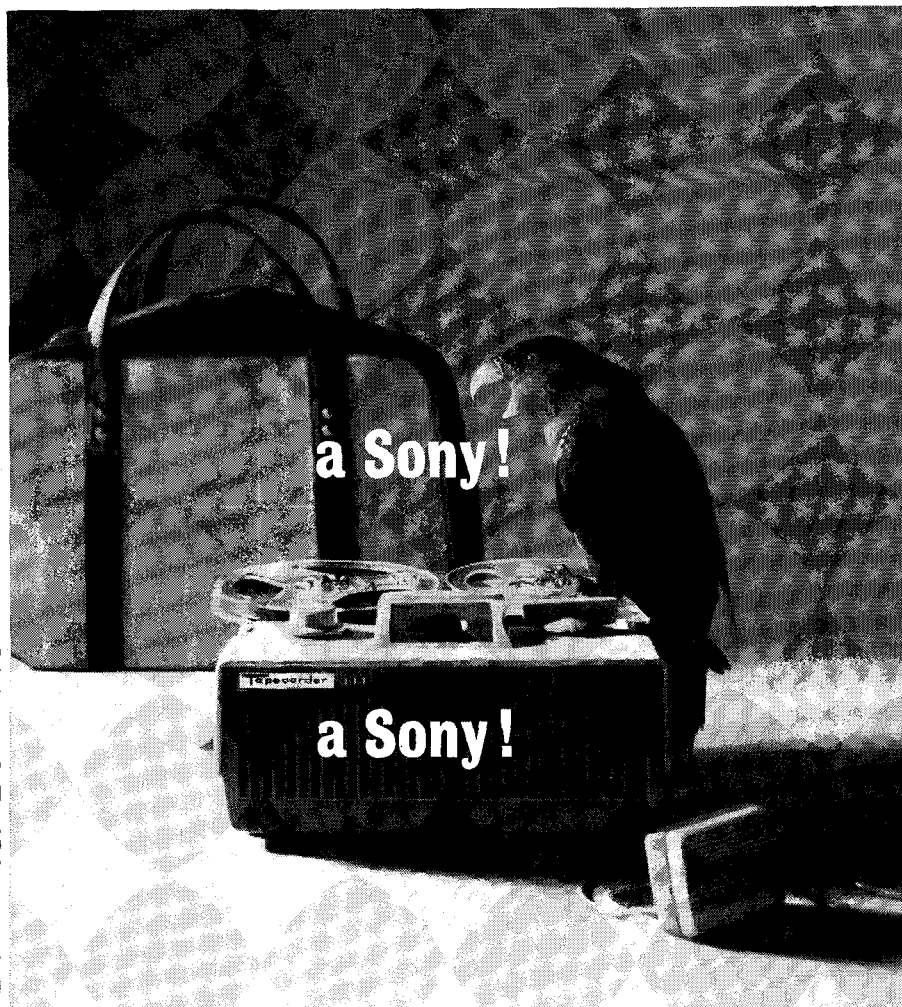
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hatched a plot to turn Singapore into "a Cuba-like base"—decided to take strong countermeasures. In just under a week, more than a hundred leftist politicians and union leaders, including Lim Chin Siong, were rounded up in raids and thrown into jail. They are still there, and it looks as if they will be kept there indefinitely. (Lee Kuan Yew offered to set Lim free if he would leave Singapore—presumably for Indonesia—and never show his face in any of the five territories that are to be part of Malaysia. Lim chose to remain in prison.) With the situation at least momentarily in hand, Lee was apparently determined not to martyrize the Communists to the point where they would gain fresh adherents and provoke more disturbances, which could lead to total underground warfare. Neither the Barisan Party nor its newspapers were banned; none of the Barisan members of the Assembly were arrested; and Lee made the curious point that, in fact, only "expendables" had been arrested, adding that "the framework for Communist open-front operations is still there" and that "the instrument of the united [Communist] strategy has only been blunted temporarily." Since the arrests, Singapore has been calm, and most observers now feel that the Barisans made a costly mistake in allying themselves publicly with the Borneo rebels and the Indonesians. Lee Kuan Yew's own position has undoubtedly improved. Even after his referendum victory, his future had seemed very much in doubt; he was disliked by a good many of the Chinese in Singapore—especially the younger elements, who resented his arrogant manner—and the Chinese in Malaya hardly knew him. It was frequently suggested that he might become the head of Malaysia's first delegation to the United Nations; this could still happen—the Tunku would thereby remove a possible political threat, and the U.N. would have the pleasure of listening to one of the wittiest men in Asia—but now Lee may prefer, and be able, to stay on as Singapore's Prime Minister.

The advent of Malaysia will, of course, formally bring the British rule over Singapore to an end, but British influence will continue to be strong. As a result of an agreement concluded last fall between the Tunku and Prime Minister Macmillan, Singapore will remain a British military base. The agreement was one of those masterpieces of diplomacy that change nothing much and yet please both sides. Since Malaya has always been a staunch opponent of the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization, and since Singapore is SEATO's



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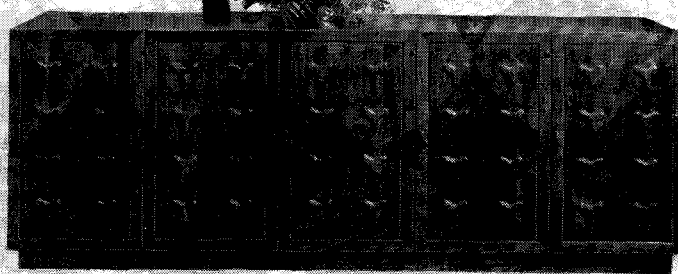
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principal base, the Malaysians had to be satisfied that it would no longer be used for SEATO activities. The agreement, therefore, simply allows the United Kingdom to maintain "such bases and facilities as [it] may consider necessary for the purpose of assisting in the defence of Malaysia and for Commonwealth defence and for the preservation of peace in Southeast Asia." In effect, this alters nothing, for SEATO, which has become rather dormant anyway, also has as its purpose the preservation of peace in Southeast Asia, but the Malaysians are content with the new definition, and the British are, too. No one in Singapore—not even the leftist workers at the naval base—wants the British to leave, so Singapore will still be the biggest Allied base between Aden and Hawaii, and will also still be the headquarters for all of Britain's many diplomatic activities in Southeast Asia. Actually, the Malaysians are happy to have the British stay, since the Federation's armed forces are by no means formidable. At present, Malaya has an army of twelve thousand men, a navy of a thousand, and an air force of five hundred. Within the next three years, it plans to increase its army by a third, and to double the strength of its air force and navy, and once that happens, the British may reduce their forces in Singapore. All in all, Singapore, despite its giddy politics, will probably not undergo many changes when it becomes part of Malaysia. Unlike Kuala Lumpur, it hasn't changed much over the last decade, either in mood or appearance, and it seems obvious that money will continue to turn its wheels and that ships of all nations will continue to fill its harbor. Another of its continuing characteristics is the high incidence and variety of crime—worse even than Kuala Lumpur's. Singapore is infested by gangs of unemployed youths, which call themselves by such names as the Billy the Kid Gang and the Yankee Boys, and also by three hundred and fifty Chinese secret societies, which dominate gambling, the opium trade, and smuggling, terrorize the waterfront, organize street hawkers, are active in labor unions, run houses of prostitution, and control a number of pirate fleets in the Strait of Malacca.

HOWEVER the relationship between Singapore and Kuala Lumpur develops, it is likely to be a sophisticated one—somewhat similar, the Tunku has suggested, to that between New York and Washington. Far different, and full of imponderables, will be the relationship of the Borneo territories to both Malaya and Singapore.



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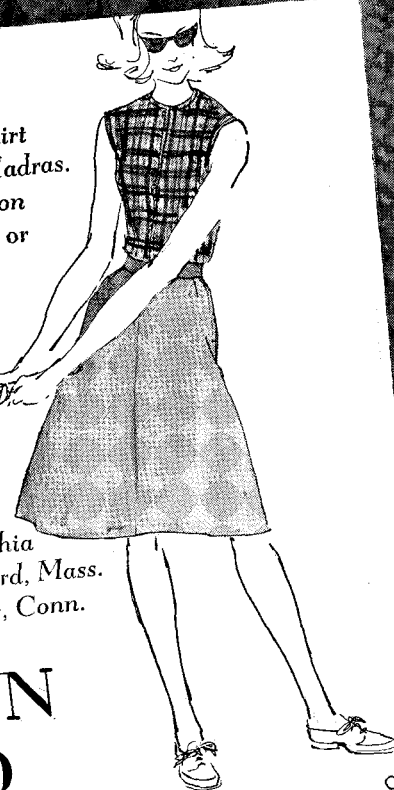
Anyone making the three-hour flight from Singapore to Kuching, the capital of Sarawak, becomes aware of the imponderables the moment he alights from the plane. Kuching, which has a population of only sixty thousand, is still a somnolent city of a century ago; its people, who include members of Sarawak's indigenous tribes—the men dressed in loincloths of various colors, and the women in bright skirts and blouses—drift softly through the glare of the tropical sun. In many ways, Sarawak still seems to be the country of the White Rajahs—the three remarkable members of the Brooke family who ruled it as a private state from 1841 until 1941, when the Japanese occupied it. In 1946, Sir Charles Vyner Brooke, the third of the White Rajahs, ceded Sarawak to Great Britain, and seemingly it would just as soon go on indefinitely being what it is—a submissive, and perhaps retarded, imperial child, with a British administration, headed by a Governor and a Chief Secretary.

Situated in the northwestern part of the island, just above Indonesian Borneo, Sarawak is almost as big as Malaya itself. Three-quarters of the colony is rain forest, interspersed with countless muddy rivers and streams, and large areas are uninhabited. Only six per cent of Sarawak is under steady cultivation—with rubber and rice as the chief crops—and only eighteen per cent more is cultivated even sporadically. Archeologists have recently found that Sarawak has been populated from very early times. In 1954, exploring the jungle of northern Sarawak, they found a group of deep limestone caves, in which millions of bats and swiftlets made their homes (the swiftlets' nests have provided a fortune in bird's-nest soup), and traces of human existence discovered in the floors of these caves included a skull dating back to the Middle Paleolithic period, from 50,000 to 40,000 B.C. By far the largest of the contemporary tribes is that of the Sea Dyaks, who form a third of Sarawak's total population of seven hundred and sixty thousand and are to be found mostly in the eastern part of the country. They are an energetic people who used to go out to sea in war parties and also used to be head-hunters; though still restless, they now live peacefully, moving along the rivers in their fast canoes, fishing and hunting, and here and there growing rice. They do occupy permanent dwellings, however—longhouses accommodating as many as fifteen families—and some heads can still be found hung along the walls, but these are only honorable remnants of the past, and nowadays when

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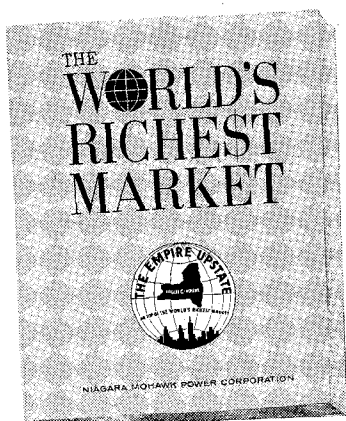
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Christianity moves into a Sea Dyak community (missionaries have been quite successful in Sarawak), the heads are given a fancy formal burial. The tribe of Land Dyaks—there are some sixty thousand of them, and they are almost all still pagans—lead a more sedentary life in the western part of Sarawak, where they grow rice on land burned out of the jungle. A widely dispersed variety of other tribes, including the ancient Penans, who do not practice settled agriculture but just wander through the jungle living off wild sago, all have their own customs and speak their own languages. Then there are the Chinese, who, like the Sea Dyaks, make up about a third of the nation, and who are multiplying faster than any of the other groups. Although most of the present-day Chinese were born in Sarawak, the parents of most of them came from South China, and they themselves are still very much Chinese, culturally and socially, and, in many cases, look to Peking politically. Malays form about a sixth of the population. There are only seventeen hundred Europeans in Sarawak, the majority of them British civil servants or businessmen. Sarawak is also, with Sumatra, one of the two remaining homes of man's closest cousin in the animal world, the orangutan, but there are less than a thousand of the species left there, and the government has begun to crack down on hunters who have been killing orangutan mothers and smuggling their babies to Singapore for sale to foreign zoos or pet shops.

In 1941, just before the Japanese occupied Sarawak, Sir Charles Vyner Brooke introduced a new constitution, promising the colony self-government after a period of improved education—a field that the White Rajahs had notoriously neglected in their otherwise popular rule. This promise of independence, which the British government inherited, is the basis of much of the opposition to Malaysia that exists in Sarawak. The British commission that studied public opinion in Sarawak and North Borneo last year estimated that about a third of the population was strongly pro-Malaysia; another third was more or less in favor, under certain conditions; and the remaining third preferred either independence, separately or in a Bornean confederation, or continuing British rule. Much of the opposition, the commission noted, was prompted by "a dislike of change and a fear of the unknown." As soon as the idea of federation came up, politics came up, too. In 1960, Sarawak had no political parties. Now it has seven, the largest and most active being the Sarawak United Peo-

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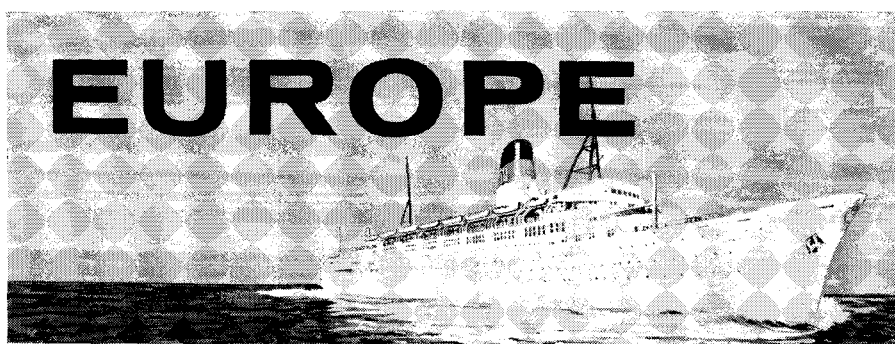


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ples Party, which claims a membership of forty-seven thousand, about half Chinese and the rest native. The S.U.P.P. is headed by a highly respected Chinese banker named Ong Kee Hui, who hasn't succeeded in riding the Communist tiger; many of his party's branches are controlled by young Communists, and although the British have jailed or banished to China more than a dozen of their leaders, the leftist influence continues to be strong. In September, 1961, in conjunction with anti-Malaysia parties in North Borneo and Brunei, the S.U.P.P. threatened to take the case for independence and a Borneo federation to the United Nations, but it dropped the idea when the half-dozen other parties in Sarawak began accepting the inevitability of Malaysia, and when Ong Kee Hui promised to support it if proper safeguards were established. Since then, Ong himself has been one of a group of Bornean leaders who have been engaged in spelling out these safeguards with the Malays. Actually, most, if not all, of the demands of the various Sarawak parties seem to have been met. For example, while Islam will be accepted as the religion of Malaysia, in accordance with Kuala Lumpur's wishes, this will not apply to Sarawak or, for that matter, to North Borneo. Sarawak will have some control over its immigration under Malaysian supervision, which is something the Chinese have demanded, in order to protect their economic stake. The Sarawakians, as a whole, are worried that the Malays, far less experienced in government than the British and far less delicate in their ways, will dominate the country administratively, even though, for the past several years, the British have been turning over civil-service jobs to the Sarawakians. After the birth of Malaysia, this program, awkwardly



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but officially called "Borneanization," will be continued, but the fear remains that the Malays will get the best jobs. On the political level, universal suffrage will be introduced this year in the election of local district councillors, and when Sarawak becomes part of Malaysia, it will have its own ministerial form of government, headed by a Chief Minister, and—because of its great size, and in spite of its small population—a number of extra seats in the Malaysian Parliament. While everyone engaged in the rush process of preparing Sarawak to join Malaysia is aware of the difficulties of trying to tie an undeveloped area to a more advanced society, a feeling of optimism seems to have evolved as the discussions have progressed. "With reasonable luck and industry, I think we can hammer out a satisfactory solution," a top British civil servant in Kuching recently commented. "A lot will ultimately depend on whether the Malaysians restrain themselves from being too highhanded with the Dyaks, which would only cause trouble and encourage all extremist elements, including the Chinese extremists. The Dyaks are very sensitive people, and it's a mistake to think that because people live simply, they think simply, too."

MOST of the trouble over the consolidation of Malaysia has come from its tiniest Bornean component, the sultanate, or protectorate, of Brunei, which consists of two little parcels of land bordered by Sarawak and the sea. Though today Brunei has an area of only 2,226 square miles, four centuries ago it was a powerful empire, dominating the entire island of Borneo and some smaller islands offshore. Gradually, what with maladministration and the incursions of such raiders as the Brookes of Sarawak, the empire shrank, and Brunei would probably have disappeared altogether if in 1888 its sultan had not come under British protection. Until 1929, Brunei had no apparent resources of any importance, but then oil was discovered south of Brunei Town, and now the Brunei Shell Petroleum Company, Ltd., produces ninety thousand barrels of crude oil a day from three hundred wells; the protectorate receives a royalty that currently comes to about eighty-five million dollars a year, and its financial reserves currently total a hefty three hundred million dollars. The wells are beginning to be drilled out, however, and by 1980 production will be down to ten thousand barrels a day. Furthermore, all other aspects of the economy—most notably,

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agriculture—either have been neglected or are in a slump. Although Brunei has a modern welfare program, which provides free education, free medical treatment, free care for the disabled and their dependents, and pensions for people over sixty, its economy is very much one of haves vs. have-nots, and there is considerable unemployment. The total population is eighty-four thousand—forty-five thousand Malays, twenty-two thousand Chinese, and a handful of Europeans and Indians and indigenous peoples of various races. A current program to diversify the economy and provide more educational opportunities in scientific and practical fields is just creeping along, largely because Malays of high birth but small talent have been taking over from the British. On the surface, though, Brunei Town, at least, looks quite prosperous. Situated in the middle of the protectorate, it is dominated by a magnificent new mosque, which cost two and a half million dollars and is named after the current Sultan, Sir Omar Ali Saifuddin. Its minaret and cupolas are flecked with gold leaf imported from northern Italy, its floors are of white marble, and multi-colored mosaics decorate the pool in which the faithful wash their feet. The city is spotlessly clean, and the stores, owned almost entirely by Chinese and Indians, are full of goods, which few people in Brunei can afford to buy. These establishments, though limited in size, are large in scope; a typical one I saw had one corner devoted to young girl dressmakers working over sewing machines, another corner to a two-chair barbershop, and the rest of its space to an astonishing variety of merchandise, including fresh meat and fish, dried fish and fruit, canned fruits and vegetables and meat and fish, bolts of cloth, piles of hardware, mirrors, baskets, wicker chairs, toys and games, musical instruments, shoes, shirts, ties, drugs, insecticides, and bowls of tropical fish.

The anti-Malaysia revolt in Brunei last December can be attributed partly to the antagonism between the poor and the rich and partly to the quick rise of the Party Ra'ayat, or People's Party—a primarily Malay organization that was established in 1956. Its president and founder, is A. M. Azahari, who is in his mid-thirties. Azahari was born on an island near Brunei, of an Arab father and a native Brunei mother. During the war, he was sent to Indonesia by the Japanese to become an apprentice veterinarian, and though he quickly ceased to pursue his studies, he remained in

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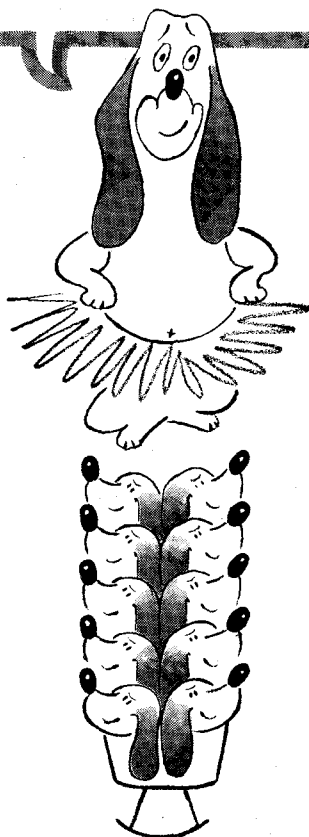
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Indonesia for ten years, joining the guerrillas who were fighting for independence from the Dutch. In 1948, the Dutch arrested him and were about to execute him, but then, in what proved a short-lived agreement between the two sides, he was amnestied. He thereupon resumed his guerrilla activities, and after Indonesia won its independence, in 1949, he joined first its police force and then its customs service. Sometime in 1952, he returned to Brunei and began agitating secretly for its independence from Great Britain. In 1953, the British jailed him for six months on a charge of inciting unlawful assembly with revolutionary intent. Although he admits that his friends include many Indonesians, he has always denied that he wants to move Brunei—or Sarawak, or North Borneo, either—into the Indonesian orbit. Until he launched his revolt, he consistently professed his loyalty, as a Moslem, to the Sultan. In fact, it has been apparent for some time that the key to the Brunei situation lies in the unusual emotional conflict between a deep and widespread loyalty to the Sultan, both personal and religious, and a fairly widespread distaste for the idea of Malaysia, an idea that the Sultan seems ready to accept. This conflict came to a head last fall when the Party Ra'ayat captured all sixteen elective seats in the Legislative Council. The Council, which has seventeen additional members appointed by the Sultan, is only an advisory body, and the Sultan is actually the supreme ruler of Brunei, although the British protectors handle matters of defense and foreign affairs. The loyalty of the Party Ra'ayat to the Sultan has never extended to his palace friends and relatives—the so-called class of Pengarins, or nobles—and the Party's election victory was less a setback for the Sultan than a rebuke to the Pengarins, who, under the sultanate, have effectually dominated the country for decades, both politically and economically.

Azahari is a small, lithe man with a vibrant personality, who speaks English fluently. As it happened, I saw him in Brunei Town a while before the rebellion took place, so what he had to tell me may now have no more than historical interest. When I met him one afternoon in his apartment in the town—he has two wives, and then had both the apartment and a house—he spoke ardently in favor of a popular referendum on the issue of Malaysia, insisting that he was solely interested in the future of British Borneo. "I started the Party Ra'ayat in order to arouse the political conscious-

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ness of the people in the fight against colonialism and for independence," he said. "I love this land as my own soul, and I will not sell it or its people to anyone, including Indonesia. We have an inherent constitutional right to be free, and I think that everyone, including the Americans, must appreciate our position. The Sultan is a very sincere man, but he is being pushed into Malaysia by the Pengarins and by the Malaysians. We're loyal to His Highness, but, in return, he must give *his* loyalty to such principles as individual rights and democratic beliefs." Azahari said that he regarded the Soviet Union as a dictatorship and had no intention of aligning himself with any Communists—Chinese, Russian, Malaysian, or Indonesian. "We are a religious people here in Brunei," he went on. "We believe in the Almighty. The door is closed to the Communists. We are pure nationalists, and we believe in democratic capitalism. We are in a touchy period of development, and we need help from many sources, so we can be called neutralists at present, but we will consider after independence whether we can stay neutral or not. We will certainly not decide in favor of the Communists, but we may not decide in favor of the West, either."

What Azahari said had the ring of conviction, but I had some doubts about what methods he might adopt to achieve his aims—a matter he chose to keep obscure in our conversation. Consequently, I was not surprised when I later read that during the night of December 8th several thousand of his followers had started a rebellion against Malaysia and that Azahari himself had gone to Manila two days before, apparently to mastermind the revolt from there as the "Prime Minister" of a rebel government. It subsequently became clear that the rebels, who called themselves the National Army of North Borneo, had been preparing their action for at least a month at a jungle camp in Indonesian Borneo; that, before going to Manila, Azahari had had a secret meeting in Singapore with Lim Chin Siong; and that the aim of the rebels, who had originally hoped to persuade the Sultan peacefully that most of his people opposed Malaysia, was not to depose him but to kidnap him and get him to sign a proclamation in favor of a United Borneo. While the rebels managed to lay siege to the palace, they never did succeed in engineering the kidnapping. For several days, they controlled pockets of Brunei Town and some nearby kampongs, and they captured the oil town of Seria, to the west, and held a few Euro-

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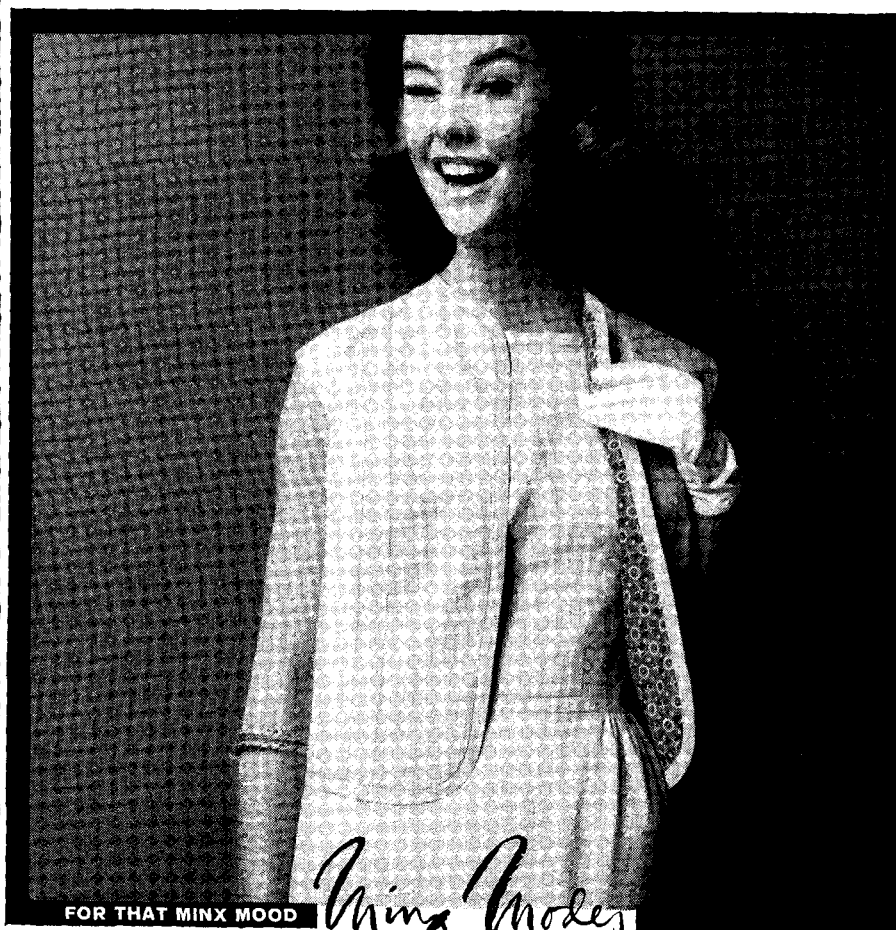
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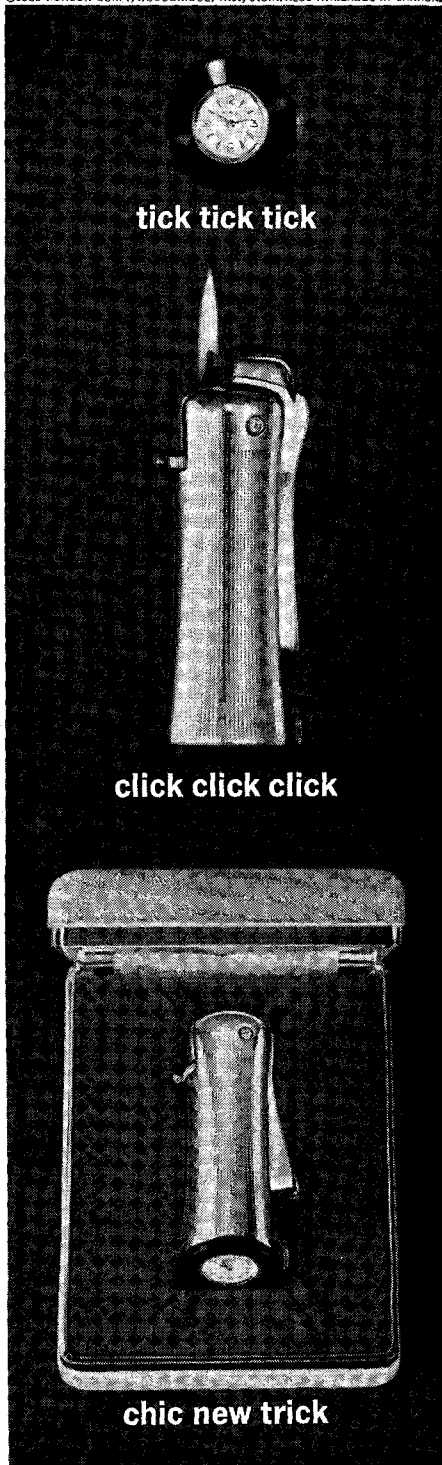


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peans as hostages, but they failed to spark off sympathetic uprisings in Sarawak and North Borneo—one of their chief hopes. The Chinese in Sarawak, especially, even those who were anti-Malaysia, apparently had no desire to ally themselves with a Moslem revolt. In any case, the day after the rebellion started, the British began bringing in troops from Sarawak and Singapore, and the rebels proved no match for them. In a week, the revolt was crushed, and the surviving rebels took refuge in the jungle areas of Sarawak or in Indonesian Borneo. The Sultan issued a warrant for the arrest of Azahari, who had no intention, apparently, of returning to Brunei, and for nearly two months remained in Manila, holding numerous press conferences and issuing numerous statements in which he appealed in vain to other nations—particularly Moslem ones—to recognize his “government” and also for the right to have the rebel cause reviewed by the United Nations. The British invalidated his passport, and the United States consequently refused to give him a visa so that he could come to the U.N., but the Philippine Republic, which, it seemed, was half in sympathy with the revolt and might even have recognized the rebels if they had done better, allowed him to stay on. Finally, on January 31st, Azahari flew to Djakarta, and he is either still there or in Indonesian Borneo. In Djakarta, while continuing to stress his opposition to Communism, as he had in his talk with me, Azahari was quoted as saying, “If the British refuse to give my people freedom, Borneo will no longer be a peaceful place—I will not stop until my people are free.”

Azahari's ability to make good on his threat will depend primarily on the amount of support he gets from Indonesia, whose President Sukarno declared in mid-February that his country would maintain its anti-Malaysia stand “as a matter of anti-imperialist principle.” Sukarno has regarded Malaysia all along as a scheme cooked up by the British and the Malaysians to encroach on Indonesia, and the seriousness of the Indonesian opposition is indicated by the presence in Indonesian Borneo of at least two divisions, which have been officially described as “volunteer troops,” and which could, at any time, invade the rest of Borneo as the Chinese Communist “volunteers” invaded Korea. Sukarno's future actions will be determined by his peculiar position in the world. Indonesia, which, with a population of just under a hundred million, is the world's fifth most populous nation, is rich in natural resources, but

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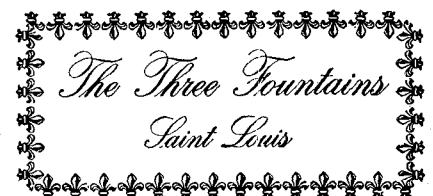
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it is suffering from economic stagnation, largely because of mismanagement and political chaos. On the one hand, foreign "adventures," such as the recent one in New Guinea, are the easiest way for Sukarno to divert public attention from his domestic difficulties. On the other hand, Sukarno is receiving aid both from Russia, which probably doesn't want him to become too aggressive, and from the United States, which doesn't want him to become aggressive at all. In this extraordinary instance, even though Moscow and, needless to say, Peking have issued propaganda broadsides against Malaysia, Moscow and Washington may well work together to restrain Sukarno from taking any overt action against the new Federation. No doubt, though, he will continue to give covert support to the rebels in the hope of weakening the Borneo components of Malaysia. Although militarily Malaya would be no match for Indonesia, the Tunku has answered Sukarno's threats with threats of his own. In a recent speech, he declared, "We have tried to take a certain amount of Indonesia's arrogance, but we can take no more," and, after accusing the Indonesians of trying to set up governments in Borneo, "which will kowtow to them," and of trying to overthrow him personally, he concluded, "We must prepare for the worst."

WHILE the Party Ra'ayat has afforded Sukarno an active ally in Brunei, he has been forced to work underground in North Borneo, for the colony's leading political figure is a staunch pro-Malaysia man named Donald Stephens, a portly Eurasian of Australian and native North Bornean stock, who edits a newspaper in the capital of Jesselton. When Malaysia was first proposed, Stephens came out against it and in favor of an independent Borneo federation, but after a visit to Malaya early in 1962 he changed his mind. Since then, he has worked hard to engender popular enthusiasm for Malaysia and has made a number of concrete suggestions for solving thorny problems. Stephens, who is in his early forties, looks more like a rumpled country farmer than an up-and-coming statesman, but it is generally agreed that he will become North Borneo's first Chief Minister under Malaysia, for he organized and now leads the largest of its political parties—the United National Kadazan Organization. The parties reflect the fact that North Borneo, like Sarawak, is a multi-racial territory, about a third of whose population of four hundred and fifty thousand consists of Dusuns, which sim-

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ply means "native people." The Dusuns are mostly pagan, but some of them, who have clustered around Jesselton, are Christians, and Stephens and his friends prefer to call these Kadazans—a stronger word, meaning "our people." The Chinese make up almost a fourth of the population, and the rest consists of various tribes, some pagan and others Moslem. Both Stephens' Kadazan party and the predominantly Moslem party, the United Sabah National Organization ("Sabah" simply means North Borneo), have been strongly in favor of Malaysia, primarily because they believe that it is the only practical way to avoid racial strife after the British leave, and to preclude political domination by the Chinese, who already dominate North Borneo economically. North Borneo, at least, has no Communist problem, partly because much of its trade—including the sale of timber, its chief product—has been with Hong Kong, the Philippines, and Japan, rather than with Singapore and China. A number of wealthy Chinese merchants have become intensely interested in politics in the last two years, and they have organized their own political party, the United Party, which at first favored independence for North Borneo as a means of protecting the Chinese economic stake but then swung around, partly under Stephens' prodding, to a stand in favor of Malaysia. Late last year, five North Borneo parties joined forces and agreed on a twenty-point platform for safeguarding their autonomy in religious, linguistic, educational, and financial matters, and this platform became the basis of the series of discussions between North Bornean representatives and Malaya. In local elections in December, the five parties received eighty per cent of the popular vote and won ninety-seven per cent of the contested seats. The only opposition to Malaysia—and it is hardly adamant—comes from certain tribes in the interior of the country, among whom some of the Brunei rebels and some Indonesians have recently been active. In the last year or so, about thirty thousand Indonesian migrant workers have taken jobs in the southern part of North Borneo, and hidden among them have undoubtedly been some political agents; at any rate, the British have arrested several dozen on the charge of aiding the Brunei revolt and being secretly engaged in subversive activities.

The British colonial administration in North Borneo is headed by Sir William Goode, who still wears gold braid and plumes at official ceremonies, and

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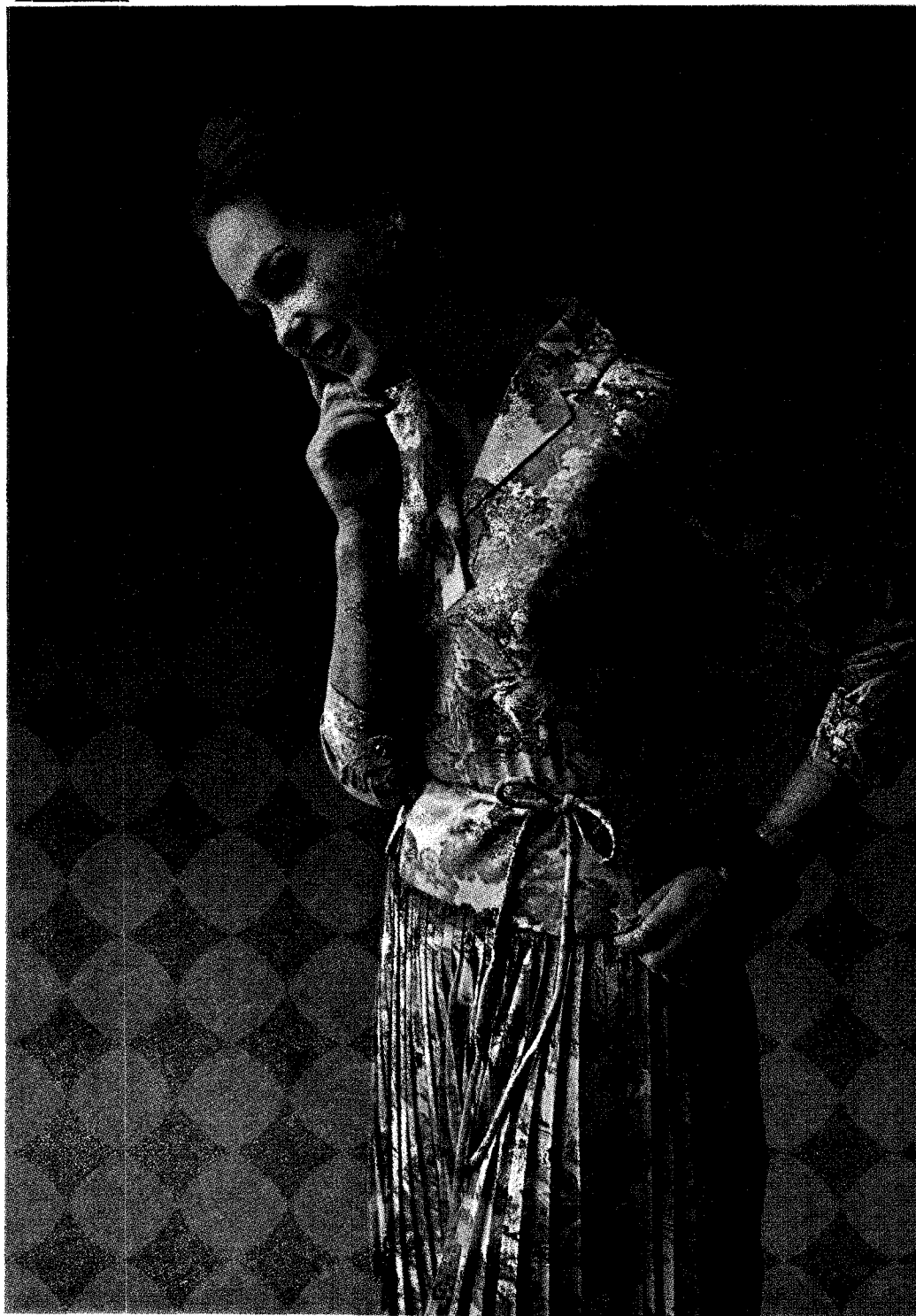
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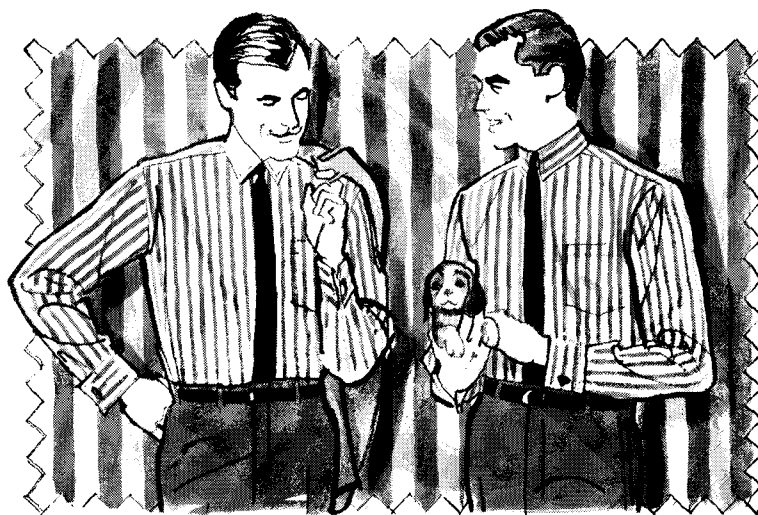
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who speaks of the North Borneans affectionately as "my people." Sir William, a suave and efficient administrator (he used to be Governor of Singapore), admits that the British were slow to prepare the North Borneans for de-colonization, but he now patiently counsels his people to heed "the winds of change," and he has recently stepped up the Borneanization of the local public services. "I'm astonished that the main issues of Malaysia have got across in so short a time," Sir William told me. "I hope Malaya will understand my people and give them enough substantial rights and benefits." Sir William regularly stresses the security advantages that Malaysia offers. "Whether we like it or not, North Borneo has been drawn into the battle against the Communist menace, and we must also accept the fact that the tide of opinion in the world is turning against colonialism," he said. "Suddenly and unexpectedly, we are being asked to change our way of life. We cannot live beneath our coconut shell."

The emergence of North Borneo from its coconut shell is the culmination of a long and complicated history. For centuries, it was preyed upon by pirates, slave traders, and head-hunters, and much of the time it was also the scene of conflict between the Sultans of Brunei and the Sultans of Sulu, who ruled the Sulu Archipelago, extending from the southern Philippines to various islands close to North Borneo, and who established a foothold on Borneo itself. In 1764, the Sultan of Sulu ceded most of what is now North Borneo to the British East India Company, and although the company did not develop the area, the cession was never rescinded. Then, in 1851, Spain, which back in the sixteenth century had conquered the Philippines, attacked Sulu, routed the Sultan's forces, and claimed sovereignty over all the "Territory of Sulu and its Dependencies." Britain, arguing that the earlier agreement between the East India Company and the Sultan of Sulu was still operative, refused to accept the Spanish claim to Borneo, and, as things worked out, the Spaniards never really moved in. Ultimately, in 1885, they renounced their claim. Meanwhile, various foreign individuals and firms had been obtaining concessions of one sort or another in North Borneo—sometimes dealing with the Sultan of Brunei, sometimes with the Sultan of Sulu. In 1865, an American named Claude Lee Moses, who was our Consul in Brunei, and a confidence man of some skill, persuaded the Sultan



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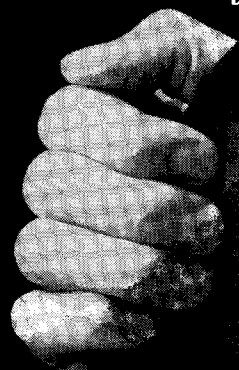
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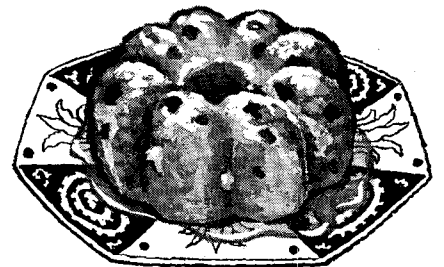
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of Brunei to give him a ten-year concession in a large, vaguely defined chunk of North Borneo for the paltry sum of about three thousand dollars a year. Moses thereupon took in as partners two Americans he had met in Hong Kong, Joseph W. Torrey and a man known to history only as Harris, and obtained some financial backing from Hong Kong bankers. This group established the American Trading Company of Borneo and financed an expedition of twelve Americans and sixty Chinese from Hong Kong to North Borneo; Torrey, who was one of the party, persuaded the Sultan of Brunei to bestow upon him the title of Sir Maharajah of North Borneo. In 1866, Sir Maharajah Joe Torrey decided to build a capital at a place he called Elenna, a few miles south of the present Jesselton; he did raise the American flag over the spot, but Elenna never got built, and, in fact, the American Trading Company never got going. The next large-scale concession went to Gustavus Baron de Overbeck, the Austrian Consul-General in Hong Kong, who took over and renewed Torrey & Co.'s arrangement with the Sultan of Brunei. Then, in 1878, playing it safe, Overbeck made an overlapping deal with the Sultan of Sulu; this Sultan granted the Baron and some partners the part of North Borneo he claimed, in return for an annual payment of five thousand Malayan dollars (about \$1,666, at today's rate). Presently, Overbeck bowed out, and shortly afterward his partners handed the concession over to the British North Borneo Company, which received a charter from the British crown. This company kept up the annual payment and managed to establish some law and order in North Borneo and to initiate some improvements in education and communication, but it didn't manage to thrive commercially. In 1888, it successfully appealed to the British government to make the territory a protectorate. During the Second World War, when the Japanese levelled Jesselton and murdered its leading citizens, the company, in effect, died, too, and on July 15, 1946, it quietly transferred its authority to the British Colonial Office, which declared North Borneo a crown colony.

The Philippine Republic now insists that the British North Borneo Company had no right to hand over the area to the British, and the British in turn have no right to hand it over to Malaysia. The Filipino argument starts with the point that the sultanate of Sulu came under United States rule after the Spanish-American War, and then under

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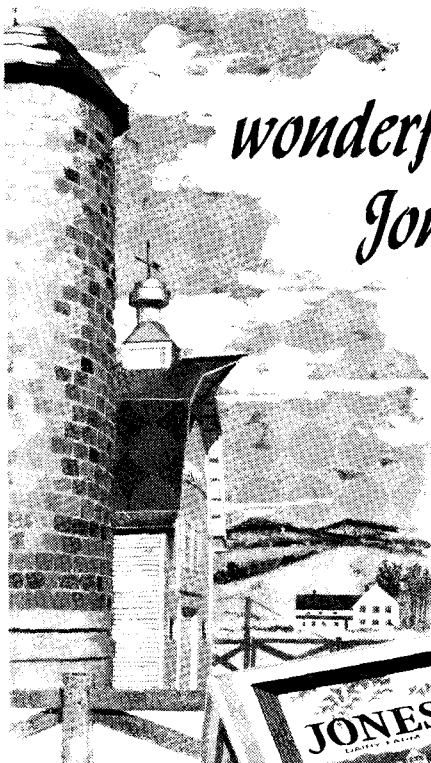
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Filipino rule, in 1946. Thus, in the minds of the Filipinos, who still recognize the spiritual and ceremonial status of the Sultans, everything that belonged to the sultanate now belongs to them. The nub of their case against Great Britain concerns the language of Baron Overbeck's 1878 agreement with the Sultan of Sulu. The document used the Malayan word "*padjak*." The Filipinos say this means a lease, and the British say it means a deed in perpetuity. While the Filipinos have dug up some Spanish documents supporting their interpretation, the British have the original in the Foreign Office archives in London, and, as far as is known, they have not yet shown it to the Filipinos. (Since 1946, Britain has been making the usual annual payments to the Sultan, except for times when the surviving members of the dynasty couldn't agree just who the Sultan was. Not long ago, three would-be heirs were battling it out in the Filipino courts.) For nine months after the Philippines' claim was reinitiated last spring, the British refused to acknowledge it by as much as sitting down and discussing it with the Filipinos; the Filipinos became very angry indeed, and they brought the claim up in the United Nations, which hasn't taken any action. On a political level, the Philippines insist that they have a better chance than Malaya of keeping North Borneo from entering the Communist orbit; naturally, Malaya doesn't agree, and, in addition to upsetting relations between the Philippines and Great Britain, the dispute has upset long-standing good relations between Malaya and the Philippines, which have been embodied in, for instance, the Association of Southeast Asia, a cooperative development group consisting of the two countries and Thailand. Finally, last January, things changed; the British did meet with the Filipinos, in London, and although Lord Home, the British Foreign Secretary, formally rejected the Philippines' claim as legally unfounded, it was agreed to exchange copies of legal documents "for further clarification." The Filipino administration says it still intends to press the matter, which could end up in the International Court of Justice. The London meeting, at any rate, was a cordial one; the two countries had, in the words of a British communiqué, "an extensive exchange of views on the problems of stability, security, and defence in Southeast Asia" and agreed, among other things, to improve "coöperation in the prevention of piracy and armed raids and on



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the problems of smuggling and illegal immigration" in North Borneo and the southern Philippines.

In the last year, an increase of armed pirate raids in the North Borneo area, attributable, at least in part, to the Philippine-British dispute, has added considerable friction to the problem of bringing North Borneo into Malaysia. Centuries ago, pirates cruised the Sulu Sea in heavily armed fleets of as many as two hundred sail, their main objective being to capture people to sell abroad as slaves. In recent years, operating singly or in pairs, the pirate ships, manned mostly by Moros from the Sulu Island chain, have concentrated their attacks on trading boats plying between Indonesia and North Borneo, or between the Philippines and North Borneo. The average trader, usually a Filipino, has a boat called a *kumpit*, weighing eight or ten tons. He loads it with copra or other goods and sails for the Bornean east-coast port of Tawau, where he can get a better price—in Malayan dollars, or even in American dollars—for his cargo than he can in the Philippines or elsewhere in that part of the world. If the proceeds are sufficient, the trader can install an inboard diesel engine on his *kumpit* and have enough money left over to load up on foreign consumer goods, such as textiles, cameras, watches, sewing machines, bicycles, and American and British cigarettes. He smuggles this cargo back to the Philippines or else to Indonesia, where he sells it at a fancy price and takes on a new load of copra, to start all over again. In 1961, pirates, also sailing *kumpits*, but higher-powered ones, attacked at least ninety-seven of these traders successfully, killing eight of them and wounding forty-one. Last year, the pirates suddenly cut down on their sea attacks and, instead, began making bold raids on villages along the North Borneo coast. The attacks have taken place at points all the way from Kudat, at the northeastern tip of North Borneo, to the Tawau region, a stretch of coastline about seven hundred miles long and actually many hundreds of miles longer if one takes into account the estuaries and inland waterways, which the pirates use as hideaways, and from which they have invaded lumber camps many miles inland, escaping with payrolls and goods.

Typical of these coastal raids was one a number of months ago in Kunak harbor, north of Tawau. A *kumpit*, with only two men visible aboard, moved slowly into the harbor. As it neared the dock—where four vessels, among them a government launch, were tied up—



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eight armed men suddenly emerged from the hold and began firing. The pirates boarded one of the four boats, a cargo ship; they shot and killed four men unloading in its hold; and then they stormed into the village, where they grabbed merchandise and machinery worth about ten thousand dollars from several stores. Reboarding their *kumpit*, they intercepted an approaching passenger boat, forced the passengers—a dozen in all—to jump into the water, and forced the two crewmen aboard to tie their vessel to the *kumpit*. One of the crewmen jumped overboard and escaped; the other was shot and killed.

The pirates have been able to outrun almost any pursuers, since they carry as many as four engines and can do as much as thirty knots, but in the last few months the whole North Borneo police force of fifteen hundred men, aided by fast Royal Navy destroyers and minesweepers, the Royal Air Force, and Royal Marines and commandos, has been making mobile counterattacks on the buccaneers and has established patrol and reconnaissance stations all along the North Borneo coast. About sixty pirate boats have so far been captured, but a lot more have got away. Usually, when the pirates are spotted, they scoot for one of a number of uninhabited Philippine islands only twenty or thirty miles away from Borneo. Since the Sulu area has always been notoriously lawless and freebooting, it seems doubtful whether the attacks will soon be altogether eliminated, and, in a way, they seem—to an outsider, at least—to add a kind of frontier challenge and zest to the unfolding of a new nation like Malaysia. One day, I met a North Bornean police officer, a powerfully built, blond young Briton, who had just come in from a fruitless patrol. "They're a raggle-taggle lot, these pirate fellows, and when you do catch up with them, you find that they're knock-kneed, cross-eyed, unshaven, and mean, and you can't get a word out of them," he told me. "It's an odd thing, chasing pirates in a world where so much of great importance is going on—nuclear bombs and spaceships and new nations like Malaysia—but I've rather taken a fancy to it." —ROBERT SHAPLEN

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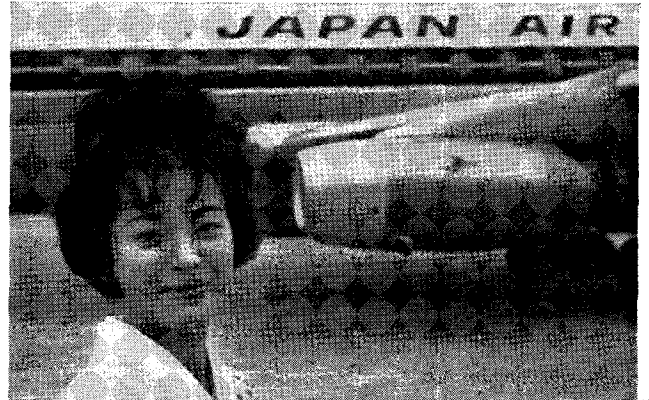
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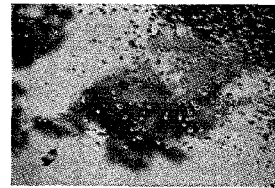
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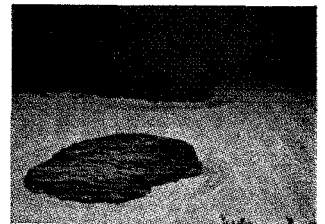
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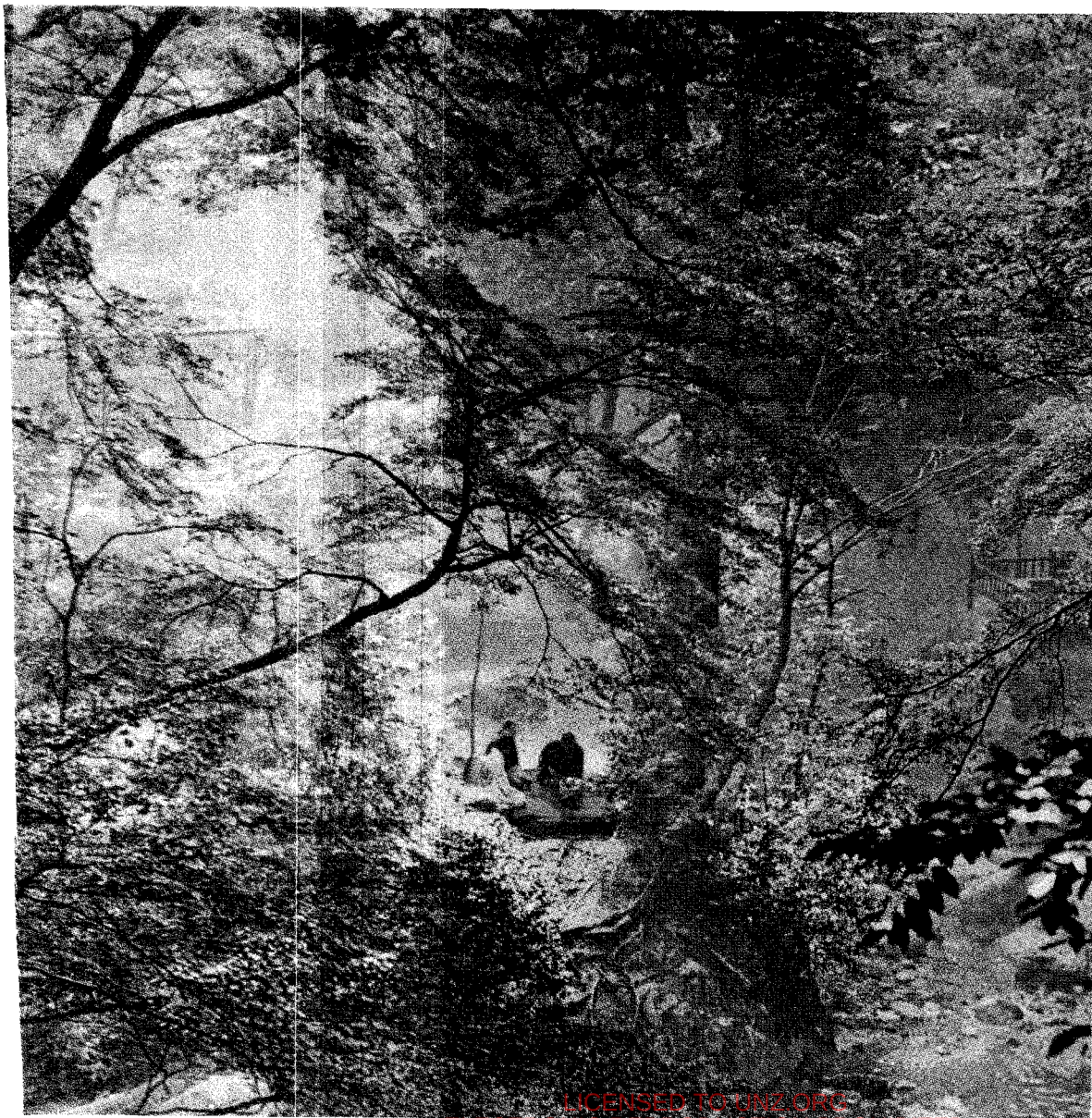
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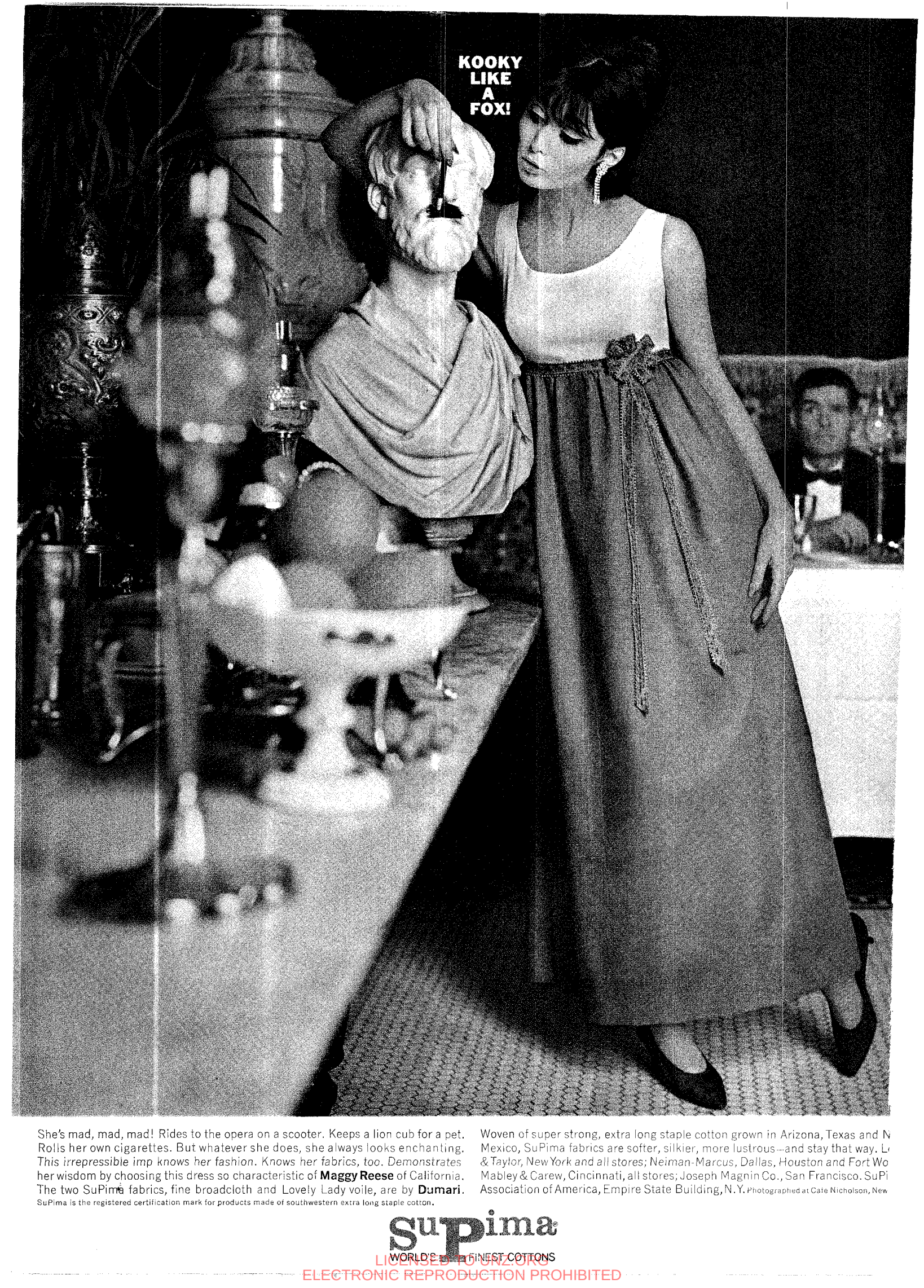
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Bunglers



THE latest Cin-
erama spectacle, "How the West Was Won," might have been more accurately entitled "How the West Was Gol-Durned Near Lost," because it turns out to be a very long, very noisy, and very highly colored account of a series of preposterous blunders on the part of our sweaty, hard-breathing ancestors. Had the real pioneers been anything like as dim-witted as the figures depicted here, the United States would still lie huddled well this side of the Appalachian barrier, and the deer and the antelope would be roaming the tussocky underbrush of what are now Chicago, St. Louis, and Salt Lake City. For the message of the picture is, in effect, that true-blue Americans are born bunglers, and if the Pacific were even a teacupful smaller than it is we might have missed encountering it altogether. Not that J. Edgar Hoover need start snooping under any king-size Hollywood beds for the conspiratorial source of such a message; the simple, and simple-minded, fact of the matter is that things going wrong make a terrific ruckus in Cin-erama and things going right are a bore, so for hours and hours, in about three and a half dimensions, we get things going wrong. In the opening sequence, for example, Paw Prescott is taking his family West by way of the newly opened Erie Canal. Soon we find Paw et al. on a raft headed down a raging river; Paw chooses the wrong fork of the river, and the raft plunges into impassable rapids. End of poor Paw and, if it comes to that, poor Maw. Or take a later episode, concerning the Civil War. It is after Shiloh, and Generals Grant and Sherman are sneaking a quick smoke in the shrubbery outside camp. Grant says he's going to resign, because people have lost confidence in him. Sherman tells Grant that what counts is what a man thinks of himself, not what other people think. Grant allows as how mebbe Sherman is right. This illuminating colloquy is overheard by a Confederate deserter, who, also in the shrubbery,

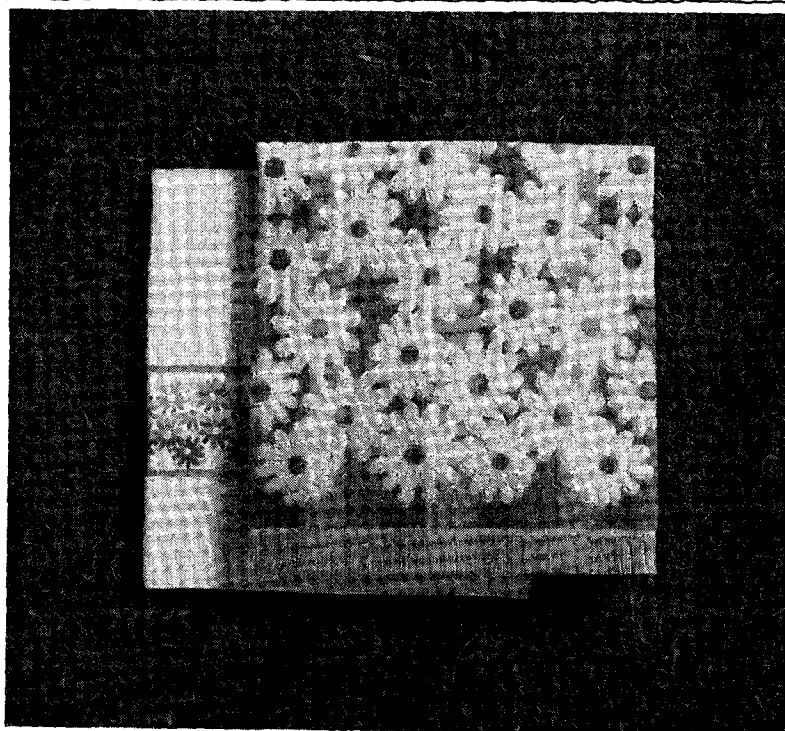


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has made friends with a Union soldier. The deserter draws a bead on Sherman and Grant. A minor bungle—his new-found pal stabs him to death with a bayonet. The major bungle is, of course, Grant's deciding to stay in command; if the authentic Grant had borne the slightest resemblance to this one, his resignation would have brought the war to an end years earlier. Still another bungle leads to the stampeding of, by my count, 16,548 maddened buffalo, but the biggest and most vivid bungle is embodied in a running duel between a good man and a bandit, on a swiftly moving train somewhere in the Far West. In the best Fairbanks-Sills-Ray vein, *everything* happens to discomfit our hero, and while the triumph he attains at last is indeed thrilling, the mistakes he makes along the way seem to hint that he would have been much better off back East, sitting on the porch of a small frame house in Stamford.

This gigantic enterprise required the services of three directors—Henry Hathaway, John Ford, and George Marshall—and a host of stars, among them Carroll Baker, Lee J. Cobb, Henry Fonda, Karl Malden, Gregory Peck, George Peppard, Robert Preston, Debbie Reynolds, James Stewart, Eli Wallach, John Wayne, and Richard Widmark. Henry Fonda, as a buffalo hunter in a walrus mustache, is, not on purpose, the funniest of the lot. (In a sequel, "How the North Was Won," Mr. Fonda might be persuaded to play a walrus hunter in a buffalo mustache.) There's still a good deal of distortion in the Cinerama process, so if you're determined to go and fight river pirates and be shot at by Sioux, be sure to do so from an ophthalmologically comfortable seat in the middle of the house.

"THE WRONG ARM OF THE LAW"
is a good Peter Sellers picture, and high time, too. Mr. Sellers plays the part of Pearly Gates, head of a prosperous gang of London thieves; in order to provide a discreet cover for the gang, he operates a high-fashion dress shop under the name of Monsieur Jules. As Pearly he's a tough Cockney, and as M. Jules he's an effeminate dandy, and it goes without saying that Mr. Sellers has a fine time darting back and forth between these opposing natures. A farce must have the courage of its unconvincingness, and "The Wrong Arm of the Law" is beguilingly improbable in plot. We learn that Pearly has long since formed a syndicate of many rival gangs

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and has divided London into territories. The police never quite catch up with the gangs, and the gangs scrupulously respect each other's boundaries. Into this crooks' paradise comes an Australian gang, which, by impersonating the police at crucial moments, begins to reap the rich harvest of the established gangs' labor. In desperation, the gangs go to the police and arrange a truce; it's agreed that there will be no thievery in all London until the new, barbarous, crookedly crooked gang is hunted down and captured by a joint task force of cops and robbers. This hunt and capture is an exceedingly comic affair, which I'm sure you'll enjoy immensely. Glory to Mr. Sellers, and to Lionel Jeffries as the fantastically put-upon Inspector Parker, to Bernard Cribbins as a crook called Nervous O'Toole, and to Nanette Newman as a sexy, perfidious gangster's moll.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK's "The Birds" is a sorry failure. Hard as it may be to believe of a Hitchcock, it doesn't arouse suspense, which is, of course, what justifies and transforms the sadism that lies at the heart of every thriller. Here the sadism is all too nakedly, repellently present; we watch with horror as a small town on the California coast is besieged by vast flocks of birds, which appear bent on expunging the human population by pecking it to death. Whether they succeed we never find out—we're merely shown their fearful ability to draw blood, and left to make what we can of the mystery of their sudden murderous intent. If this picture is a hit, the Audubon Society has an ugly public-relations problem on its hands. At the moment, I wouldn't willingly find myself alone with an indigo bunting, much less a great big scowling robin. In the cast of "The Birds" are Jessica Tandy, Rod Taylor, Suzanne Pleshette, and a blond ex-model named Tippi Hedren. Miss Hedren is so new a newcomer that Universal has boasted in print of her having no previous acting experience whatever. Not everything about this picture is hard to believe.

—BRENDAN GILL

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THE RACE TRACK

The Candy Kid



AS I sat down before my television set last Saturday to watch the Florida Derby at Gulfstream Park, I couldn't help feeling that if anything at all was going to beat Candy Spots it would have to be bad luck. Well, bad luck didn't materialize, and, as you doubtless know, he won by nearly five lengths from Sky Wonder, with Cool Prince third. Gray Pet, who wore opera-length bandages on both hind legs, was fourth, and the four other starters—among them Sky Gem, who had been second to Candy Spots in the Santa Anita Derby last month—came in like the tail of a kite. Though Candy Spots was no better than third rounding the first turn, he moved up smoothly along the rail (he has the longest stride I've seen in years) and in less than a furlong was within striking distance of Gray Pet, who at that moment appeared to be trying to make a runaway race of it. Leaving the backstretch, Gray Pet was still in front, but within a few seconds Candy Spots had caught up, and the two went stride for stride until they swung into the straight, where Sky Wonder joined them. At this point, Shoemaker, who always rides Candy Spots, shook the colt up, and he responded immediately, pulling away; as he passed the winning post, he was easing up. The mile and a furlong was run in 1:50 $\frac{3}{5}$, which is nothing to cheer about, but then Candy Spots' time has not been very fast in any of his victories. Incidentally, he paid the surprisingly good price of \$3.20, the reason being, of course, that a lot of people bet on Sky Wonder and Cool Prince, whom they had seen win at the track.

Shoemaker says that, unlike Swaps, who delighted to run in front, Candy Spots is lazy; the colt presumes that as soon as he takes the lead he has done quite enough, and is inclined to slow down. Last year, he was far from a picture horse, and, to judge by the peeks I got at him on television the other day, his looks haven't improved over the winter. (There must be an unwritten TV law denying the viewer a proper close-up of a horse before a race.) All I can say is that he's bigger, rangier, and lighter in flesh than he was when I last saw him. His next stop is Kentucky,

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and he's going to have a month of conditioning before what somebody once called the Run for the Four Roses.

WITH the exception of a couple of stakes, racing was thin at Aqueduct last week, and there weren't many horses under colors, because of a coughing epidemic. Colonel Martingale says that if you drove past the stables at Belmont Park any morning you'd have thought you were hearing a rehearsal of that ancient play "The Frogs." In one of the good stakes—the Bay Shore—Jet Traffic, who had finished third in the Swift on opening day, led all the way, winning by three lengths from Top Gallant, who was three lengths ahead of Bonjour. This was a stunner, inasmuch as Bonjour had won the Governor's Gold Cup at Bowie eleven days before and had run Candy Spots to a nose in the Laguna Beach Purse at Santa Anita earlier in the season. Besides, as almost everybody said, Bonjour looked like a million dollars. He was odds-on, and no wonder. He was away well, too, but he never could get close to the leader. On the other hand, Top Gallant ran a race worth remembering. He started off slowly and appeared to be hopelessly out of it half a mile from home; then he came through with a great burst of speed. I shouldn't be surprised if he turned out to be the favorite for the Gotham on Saturday. The other good race of the week was the Westchester. In this one, Sunrise County, who, you may remember, was disqualified after finishing first in both the Flamingo and the Wood Memorial last season, kept a straight course, set the pace, and lasted long enough to beat Key Issue by a nose. I couldn't be more pleased about a comeback.

SOME time back, I suggested that Cicada wasn't as good as she used to be. A month ago, she finished fifth in the Black Helen Handicap at Hialeah, and it was noised about that she was going to have a long rest. Well, she didn't get one; last week, she was out for the Suwannee River Handicap at Gulfstream, and finished second to something named Old Hat. So it goes.

—AUDAX MINOR

The 1942 class of the now defunct Roxbury Memorial High School will hold its 25th anniversary reunion at Valley's in Newton, May 2, a class committee announced today.—*Boston Herald*.

It was mathematics that dragged it under.



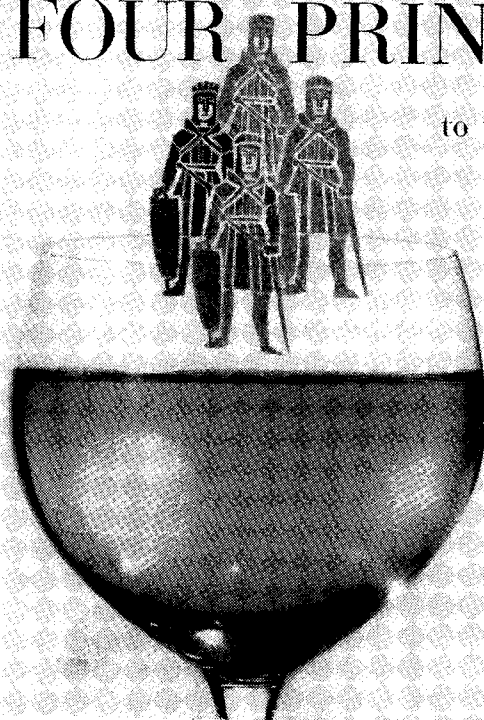
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BOOKS

Ties That Bind

NICCOLÒ TUCCI's novel "Before My Time" (Simon & Schuster) is both a family history (Mr. Tucci's own family) and a case history—several cases, really. This sounds sober; family histories are usually full of incommunicable pride and case histories are depressing. But Mr. Tucci, who speaks in his foreword of "the absurdity of life and its unhappiness," laughs when it hurts; his sad book is very funny.

The kind of family Mr. Tucci describes was once more widely distributed than it is now. Though bourgeois (grand, petty, or middling), it imitated the nobility and took itself seriously. It frequently respected a patriarch or matriarch (head of the clan or holder of the purse strings) who encouraged imaginative genealogy and mythmaking, so that ancestors who had been ordinary businessmen or plain women became legendary heroes or beauties. The family believed the outside world took note of it, which is doubtful, and it bound its members with ties more complicated and hurtful than simple affection. This family survives, though smaller and weaker, in literature from the American South, and Marquand chronicled its diminution in the Northeast. Mr. Tucci's novel brings it before us in its heyday of power, horror, and ridiculousness in Europe in the last decade of the nineteenth and the first decade of the twentieth centuries.

The matriarch of "Before My Time" is the author's maternal grandmother, called, in her absence, "the old lady" and, to her face, "Mamachen." She came of a German family that had gone to Russia and grown rich there. When the narrative begins, in 1890, Mamachen, a widow, has been junketing around Europe to dissipate her capital. Her torrential spending ends only with the end of the book, in 1908, when the old lady dies, having cleaned herself out and, as she has promised, leaving her children next to nothing. The au-

thor knows his grandmother's prodigality is shocking (readers who feel uneasy about even "dipping into capital" may have difficulty grasping its scale), but he also knows that she was out to destroy not merely her wealth but her children's security. Or, as one observant figure—no relation—says, "She loves to destroy herself, after destroying others." The same observer calls Mamachen's children, including Mr. Tucci's mother, Mary, "victims or victimizers, but no normal, civilized, undangerous people."

Mr. Tucci certainly did not inherit his sense of comedy from his immediate forebears. They were all passionate—capable of romantic love, filial and parental love, jealousy, self-pity, generosity, stinginess, fear, and hatred, sometimes simultaneously and always with the utmost seriousness. None of them had a sense of humor or its prerequisite sense of proportion. His father was a Southern Italian country doctor, acquired by Mamachen and Mary on their travels. In the course of the novel (and speedily, too) he loses his independence and becomes his mother-in-law's non-paying guest, house physician, and pet.

It would doubtless have been easy for Mr. Tucci, reconstructing events that occurred before his birth (it would have been more predictable and less honest, and the reader would never have known the difference), to imagine that his father was a victim of his mother-in-law's personality or of the effect of that personality on his wife. Though the author plays them as emotional farces, the interlocking tantrums of mother and daughter—their floods of self-indulgence masquerading as self-sacrifice—must have been formidable. The Doctor does appear to be somewhat a victim. But he looks more like a natural-born fool. The author is not out to spare his characters, nor is he out to cosset the reader by allowing him the indulgence of forgiving them. Mr. Tucci hasn't a grain of sentimentality; what he got from his ancestors was their strong-mindedness.

As the old lady lies dying, she muses on her life and almost repents it, but her grandson allows her no moral credit for dying. It is part of his story that Mary was the only one of the old lady's children who always lived with her mother, and so, without willing her fate, she



"Now listen, Murphy! You've paid your debt to society, so get out of here!"

was transformed into Mamachen's girl. She was her mother's victim; she was also a silly woman, constantly in a panic about losing her unique, uncomfortable position in the family. Presently, she joins her mother and the Doctor in hounding one of her sisters, Ludmilla, who has been invited to visit and hopes to be invited to stay. (Her mother had deposited her, indefinitely, in boarding school.) Ludmilla is a restless young woman with plenty of energy and little judgment—a flibbertigibbet. She wants love or attention (she probably can't distinguish between them), and she gets suspicion, insults, and exile. Still, it is hard to make her into a pitiable victim. Her inaccurate self-appraisal—"I am indeed too good"—rather forestalls pity. She remains, like everybody else in the novel, a comic figure.

The women stick close to the comedy of female hysteria, though in some surpassingly original guises. The Doctor embodies several kinds of comedy. He is the novel's stooge, the butt of servants, grateful even for his brother-in-law's contempt. He also offers the comedy of pretentiousness. He regularly announces that he is a man of science, an anticlerical atheist (his official opinions remind one of M. Homais, the tiresome small-town freethinker in "Madame Bovary"), but he is just as regularly turning to God or the Mother of God; he recommends prayer, though he can't say to Whom (or whom). In worldly, as opposed to otherworldly, matters, he's an Apulian rustic, obsessed by bizarre notions of family honor that revolve entirely around the sexual purity of his female relatives. Lest the reader suppose that these are the Doctor's private manias, Mr. Tucci brings three other Southern Italians into the novel—one of the Doctor's sisters and her husband, and the Doctor's cousin Crocifisso—who are in the same permanent dither about sex. In this matter Crocifisso's imagination outpaces even the Doctor's; he decides that Ludmilla, temporarily his fiancée, is a fallen woman and tells her mother so.

Mr. Tucci's comedy depends on a cool, firm approach to his characters. His skill at avoiding pathetic comedy is miraculous; he is as incorruptible as Robespierre. Yet his comedy succeeds not only because of his obstinately hilarious view but because he's a good writer. He has the succinctness for irony and the patience for the little strokes that add up to the grotesque—a gargoyle isn't carved in a day. He has the exuberance for slapstick, and cheerfulness, and gusto, as he narrates his chain of absurdities. Yet in spite of Mr. Tucci's talents, so

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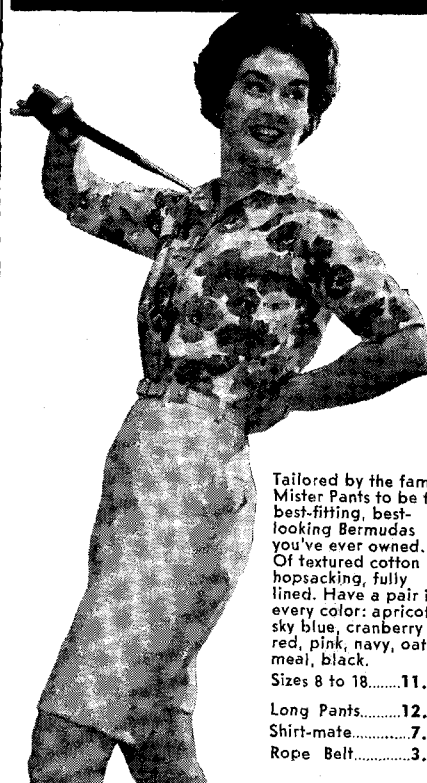
ably deployed, his book's structure is unsatisfactory. It may be that his kind of comic imagination resists structure, that his novel doesn't move from beginning to end because his characters, being their own funny selves from first to last, never change. The novel is a series of set pieces in which the characters attack each other or defend themselves but don't much affect each other. Their tragic quality—their isolation—as well as their comic ones immobilizes the novel. Even when they are onstage together, the characters are all doing solo turns—wonderful turns, to be sure—but that's vaudeville, not narrative.

ANTHONY POWELL's "The Kindly Ones" (Little, Brown) is an asymmetrical diptych. The first, and smaller, panel represents the moment before the war in 1914, and the second the approach of another war, in 1938 and 1939. Nicholas Jenkins, as he is in the earlier volumes of Mr. Powell's "The Music of Time" series, is again the narrator. In the first panel he is a child living in the country near Aldershot, where his father, an officer in the Regular Army, is stationed. Nicholas's parents have nearly no social life; he has less. He doesn't even go to school; a Miss Orchard tutors him at home, and from her he has learned that the ancient Greeks called the Furies "the Kindly Ones," so hoping to avert their wrath.

However predictable they would like their lives to be, the senior Jenkinsons can't prevent a few variations from routine. One Saturday night, Billson, their nervous parlormaid, sees a ghost she has seen before. (The Jenkinsons are in no position to question whether the house is haunted; it's not theirs, it's only rented.) Then, on Sunday morning, Albert, the cook, tells Mrs. Jenkins that he will leave them soon to marry. (Billson is in love with Albert.) General and Mrs. Conyers, old friends and distant relations, are expected to lunch that day, and Nicholas's Uncle Giles, his father's unsuccessful and unwelcome stockjobbing brother, has suddenly invited himself to spend the night. In the middle of the afternoon, when the Jenkinsons and Conyers are chatting in the parlor, Billson enters, to give her notice. She is naked.

Mrs. Jenkins, retelling this domestic tale, as she does down the years, invariably says, "I thought it was the end of the world." It is, in fact, the end of a world, though not because of a deranged parlormaid. Uncle Giles arrives as the Conyers are leaving. Envious of their large new car, he remarks that

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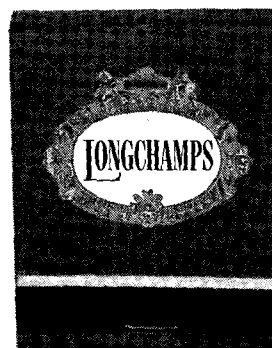
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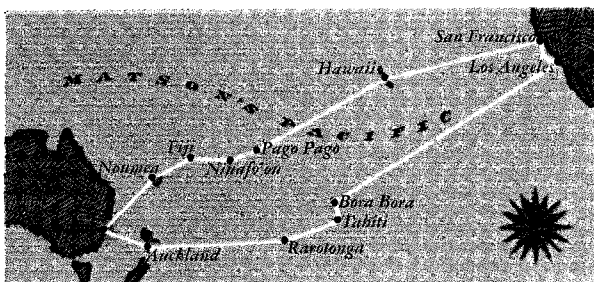
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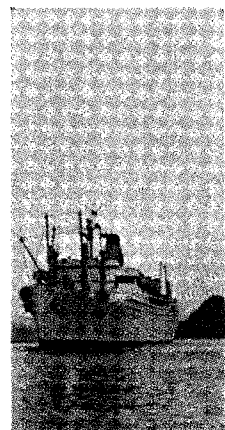
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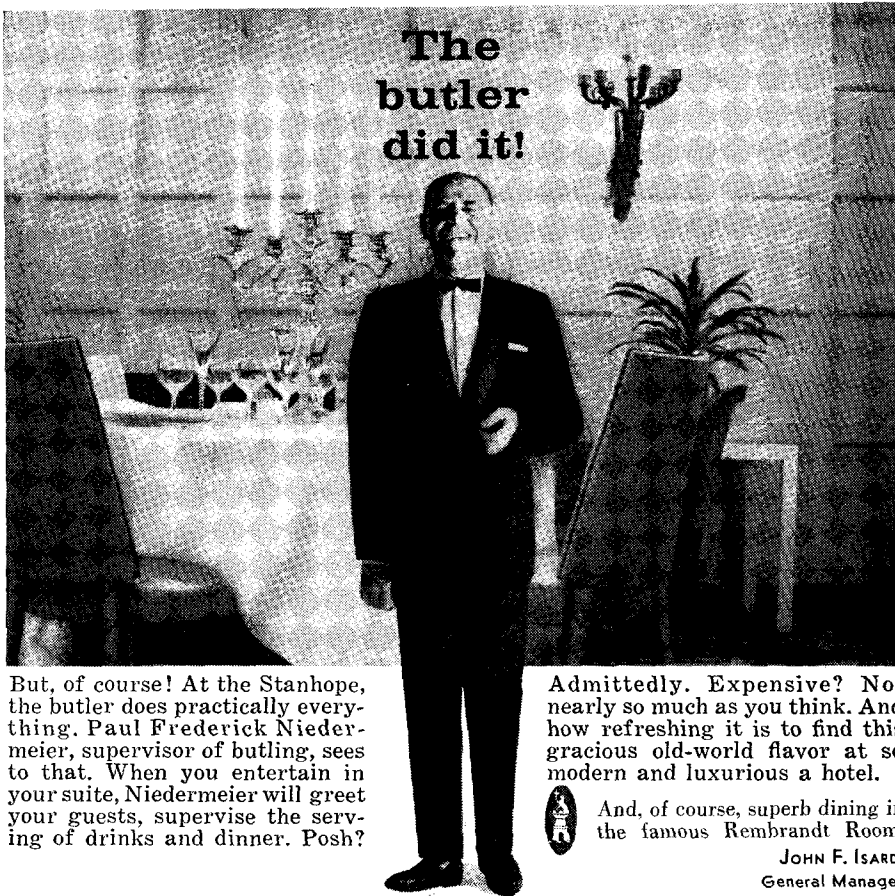


driving is dangerous—he has just heard that an Austrian archduke and his wife have been assassinated while riding in an automobile.

In the short space of the first seventy-four pages, and without any sense of haste or air of compression, Mr. Powell has created the country world, out-of-doors and in the house, above- and belowstairs, that Nicholas knew in June of 1914. Nicholas has the benefit of hindsight, but in this novel, as in the others, he is a scrupulous narrator. His father and the General expect a war with Germany someday—not that summer. And Nicholas does not display that customary, wearying insistency on the ease of life before the First World War. It was actually, as we know, an age of reform—a poster celebrating Lloyd George's health-insurance scheme for servants decorates the Jenkins stables—and ages of reform aren't easy. (Nicholas's father has mixed feelings about the contemporary English Army reforms.) Nicholas also glimpses needs that reform doesn't fill. A neighbor, the quack Dr. Trelawney, runs a sanitarium in which he has established an olio of a few of the new thoughts that plagued the period—occultism, mock-Oriental mysticism, autosuggestion, vegetarianism, "natural" dress. Perhaps what was, after all, so noticeable about the age was not the absence of stress but the absence of urgency.

In the year between the Munich agreement and the Second World War, the time of the novel's second panel, urgency borders on jitters. Nobody Nicholas meets supposes that Chamberlain has brought back "peace in our time." Everyone expects war; the only question is when. There are three main episodes. The first is a weekend Nicholas and his wife spend in the country, which is climaxed by an absurd dinner at Stourwater, the castle of Sir Magnus Donners, the financier whose projects and investments have affected so many characters in "The Music of Time." The second episode is a depressing errand Nicholas undertakes alone—his visit to a seedy seaside hotel (run by Albert, the Jenkin's old cook) in which his Uncle Giles has died, to see to the old man's funeral. The final episode deals with Nicholas's efforts, soon after war has been declared, to get a commission in the Army. In all three episodes and the scenes that introduce or connect them, by coincidences too forced to be credible, Mr. Powell inserts characters from Nicholas's past, as we have come to know it from the earlier novels; in fact, Nicholas meets no

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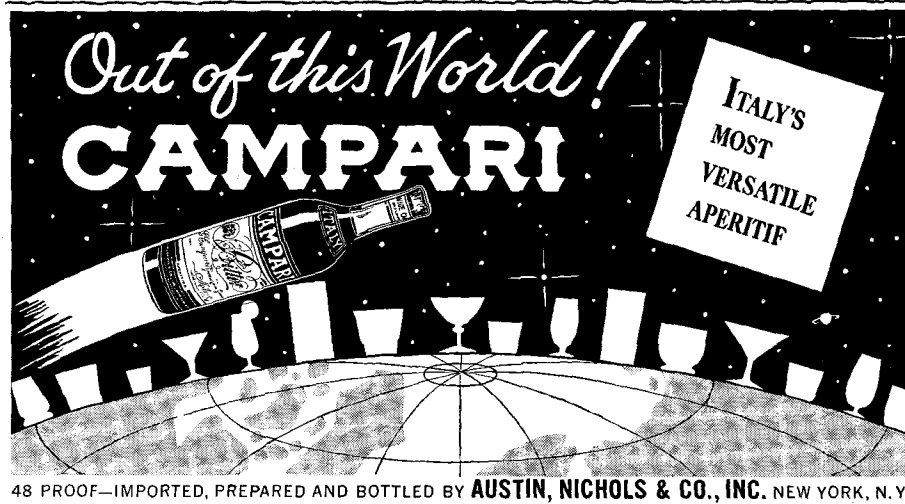
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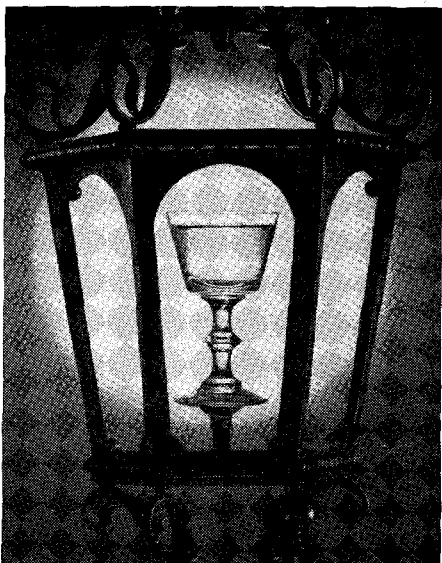
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new figure at all. Some of the characters are as they were. The abysmal Kenneth Widmerpool (who has appeared in every volume) is ever more self-important, and still blundering on to success—he's helping Sir Magnus corner some strategic metal in anticipation of war. (I wonder why Mr. Powell doesn't use his novelist's life-and-death power to kill off Widmerpool. He has brilliantly created an intolerable fellow, far too alive to be merely appreciated as a remarkable comic creation; I am beginning to hate him.) Another familiar character—Nicholas hasn't seen him since "At Lady Molly's," when they met in a night club—is getting a queer kind of comeuppance. He is Peter Templer, a woman-chasing stockbroker. He has been deserted by his lively first wife, and has chosen, by way of insurance, a dull second wife, who adores him. Now, publicly, and most embarrassingly, at Sir Magnus's dinner, she is going mad with jealousy—a Billson abovestairs. One familiar character is evidently coming to the end of his days—Dr. Trelawney, who is an inmate of Albert's hotel, is as near death as makes no difference. Another, General Conyers, is making a new start. A widower far too old to fight in 1939, he is going to marry again. To Nicholas's surprise (though not, by now, to the reader's), he finds he knows the General's fiancée; she had been the social secretary of the mother of one of his schoolmates, Charles Stringham. Stringham has been drinking as far back as "The Acceptance World," and Miss Weedon—soon to be Mrs. Conyers—has become his full-time keeper. She says he has been cured, though the reader may suspect that once more—as has happened so frequently—poor, troublesome Stringham is being dropped on his head. One character clarifies (erases, rather) a romantic episode in Nicholas's past—an affair, before his marriage, in "The Acceptance World." Down at the seaside, Nicholas runs into his ex-mistress's ex-husband (he is also Templer's ex-brother-in-law and has been Widmerpool's and Sir Magnus's agent in the metal-buying project), who has never suspected that Nicholas has been involved with his ex-wife. He gets drunk and starts to talk about her, and so Nicholas learns that she had another lover—her husband knew about him—all the while that Nicholas thought he was her one true love. This lover appears briefly—as the talkative ex-husband reminds Nicholas—in "A Question of Upbringing." He is a stunningly unattrac-



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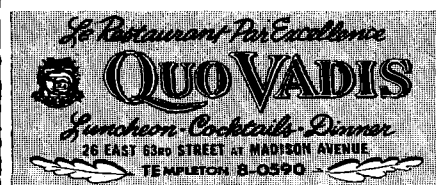
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tive fellow. Perhaps it is appropriate for Nicholas to inter this romantic memory on the eve of his uncle's funeral; it is also the eve of the Russo-German non-aggression pact, the end of a section of Nicholas's (and everybody's) life—the inter-war years. "The Kindly Ones" is now, with increasing speed, tying up loose ends, burying the past, and—so to speak—solving characters almost as a detective story solves them. Uncle Giles, whose bizarre investments enliven "The Music of Time"—the names of some of the stocks he's been interested in are among Powell's most fanciful inventions—is solved at his death. (Nicholas and his parents had puzzled over the years about what he had lived on; he leaves an estate of seventy-three hundred pounds.) And Mrs. Erdleigh, a mystifying widow who has turned up in all sorts of company and who appears at Dr. Trelawney's bedside, is solved, too. A fortune-teller, she is also a fortune hunter; she inherits Uncle Giles' money.

The nearer war comes, the more swiftly old friends appear. Those who don't turn up in person—and a surprising number do, if only to say hello—are accounted for in other ways. Their doings and whereabouts are reported (Peter Templer reports on Stringham's mother and stepfather as Miss Weedon reports on Stringham) as if they all had to be checked off and then put into position for the beginning of hostilities. Though Nicholas remarks that "war was now materialising in slow motion," the book has gathered a frantic momentum, and the characters become a running crowd. If the class reunion of the alumni of the earlier novels isn't a semi-private joke, it may be an honors examination that Powell has set for faithful readers. (General Conyers and Miss Weedon are said to have picked each other up recently at a concert, yet it seems strange they had not met before; you will find them in neighboring sentences in the same paragraph at Nicholas's engagement party in "At Lady Molly's.")

Perhaps the hectic roundup is meant to suggest that the time was, for Nicholas, as desperate an experience as drowning and its presumed accompaniment—one's whole life passing before one's eyes. At any rate, there is a noticeable, and I think disconcerting, disparity between the controlled, framed quality of the first panel and the breathless, almost raw air of the second.

I FEEL uneasy at complaining about the structure of Mr. Tucci's and Mr. Powell's novels. First of all, both

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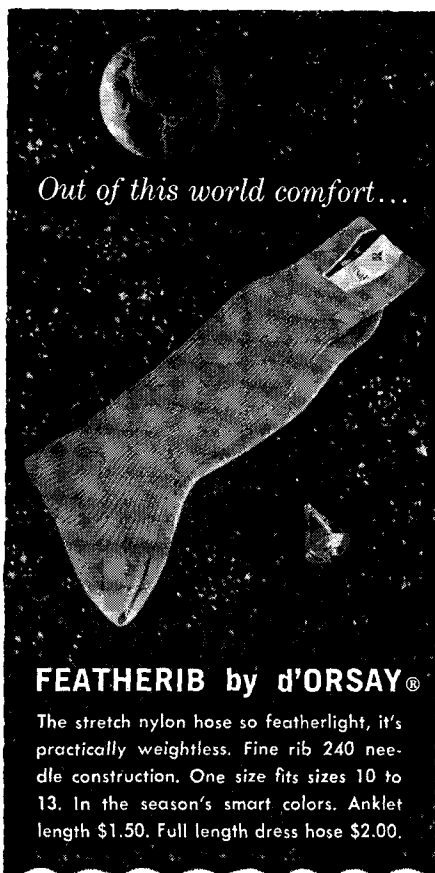
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men are capable writers, who give the impression of having done what they intended. (They don't resemble each other, but it's curious that, in Crocifisso and Widmerpool, each has created a comic character who, in spite of an uncomic quality—destructiveness—is funny.) Besides, form in the novel is an impossible topic. It can barely be mentioned, in the abstract, before it desiccates. In the concrete it is almost senselessly subjective: you can comb the creator out of your response to a work, but not yourself. (Henry James's "The Ambassadors" has always seemed to me to be built like an hourglass lying on its side—a thought that may not be very meaningful to anyone else.) There is no doubt that both Mr. Tucci and Mr. Powell have built their novels to reflect their subjects, thus faithfully fulfilling the aesthetics-textbook prescription about marrying form and content. It is possible that in quarrelling with structure I am feeling unhappy about distressing themes. In asking for more motion in Mr. Tucci's book and more proportion in Mr. Powell's, I may be asking for reassurance about war in the family and war in the world. Progress and symmetry are such comforters! If this is so, and since the power to disturb as well as the power to please is a sign of achievement in art, perhaps these novels have succeeded much more than I think.

—NAOMI BLIVEN

**BRIEFLY NOTED
 FICTION**

CATCH A FALLING SPY, by Nathaniel Benchley (McGraw-Hill). Mr. Benchley, who writes with a cheerful rush of words, describes the sorrows and satisfactions of being a spy in New York City. The spy in question, who is working for some Albanians, is not very good at his job, but he does his bewildered best and enjoys himself thoroughly, commuting between his club and office life in midtown Manhattan and his comfortable home in Westchester. The time is the present, and the prevailing atmosphere is farcical.

THE SHORE DIMLY SEEN, by Robert Goldston (Random House). Among the many subjects discussed in this somewhat static novel are atomic warfare, the possibility of survival in a country that has suffered an atomic attack, and the value of such survival—whether it would be worth while to go on living under conditions that would be chaotic or primitive or Communistic, or all three

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at once. The setting is a luxurious private yacht on a crossing from Spain to Baltimore. Intimations of disaster reaching the ship indicate that the United States has almost certainly been bombed, and a vote is taken among the passengers and crew to decide whether to go on to Baltimore or to change course for some comparatively safe South American port. There are only a handful of people on board, and since in addition to discussing their common predicament they also discuss their private problems, we have a chance to get to know all of them quite well—too well, because they are very poor company. Mr. Goldston is a competent novelist with a strong and individual style, but his present work is not memorable.

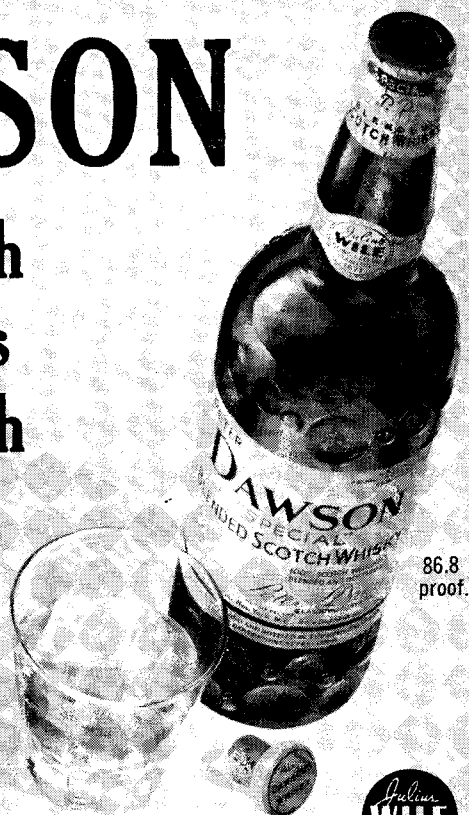
A VERY SMALL REMNANT, by Michael Straight (Knopf). In this historical novel, set in the nineteenth century and based on the life of a United States trooper who became an Indian agent, Mr. Straight re-creates the atmosphere of perfidy and suspicion that pervaded the settling of the West. There were few men of good faith on the Indian side and fewer on the white. Mr. Straight manages to make the old story of overzealous troopers and embittered, duped Cheyennes a very exciting one, particularly for readers who are tired of ordinary Westerns and mystery thrillers. The book is not a work of art, but it is written with a knowledgeable sympathy and respect for the Indians that are all to the good.

YOUNG MAN IN CHAINS, by François Mauriac, translated from the French by Gerard Hopkins (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy). This is the first translation into English of the author's first novel, a rather tedious memoir of adolescent introspection. The hero is an insufferable neurasthenic who is persuaded in his loneliness to join a religious-social movement called Amour et Foi. He gets involved with several other lonely young men under the tutelage of the "Master," an originally sincere idealist who has been corrupted by the adoration of his disciples. The hero finally becomes disenchanted with it all and returns to a young bourgeoisie who has loved him from the first. The reader becomes disenchanted long before that.

NOTE: "The Great Wondering Goony Bird," a collection of ten short stories by Calvin Kentfield, has been pub-

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lished by Random House. Six of the stories first appeared in this magazine.

GENERAL

A SHORT COURSE IN THE SECRET WAR, by Christopher Felix (Dutton). This fascinating educational book deals with the theory and practice of intrigue. The pseudonymous author worked for one American intelligence agency or another—spying, counterspying, and whatnot, mostly in the U.S.S.R. and Central Europe—for sixteen years, until his recent retirement. He isn't Telling All to make a sensation, and he isn't showing off, either. What he does is to explain the nature of all the different kinds of secret operations, from espionage to promoting friendly political groups abroad and helping overthrow unfriendly governments. Mr. Felix flavors a vast quantity of information with the piquant sauce of wit, includes some lessons of history, and, along the way, offers some new rules for future projects. His last lecture, which takes up roughly a third of the book, is a true story—an account of a job he did in Budapest after the Second World War, which he presents as a demonstration of work in the field. As the Russian takeover of Hungary proceeded and Hungarian democrats were endangered, Felix, who had been sent over to organize a small network for the collection of military information, asked permission to expand his mission and set up an underground escape chain. Washington authorized twenty-five escapes, but before Felix himself came under suspicion he and his network managed seventy-five. Felix closes with a short, professional critique of his operation; he was, he thinks, too rash too often, and he wouldn't like his pupils to take some of the risks he took. He's a sensible teacher, though; he counsels perfection, and he also counsels us not to expect it. Despite its serious intentions, his book is a superb thriller.

THE GREAT HUNGER: IRELAND 1845-49, by Cecil Woodham-Smith (Harper & Row). This solid history tells what happened when the Irish potato crop failed and both Irish society and the English government were totally unable to cope with the disaster. Mrs. Woodham-Smith's subject is a difficult one. It is epic in scale but lacks epic characters; there are few heroes or villains, only masses of nameless sufferers. Besides, it makes one think less of one's fellow-human beings; this is a tale of starvation and disease met not so much



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with willful cruelty as with incomprehension. Mrs. Woodham-Smith holds the reader nonetheless. With facts, compassion, and talent, she offers the excitement of learning about the past and the painful pleasure of understanding it.

FREEDOM IN THE WESTERN WORLD, by Herbert J. Muller (Harper & Row). This, the second volume of the author's great big history of freedom, begins after the fall of Rome and ends after the French Revolution. It's a huge slice of the whole history of the West—a short course in just about everything—but Professor Muller has it all under superb control. He is up to the minute on every sort of new work—the most recent discoveries and the latest reassessments of other scholars, and even the tendentious novelties of a number of hobbyhorse riders. His own interpretations are steadfastly moderate, and he writes, as usual, with style.

COW-BOYS AND COLONELS, by Edmond Mandat-Grancey, translated from the French by William Conn (Lippincott). This book, a new edition of a long-forgotten memoir by a French baron, is subtitled "Narrative of a Journey Across the Prairie and Over the Black Hills of Dakota," and the journey it describes was made in June and July of 1883. Its revival is an excellent thing. The author takes nothing for granted; he was a stranger to America, and the audience he addressed was French. As a consequence, the picture he gives us is crammed with homely details of the kind that a native reporter would never have thought of noting—details of dress (red shirts and "bossy felt hats set off with tarnished gold lace"), details of speech ("I guess" and "you bet"), and details of diet (an unvarying regime of bacon, boiled potatoes, and coffee). He was also a critical observer. The countryside pleased him more than its inhabitants. The men, endlessly whittling and spitting, were mostly louts, he thought, but the women, without exception, were worse: "We find again the true American woman—the 'genuine article.' She is stretched out on a rocking-chair in the shade, clad in a dressing-gown in rags, whilst her husband, another tatterdemalion, sets about cooking... dinner." One thing, however, he could admire: "One of these cow-boys is a negro; for all that he plays and wrestles with the others on a footing of perfect equality. It is very curious that a sentiment so rooted



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Thomas Henry Huxley, Darwin's chief advocate, explained the scientist's philosophy in a letter to the clergyman and author Charles Kingsley. "Sit down before a fact as a little child," he wrote, "and be prepared to give up every preconceived notion, following humbly into whatever abysses nature leads, or you will learn nothing."

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should have disappeared so quickly in a country where, only twenty-five years ago, a negro was admitted neither into a theatre nor an omnibus in New York." Howard R. Lamar, chairman of the Department of History at Yale, contributes an appreciative introduction.

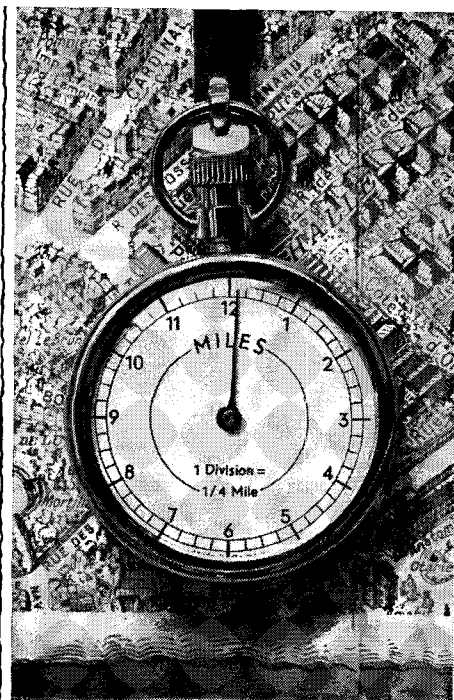
FLAUBERT, JOYCE, AND BECKETT: THE STOIC COMEDIANS, by Hugh Kenner, with drawings by Guy Davenport (Beacon). A short critical essay constructed around the notion that these three authors' books couldn't have been written before the invention of the printing press, since they were intended to be read, not spoken or told. Mr. Kenner has pushed a small idea a longish distance, but his enthusiasm for Beckett is very much to the good. Beckett has bored many readers, and they may find they can learn something from Kenner's knowledgeable praise, even if it is only why anybody reads Beckett.

AREA CODE 215: A PRIVATE LINE IN BUCKS COUNTY, by Walter Teller (Atheneum). "If a man can't tell where he is going," Mr. Teller remarks as we meet, "he may be able to say where he's been." He himself has been, for the past twenty years or so, in Lahaska, Bucks County, Pennsylvania, and this uncommon book—a compote of vignettes, *pensées*, and bits of local history—is the fruit of his contented but not uncritical residence in that land of "green fields, red barns, sunburned orange-roofed Howard Johnsons." It is an excellent book, sane and honest and individually voiced, and unmistakably American—as American not as blueberry pie but as the bullet-riddled "No Dumping" sign.

HONG KONG, by Martin Hürlimann (Viking). Continuing his Leica-and-Olivetti tour of the world's principal cities, Mr. Hürlimann, the unchallenged Burton Holmes of our day, here shows us the "barren island with hardly a house upon it" of 1841 that has become the most populous, precarious, and pleasure-loving outpost of the British Empire. The text consists of a thirty-page historical essay, and the pictures—ninety-five in black-and-white and five in color—are largely (Hong Kong having no architecture of interest) concerned with junks and people.

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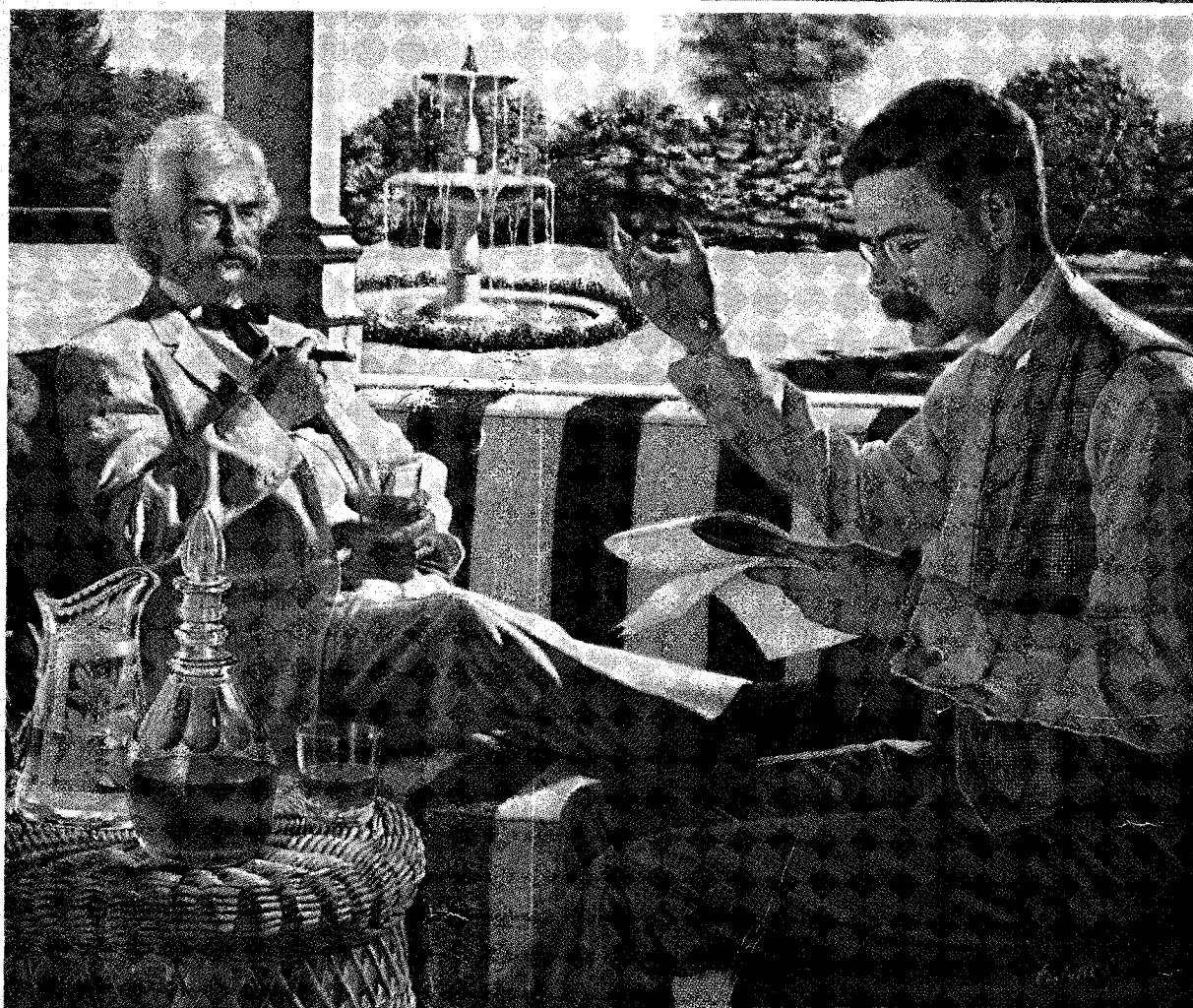
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